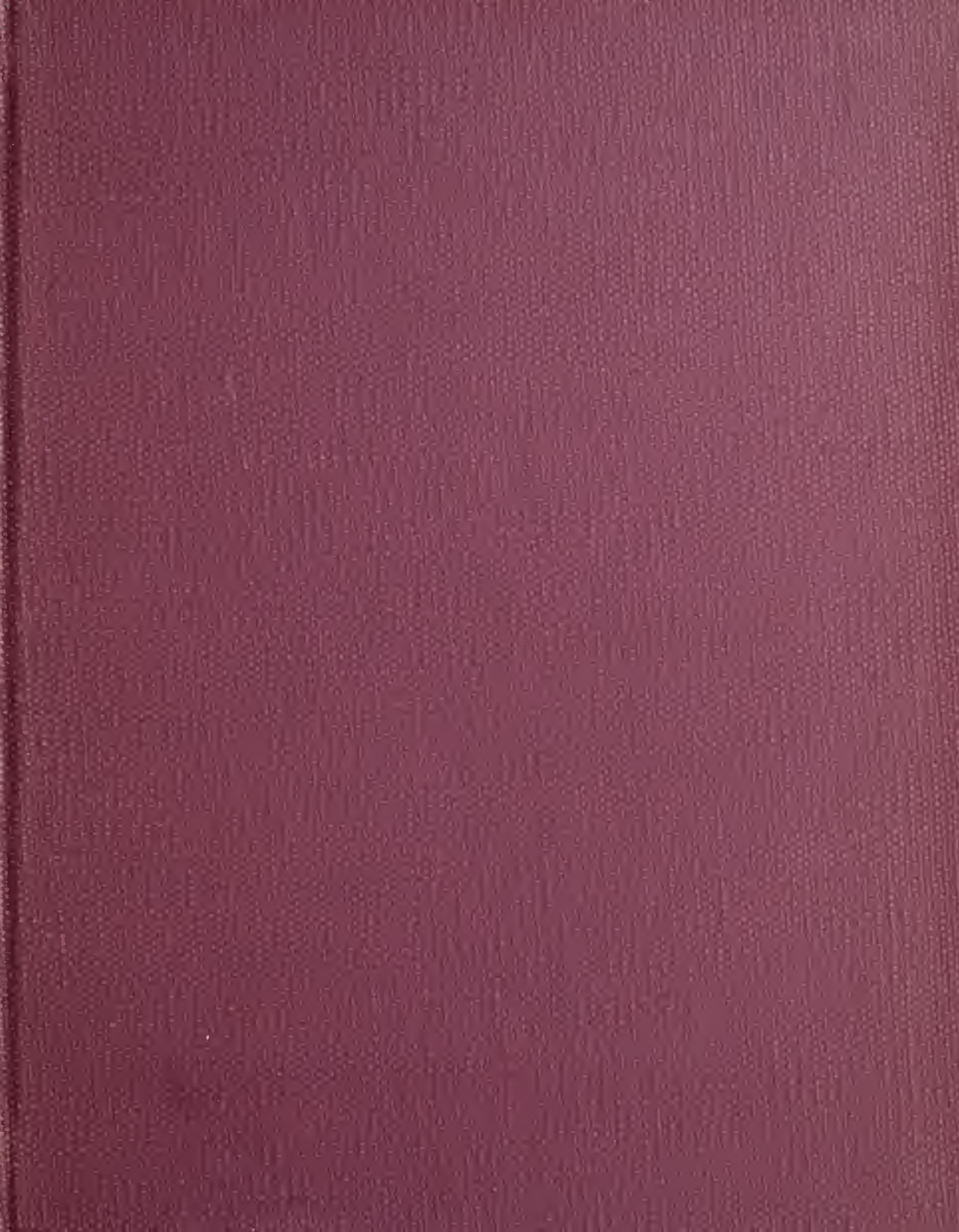




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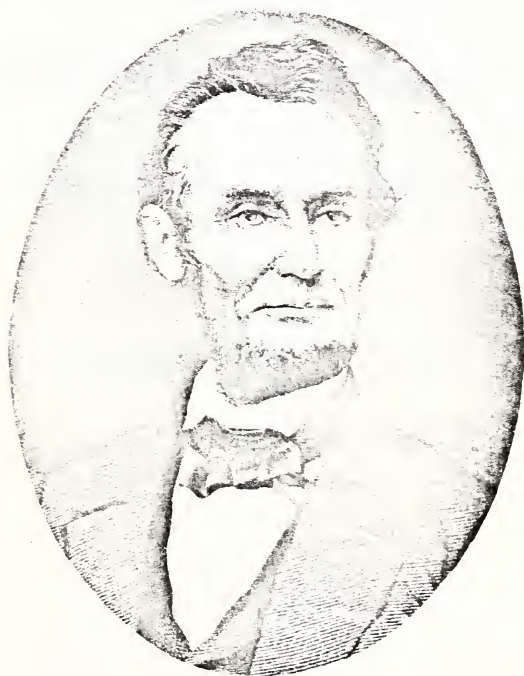
CONCISE HISTORY
OF THE
CAMP AND FIELD LIFE
OF THE
122d Regiment, Penn'a Volunteers.

COMPILED FROM
NOTES, SKETCHES, FACTS AND INCIDENTS,

AS RECORDED IN THE
DIARY OF GEORGE F. SPRENGER.
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY K.

LANCASTER, PA.
THE NEW ERA STEAM BOOK PRINT.
1885.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

F. Sprenger, George F.

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.88 regiment, Penn'a volunteers. Compiled from notes,
sketches, facts and incidents, as recorded in the diary of
George F. Sprenger ... Lancaster, Pa., The New era
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PREFACE.

OWING to the attack made upon Fort Sumpter, and the insult offered to the National Flag, in the Harbor of Charleston, South Carolina on the 12th day of April, 1861, by a set of factious rebels under the lead of General P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, and at the instigation of such prominent citizens of the Southern States, as JEFFERSON DAVIS, ROBERT TOOMBS, WM. L. VANCEY, JOHN BUCHANAN FLOYD, JACOB THOMPSON, and other conspirators, who dared to dignify the government they sought to establish by the self-given title of "The Confederate States of America," the ire of all those who loved their country, and desired the preservation and perpetuity of the Government of the United States of America, was aroused, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, then President, issued a call for three-months Volunteers to suppress this rebellion. However, the revolt assumed such proportions that call followed call for various terms of service before the insurgents could be conquered, and it was found difficult to restrain the ardor of the citizens in every hamlet, village and city of the land to enlist. President Lincoln's call for Volunteers for a term of nine months met with prompt response within the borders of Lancaster county by the immediate formation of the 122d Regiment, P. V.

The object, therefore, of the compiler of this history of the Camp and Field Life of this gallant Regiment, is to furnish an accurate and faithful record of the deeds, duties and services rendered to the Government during a nine-months campaign. As the historian merely acted as a subaltern officer of the Regiment—First Sergeant, Company K—he wishes it expressly understood that, as his services were chiefly devoted to that Company, the records of his Diary have not been intended and cannot be expected to furnish either a detailed or general report of events or specifications of merit that might properly relate to every other Company of the Regiment.

THE AUTHOR.



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PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SERGEANT GEORGE F. SPRENGER.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

COLONEL EMLIN FRANKLIN.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD MCGOVERN.

MAJOR THADDEUS STEVENS, JR.



Camp and Field Life of the 122d Regiment, P. V.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION OF A CADET MILITARY COMPANY—FORMATION OF
THE 122d REGIMENT—CAMP OF INSTRUCTION—MUSTERED
INTO SERVICE—DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON,
D. C.—SOLDIERS RETREAT, ETC.

THE date at which this history must begin was the middle of November, 1861, when there then stood upon South Queen Street, Lancaster City, an old and large building, well known to every citizen as "Mechanics Hall," the rear apartment of which, on the first floor, had been converted into and used as an armory for several years previous, by an association of men, for the purpose of drill, study, and the practice of military tactics, under the title of "THE JACKSON RIFLES;" but whose members had already yielded occupation and possession thereof by entering the service of the United States Government, under the first call for three-months volunteers; and, after a faithful discharge of their duties as recorded on other pages than these, by re-enlisting, and otherwise engaged at various points in the Nation's service.

At this juncture there assembled within this armory 50 youths of Lancaster, imbued with the fires of patriotism and liberty, kindled by the ardent love of country glowing within their hearts, for the purpose of forming a "Cadet Military Company," as such organizations were then termed. Though very young in years, these youths (of whom GEORGE F. SPRENGER* was the leading and master-spirit,) were anxious,

* Sergt. Sprenger has since then attained the military rank of Captain, and is now one of Lancaster's present, active, and enterprising business men.

eager, and willing to primitively study the arts of war, and be ready for any future emergency which might arise, to lend their aid and services in behalf of their then bleeding and betrayed country. Having obtained possession of the armory they immediately effected their organization by adopting the title of FIRST CITY ZOUAVES, and electing the following instructing officers, viz:

Captain—T. HALL FOREMAN ;

1st Lieutenant—S. B. MARKLEY ;

2d Lieutenant—D. K. SPRINGER.

BENEFIT-BALL TO OBTAIN UNIFORMS.

Activity, energy, and interest were at once manifested and displayed, for the members of the Company speedily became proficient in drill, and about the 1st of April, 1862, were ready to render military service if required. Uniforms and arms were then the only necessities to complete their readiness and outfit, when it was resolved to hold a "Benefit Citizen's-Dress Ball" to provide a fund for the procuring of uniforms. The ball was held on the night of April 8th, 1862, in Fulton Hall ; and, besides proving a financial success, was also a merry, happy, and festive occasion—in fact, the very best hopes of the boys were realized. Immediately after this event the Company assembled and adopted a very handsome blue uniform, neatly finished with becoming red trimmings, as also leggings and other accompaniments similar to that which characterized the attire of Colonel DURVEY's famous New York Fire Zouaves during the war.

RENEWED ENERGY, FIRST PARADE, AND RE-ORGANIZATION—*THE TITLE OF THE SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES.

The members next manifested greater zeal and renewed interest in the proficiency of the Company for active service,

*The Company next resolved upon re-organization, which was readily effected July 6th, 1862, when the title of the Company was also changed to that of SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES, in compliment to the late General B. A. SCHAEFFER, who had so kindly interested himself in their behalf.

(in case more volunteers might be required for the suppression of the rebellion,) in every respect; but most especially in the instructions and observation of the strictest discipline known in military tactics as regards the conduct and duties both of officers and privates.

At an early day the Company received uniforms made by Mr. J. K. SMALING, merchant tailor, and therefore was in readiness to make the first parade, save the lack of arms. However, through the influence of General BARTRAM A. SCHAEFFER, member of the Senate branch of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Lancaster County (but since deceased), and the kindness of Mr. HENRY E. LEMAN (a prominent citizen), the Company was provided with rifles from Mr. LEMAN's Rifle Works, and made the first appearance and street parade, July 4th, 1862. The Company, numbering 56 young men, fully equipped, (especially owing to the beauty and fitness of their Zouave uniforms,) attracted the attention of the citizens generally throughout the parade, who expressed the highest terms of admiration and congratulation as to the proficiency and skill displayed, as also early acquired in the tactics—the special features of which were drill, manœuvre, and manual of arms by the tap of the drum.

The perfection of the re-organization was the election of the following officers:

Captain.—WILLIAM F. DUNCAN ; *

1st Lieutenant.—D. K. SPRINGER ;

2d Lieutenant.—EMANUEL DORWART.

Immediately upon the re-organization, the Company received a cordial invitation from General SCHAEFFER to attend a reception entertainment at his residence, which was promptly accepted. The members were heartily congratulated and highly complimented for their soldierly appearance and bearing, their proficiency and efficiency for the service.

* [NOTE.—Capt. DUNCAN had served as a member of the LANCASTER FENCIBLES under command of Capt. EMLEN FRANKLIN, while Lieuts. SPRINGER and DORWART were members of the JACKSON RIFLES, under command of Capt. H. A. HAMBRIGHT, in the early three-months campaign of the war.]

as well as the spirit, ardor, and zeal they manifested in preparing to meet any call which might be made upon them, by the General, in a very appropriate and brief address, who also afterwards very hospitably entertained them.

THE SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES, THE NUCLEUS OF THE 122d REGIMENT, P. V.

The SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES were then ready for muster into the Nation's service, and their ardor and impatience therefor were promptly met; for July 12th, 1862, a call was issued by President LINCOLN for volunteers to serve a term of nine months. The response thereto was as prompt as the issue of the call, for Lieutenant SPRINGER was immediately instructed to offer the services of the Company, which were accepted, and commission given to recruit the Company to the maximum for war duty; and this very circumstance or fact established the record, in which each and every member has always taken just pride that the SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES were the nucleus from which the 122d REGIMENT, P. V., was started. The ranks of the Company were speedily recruited and filled to the number of 91 men as required, and at once mustered into service.

Other companies were then rapidly formed and recruited throughout the city and county of Lancaster, to full numbers, until the necessary complement to constitute a regiment had been obtained, when all were mustered into the United States service as the 122d REGIMENT, P. V., August 11th, 1862, with Captain EMLEN FRANKLIN then commissioned Colonel commanding; Captain EDWARD MCGOVERN, (then of the 79th P. V.,) Lieutenant-Colonel; and THADDEUS STEVENS, JR., Major; when, too, the SCHAEFFER ZOUAVES were assigned the left post of honor of the Regiment with the title of Company K.

REGIMENTAL CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

The Regiment was then ordered into a "Camp of Instruc-

tion," which was located in East Lampeter township, in close vicinity to Bridgeport village, on the Philadelphia Turnpike. Regular government rations were supplied at once, when the men and boys got down to the fare as best they could, and prepared for the life and service in which they were then about to engage, knowing and feeling that it would be far different from that to which they had been accustomed. However, the richness of the farms thereabouts, as well as the abundance of other desirable and delicious luxuries which the vicinity afforded, then gave the boys *gentle hints to make their first forage*, whereupon many of the farmers' cornfields, potato-patches, and gardens made poor returns to their owners that season; for the men had them handy, made frequent visits, and fed sumptuously on luscious roasting ears, the ever-welcome and customary "murphies," besides other palatable products in the vegetable line, while the numerous pot-pies, broils, and roasts, that were prepared and stowed away into the stomachs of the men, proved that the henneries, etc., had not been overlooked in their raids. But this life of pleasure and fun was speedily cut short; for, after quietly contenting and consoling themselves with the idea of remaining in the "Camp of Instruction" for several weeks more, the services of the boys were very suddenly and peremptorily demanded by the State authorities, as orders had been received by the Regimental Officers, to report at Harrisburg at once, with the Regiment.

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION BROKEN—SCENE AT THE PENNA. R. R.
FREIGHT DEPOT.

Therefore, at 6 o'clock, precisely, on the morning of August 15th, 1862, the Regiment at once broke up "Camp of Instruction," formed promptly into line, company by company, marched into the city, and was halted in front of GYGER'S Banking-House (now the First National Bank of Lancaster), where each member was provided with \$40 bounty; and, in addition, Mr. JOHN W. HUBLEY, Agent for

the Lancaster County Bible Society, made the generous donation of a copy of the New Testament to each member of the Regiment, which was accepted, but not universally appreciated.

Colonel FRANKLIN, commanding, then ordered the Regiment into line, which was again promptly formed and marched to the Freight Depot of the Penna. R. R. Company, on the Harrisburg turnpike, where a long train of cars were already in waiting to receive the men, and where had assembled a vast concourse of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and "those nearest and dearest," *whose hearts went with them with God-speed*—all of which presented a scene that has been and ever will be cherished in the grateful recollections of the members of the 122d REGIMENT, P. V. Embarked upon the cars, the men left the depot amid enthusiastic cheers, and in passing through the adjacent towns and villages, *en route* to Harrisburg, they were greeted with cheer upon cheer from the assembled crowds at each and every station.

ARRIVAL AND REVIEW AT HARRISBURG—ORDERED TO BALTIMORE,
MD., AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

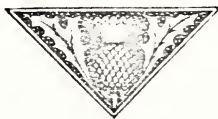
The Regiment arrived at Harrisburg even far in advance of the time to report, when the Government immediately recognized the promptitude and readiness by ordering the Regiment to disembark for review—a proceeding somewhat owing, too, to the reputation which had already preceded the Regiment. Promptly formed in line the review was made by that heroic old veteran of many battles and several wars, Major-General JOSEPH E. WOOL, U. S. A., and Governor A. G. CURTIS, of Pennsylvania, when the Regiment was again admired and complimented in high terms, both on account of its youth and beauty as well as readiness and efficiency for the service. After the men were furnished with arms, accoutrements, etc., as well as State and Regimental colors, the Regiment was ordered to re-embark upon the same

cars, with directions to report at Baltimore, *via* York. Once more promptly obeying orders the men were speedily carried on their way, and arrived at the Bolton Depot, Baltimore, Md., at 10 o'clock, A. M., August 16th, where they again disembarked; but were soon re-ordered into line and marched to the Washington Depot, where they were allowed the privilege of several hours for rest, owing to delay in procuring transportation, after which the Regiment was reformed into line, and re-embarked, finally, for duty at Washington, D. C.

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 16, 1862—5 P. M.—The Regiment arrived, disembarked, and was marched to SOLDIERS' RETREAT, where a very scanty supper was the only greeting and reception, as all the members well know and will ever remember. *En route*, numerous camps, lines of tents, etc., afforded the men a simply passing view of the life and service in which they were about to engage, yet it served all the more to inspire every company in the Regiment for duty; but the scenes presented were not more fully recognized, better appreciated, nor more duly studied and considered than by *the boys of Company K*. After supper the Regiment marched to the temporary barracks provided for arriving troops, where the men were directed to bivouac for the night, as well as place, circumstances, and accommodations afforded. However, as they were endeavoring to obtain their wonted rest and enjoy the ever welcome slumber on such occasions, (even though accompanied by the vague, dread, startling and unaccountable visions of dreamland), about the hour of 11 P. M., the U. S. Marine Band visited their quarters and paid the Regiment the compliment of the usual regulation serenade—intended, it was supposed, for the enlivening of the spirits of the boys, and arousing their enthusiasm for the service; but, as it served to disturb their early desires and hopes of repose, it was only kindly and quietly received, yet not very gratefully appreciated.

[The object or purpose in the compilation of this history is to let the entries in the well-kept Diary of Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, of Company K, give true, simple and faithful expression to the public, of the historical facts as therein recorded from day to day, in regard to the duties, services, rigors, privations, etc., experienced by the brave, active and gallant men and youths who composed the 122d REGIMENT, P. V., as well as in the relation of the numerous incidents (cheerless in some respects and amusing in others) that occurred during their nine-months campaign in the military service of the United States Government, without either embellishment or exaggeration.—G. F. S., ORDERLY SERGEANT, COMPANY K.]





SERGEANT GEO F. SPRENGER.



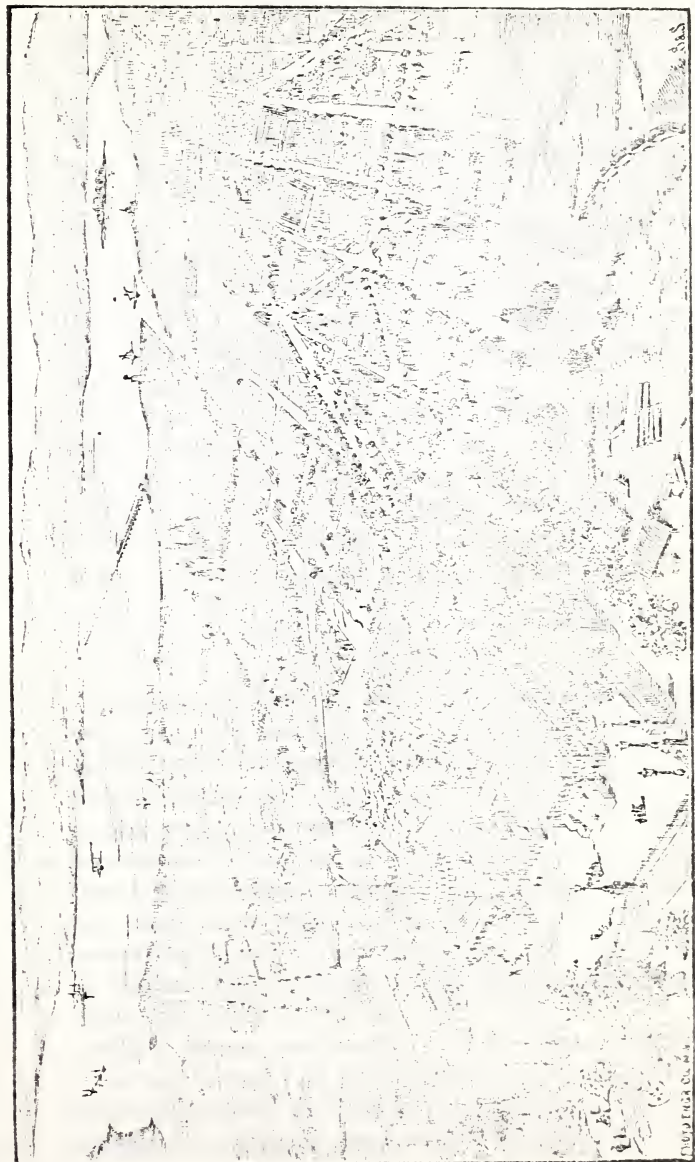
CHAPTER II.

ORDERED INTO VIRGINIA—THE REGIMENT ATTRACTS ATTENTION AND ADMIRATION—HISTORIC AND ANCIENT PUMP—DUSTY MARCH.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17, 1862.—The Regiment awoke amidst a heavy fog or mist, to find that regiment after regiment had arrived during the night, and had to encamp as best they could upon the cold, damp ground around and about, thus reminding all very impressively of the life and discomforts they were to experience in the future. Breakfast was next in order, and heartily partaken of, when the Regiment, without delay, was in line, and moved off pursuant to orders through Washington to the Long Bridge. The Regiment there again attracted the attention as well as the admiration of the citizens, and also of the army officers who reviewed it, on account of the soldierly bearing and proficiency exhibited by the men. *En route* to the Bridge, within a very short distance of it, a very welcome, suitable, and appreciative halting-place was found—that of a historic and ancient pump, noted for the refreshing draughts with which it had already regaled many a thirsty soldier on the long, hard march; for our boys *were dry*, and therefore quaffed the water with a relish. No wonder, for the day was intensely hot, and the men had to plod their way through thick beds of dust, while yet their eyes were greeted with heavy clouds of dust floating before them, in the atmosphere and the foregrounds on the opposite shores of the Potomac River.

IN VIRGINIA—FIRST SIGHT, EXPERIENCE, AND CAMP.

The famous Potomac and the Long Bridge were reached; when, as the Regiment was crossing, Company K's GLEE



WASHINGTON CITY AND ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, 1861.

CLUB, under the leadership of Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, enlivened and cheered the souls of the boys by singing those then popular war ballads, known as "Ellsworth," "John Brown," and many others appertaining to the enthusiasm of the occasion, which were echoed and re-echoed from side to side of the bridge, and resounded from shore to shore. The Regiment finally arrived on the Virginia shore, only to meet a reception not by any means welcome, desirable, or appreciative—which all the men will ever remember—that of an immense cloud of dust arising from the Government corrals provided for the mules and cattle, as it had the tendency to almost strangulate the boys.

After passing Fort Albany to the left, which was the first point of interest to be observed on our march into Virginia, the Regiment arrived at an already organized camp upon Arlington Heights, known as Camp Stanton, and located in a peach orchard, where the necessary camp equipage was provided, and the Regiment encamped for the night.

CAMP STANTON—FORT RICHARDSON—COMPANY K ON GUARD, WITH
AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1862—The day opened bright and clear upon our first camp in Virginia, on Arlington Heights, which was beautifully located on the slope of a hill, with a rivulet of clear, sparkling spring water at its base, affording ample accommodations and opportunities for washing and cooking purposes, as well as for the boys to quench their thirst, refresh themselves, and relieve their parched throats after their recent dusty march. We were about six miles from Washington City, and at the foot of Fort Richardson, in Fairfax County, Virginia. This fort was a fine piece of engineering skill, in command of competent U. S. A. Artillery officers, and mounted with very heavy ordnance.

To-day Company K was detailed, for the first time, for guard duty around the camp, whereupon this day's record attested that each and every member did his duty on this

special test occasion—"to try our metal, and find the stuff out of which we were made;" for, not even an old stray horse could approach the lines without challenge, as the relation of the following amusing incident (being one of the many which occurred during the night, that was duly appreciated, and will ever be remembered by the men,) fully demonstrates:

About midnight, when darkness reigned supreme, there came sauntering towards our lines an old white horse, which, when within hailing distance, was given the proper challenge of "Who comes there?" by that trusty sentinel, GEORGE W. MARTZALL. Upon receiving no reply, MARTZALL cocked his gun and gave the command "Advance, and give the countersign!" But instead of hearing the password "Saratoga," he received nothing more nor less than a loud, contemptuous snort, the kicking up of heels, and the hasty retreat of the horse on full gallop.

CAMP DUTIES—FIRST SICK MAN—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AND THEIR RECEPTION.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1862—After a night of many adventures and much darkness, owing to the heavy mist which hung about and overhead like a black pall, day-break in all its brightness and beauty was welcomed with gladness by the boys, who were also somewhat surprised in finding Camp Stanton rapidly filling with newly arriving regiments and new recruits. This day found Company K in camp, assisting in arranging company streets, etc., in forming regular camp, and also found us sadly compelled to report our first sick man—that of Color-Corporal JOHN L. KILLINGER, who overdid himself while digging a well in the hot sun and almost receiving a sun stroke.

Our camp was also visited to-day by several army officers in a barouche, who were introducing, to the various troops encamped, General MICHAEL CORCORAN, the brave and gallant commander of the famous 69th N. Y. (Irish) Regiment,

who had been captured at Bull Run by the enemy, but had just been released from Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., where he had been subjected to that hard confinement and the privations known only to those who were unfortunate enough to have been taken as prisoners of war. He bore the appearance of one just arisen from a bed of severe suffering and sickness, but the cheer upon cheer that went up for him, served to enliven his spirits, as also show him how he was honored and respected. He stood up in the barouche and addressed the Regiment, speaking words of encouragement, and assuring us all he would soon be with us in the saddle again. Amidst our enthusiastic cheering for the Stars and Stripes, he resumed his seat and proceeded on his tour throughout the army.

ARMY LIFE AND FARE CONTRASTED WITH HOME LIFE AND LUXURIES—NEW TROOPS, ETC.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1862.—Day fine and clear. The Regiment received additional clothing, such as overcoats, canteens, etc., much to the comfort and satisfaction of the boys, who were then beginning to get down to army life and hardships in good, earnest manner, fully provided with the customary "*hard tack, salt horse and schpeck*," besides *the bean and other palatable vegetable soups*—a diet then not to be sneezed at, nor exchanged with their dear friends at home, who undoubtedly prided themselves upon faring much better, because they were growing fat and luxuriating upon what they called and esteemed the delicacies of the season. But, oh! what a scene that would have afforded those dear friends, could they only have been there at this day's meal-hours, and have beheld the boys stowing away the regulation and wholesome diet into their bread-baskets, with that decided relish and heartiness that apparently exhibited its preference to that of lamb quarter and peas, water-melons, cantaloupes, deviled crabs, lobster-salad, etc.! We opine that it would not only have been a sight to them of

surprise and for sympathy, but rather have filled and shocked them with amazement and disgust. New troops were constantly arriving and being assigned to quarters in camp all day long, while the men of the Regiment, after regular camp duties and short drills, were afforded luxuries, too—those of strolls throughout the camps and to the sutler tents, where they enjoyed the home-made ginger-cakes, a few glasses of thick ale, etc., which, besides various sports, constituted pleasing events of the day.

VIENNA STATION AND IMPRESSIONS—ACCIDENT—GREEN RANCID
FLITCH FOR RATIONS.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1862.—The regular routine of camp duty for the day, was just commenced this morning, when an orderly rode up to Regimental headquarters, bearing the order: "To strike tents, pack knapsacks, and be ready to move at a moment's notice!" *This we did not exactly relish*; but, however, in a few minutes, by the tap of the drum, the Regiment formed line and awaited the order, "Forward, march!" After some delay, about 11 o'clock, A. M., the order came, when the Regiment marched, a few miles southeast, to Vienna Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad—the site where General SCHENCK's brigade of Ohio Volunteers were decoyed into an ambushade and slaughtered by the rebels in the early part of the war. The numerous graves which there appeared, marked the spots which contained the remains of many an unsuspecting youth and brave fellow, who fell as victims to that successful stratagem and decoy of the enemy—the sight of which when viewed, served the purpose of making impressions upon the minds of the men, not by any means cheerful or inviting, but rather sad and considerative.

Here, one of our Commissary wagons broke through a small bridge, together with driver and mules, which were nearly drowned, and were only extricated from their miserable plight after some delay and much difficulty. The next

mishap, and that for the first time, too, was the receiving of a mess or ration that proved most decidedly unwelcome and quite different from those so heartily relished yesterday—that of *green, rancid fitch*, against which the men, in general, protested, of course; whereupon Commissary Sergeant DEXTER WHITE and Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER took their mess to regimental headquarters, showing it to Colonel FRANKLIN, commanding Regiment, who accompanied them in their call upon Quartermaster J. T. MACGONIGLE for redress; but, “Nothing else at hand!” was all the satisfaction to be had. Rain then began to fall as tents were pitched for the night.

MARCH TO COMMODORE FORREST'S RESIDENCE—SUCCESSFUL FORAGING BY COMPANY K BOYS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1862.—Day dawned fine and clear. The Regiment was again ordered “to strike tents and have knapsacks hauled,” which order was very cheerfully and willingly obeyed by all of the men, as the line of march was promptly formed and *en route* towards the Alexandria and Manassas Railroad. The Regiment halted and encamped in front of the residence of Commodore Forrest, of the rebel navy, and upon the site then recently occupied by the 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, having marched about 12 miles. The location of the camp there was delightful, being surrounded by a rich agricultural district, which consisted of apple-orchards, potato-patches, etc., besides a few other inviting spots for foraging. Though strict orders had been issued against trespassing and depredating, yet, as the shades of night approached, the grinning visages of soldier-boys (not only so supposed by some, but very well known by others, as belonging to Company K,) who were seen returning to camp, gave positive evidence of a successful forage—in short, they arrived, laden down not only with fruits, vegetables, etc., in great variety, but also plenty of soft hay and straw to sleep upon, not stopping to think of the danger they risked and much less caring.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS REPORTED.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.—After a night of genuine solid comfort and rest upon our downy beds of hay, the Regiment was aroused to complete camp by laying out of company streets, etc., when company commanders received orders “to be in readiness to move at a moment’s notice, as well as be prepared to meet any emergency,” as important movements were reported in progress on our front, in the direction of Manassas Gap, with indications pointing decidedly to the likelihood of the Regiment being afforded a brush with the enemy and that before many hours. However, the boys continued their sports and ventures until Adjutant D. H. HEITSHU notified Captain W. F. DUNCAN to stop his men from further foraging, although they were almost out of rations; whereupon, for the first time, there was expressed general dissatisfaction thereat amongst them. In the meanwhile, all did the best they could, in accordance with circumstances and the state of affairs, until the shades of evening appeared, when they retired to quarters for the night, to rest and await what the morning would bring forth.





CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL McCLELLAN AND ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
FROM THE PENINSULA—GENERAL POPE IN THE SADDLE—
THE DIN OF BATTLE—READY TO MOVE.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1862.—The weather this morning was fine and clear, while all around us reigned bustle, commotion, and excitement. owing to the arrival on transports, at Alexandria, of the veterans under General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, from the Peninsula, who were then being disembarked and sent forward as rapidly as possible, indicating that the situation of affairs in the vicinity of Warrenton and Manassas Junctions had assumed serious and alarming importance; besides, in addition as an impetus, the rumor had spread, unaccountable but truthful that "LITTLE MAC," with his staff alone, had been ordered to report at Acquia Creek, while train after train, loaded with the fatigued, almost exhausted remnants of his troops, from their recent, hard-fought but unsuccessful battles in front of Richmond, were being rapidly forced through and by our camps as re-inforcements to General JOHN POPE, who had then been placed in command of all troops operating in front of the defences at Washington, and who had announced "his headquarters in the saddle!" It was also reported that the enemy was hard pressing the forces of Generals BURNSIDE and POPE on our front, as we were then under marching orders—lying on our arms all day, but ready to move at a moment's notice; while, from every direction, was distinctly heard the din of battle, which seemed to indicate that the contest waxed more fiercely, from hour to hour; for, then again, more plainly too, until late in the afternoon, did the heavy firing resound from the direction of Warrenton, when orders were issued

"to strike tents, and be ready to move," which were promptly obeyed.

REGIMENT REFORMS CAMP—HEAVY RAIN.

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1862.—The forwarding of the troops was still hurriedly continued, amidst the din of the conflicts and heavy firing in the distance, while the Regiment was compelled, in dread anxiety, to remain quiet, lying upon arms all day, awaiting the order to march, until evening brought a lull, and no more troops were forwarded, when the boys proceeded to reform camp, pitch tents, arrange company streets, etc.; after which, the Regiment laid to rest for the night, and during which a heavy rain began to fall.

DRENCHING RAIN—NO RATIONS! NO DUTY!!—RAILING AT THE QUARTERMASTER—GLOOM AND DISCONTENT.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1862.—Marching orders had been countermanded, while the Regiment held dress parade amid drenching rain; nevertheless, tents were soon up again, but rations were found so exceedingly short, that some of the members of Company K put up a white gum-blanket, with the inscription thereon—"No Rations! No Duty!!"—and went for, or railed at, our clever Quartermaster, Lieut. J. T. MACGONIGLE, rather rudely, however unjustifiable.* Notwithstanding the showers of rain which descended upon us, as though the heavens were freely opened, besides the scantiness—in some cases exhaustion—of diet, our ears were yet greeted with the constant booming of the heavy ordnance and light artillery, as well as the din and clash of the resounding arms of the infantry, direct from the front, (said to be the engagements beyond Warrenton and vicinity,) to add to the gloom and misery of the day's situation and events—

* It was notable at this time, that for several days the Regimental Commissary quarters were exceedingly short of rations; therefore, it was scarcely to be wondered at that the boys became grum and irritable, because they were quite unaccustomed or unprepared, as yet, to experience such scanty fare—especially after a full enjoyment of the luscious feasts their late forages afforded.

which served not, by any means, to enliven the spirits or desires of the boys for either duty or fight. So, cheerless and discontented, they retired to their bunks to obtain some relief in repose, little or rough though it might be.

FIRING AT FAIRFAX C. H.—ROUT OF GENERAL POPE'S TROOPS.
SKEDADDLERS, NEGRO REFUGEES, CAPTURED REBELS, ETC.

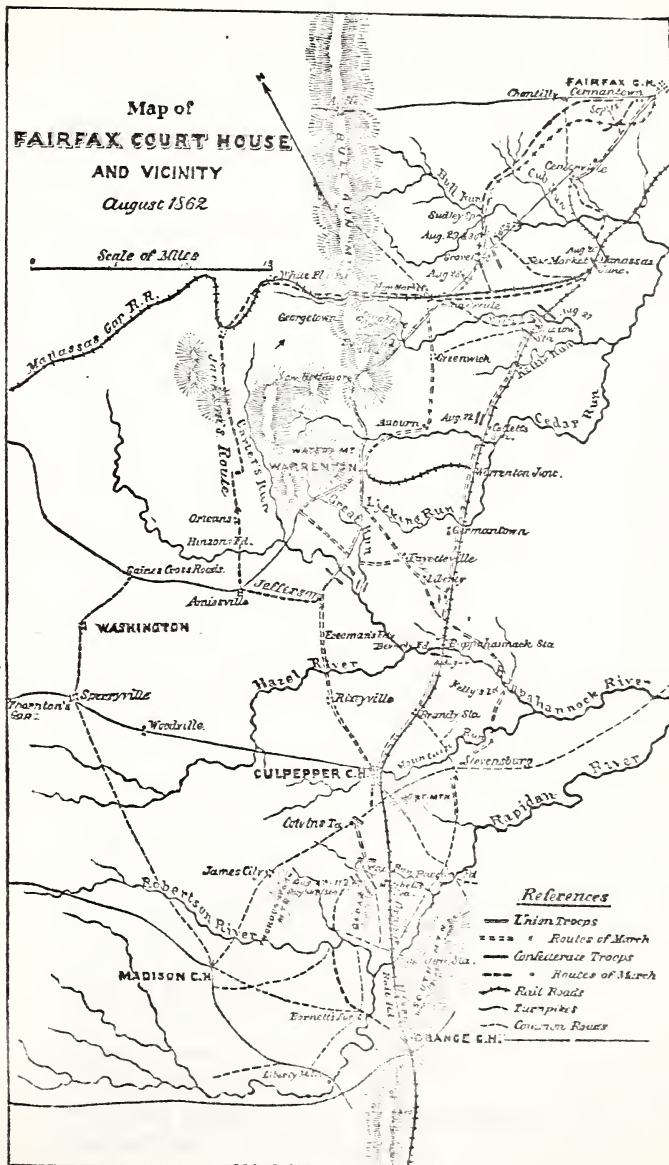
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1862.—The weather to-day was warm, with the roads drying off. Firing had been constantly heard up to 10 o'clock, A. M., from the direction of Fairfax C. H., and we soon found all the roads leading toward Alexandria crowded with "skedaddlers" from General POPE's demoralized army, which was then, apparently, in precipitate retreat from the conflicts about Warrenton and at Bull Run bridge; also, negro refugees, captured rebels, army wagons, horses, mules, cattle, troops, etc.—all in utter confusion and dismay; in short, that which was known in military *parlance* as a *grand rout and disaster*. Thus they poured into our camps, until the dark night hours set in, when we turned into roost for rest, but brief and disturbed at that.

"AND STILL THEY CAME!"—THE GALLANT, YET WORSTED
VETERANS—REBEL SPIES CAPTURED, ETC.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1862.—The weather continued warm. All day long the men poured in, but from HOOKER's, PORTER's, and other corps, and the whole army seemed then to be concentrating here. Several rebel spies had been captured and brought into camp, while on every hand reigned bustle, dismay, confusion, and excitement. The poor and tried veterans, as they poured into our camps, afforded by their appearances most undoubted evidences of the severe duties and services they had rendered, sufferings and privations undergone, as well as the hard-fought battles in which they had been engaged—and yet, withal, had been routed; for woe, scars, defeat, and discouragement were depicted in their countenances, while they also looked jaded and fam-

Map of
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE
 AND VICINITY
 August 1862

Scale of Miles



References

- Union Troops
- Routes of March
- Confederate Troops
- Routes of March
- Rail Roads
- Turnpikes
- Communication Routes

ished—a sight to us boys not by any means cheering or gratifying.

SECOND DISASTROUS FAILURE AT BULL RUN—ARMY CONCENTRATING AT CENTREVILLE.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1862.—Weather still warm. The reports from the front this morning indicated that a great disaster had been the result, as rout upon rout had followed rapidly, and that a stand would next be made near Centreville, as the rebels had burned the railroad bridge at Bull Run, while in pursuit of POPE's retreating army—thus constituting the second disastrous failure at that point, which had fallen to the lot of our gallant comrades, and furnished thousands of unknown victims. Our forces were then being rapidly concentrated at Centreville, so report had it, while all around us the cavalry, artillery, and infantry were reforming for the forward move again, anxiously, too, awaiting the orders—especially with a view of getting away from the demoralizing and disheartening scenes or sounds which greeted the eye or ear on every hand, realizing that a change of the situation of affairs could not be worse, but rather indulged the hope that it would be better—no matter what might come!

HEAVY FIRING AT CENTREVILLE AND FAIRFAX C. H.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.—As yet no change in the condition of the weather. Very successive and heavy firing was heard on our front, from the direction of Centreville and Fairfax C. H., while troops were then forwarded as quickly as possible, and every move indicated a determined advance by our forces. We next received orders to be ready at a moment's notice, while on dress parade, after which the Regiment was reviewed by Brigadier-General A. SAUNDERS PIATT, and other U. S. Army officers. All preparations were then made for the move contemplated, which had been awaited, too, with considerable anxiety, when all, tired and

by no means cheerful, sought repose—such as was to be had.

HEAVY RAIN—BAD ROADS—PRISONERS CAPTURED.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1862.—A heavy rain had fallen during the night, making the roads very heavy and disagreeable for march or advance. Some seven or eight thousand rebel prisoners had been captured and taken towards Alexandria this morning, while others were reported on the way. Firing was still heard on the front, and the Regiment was kept under marching orders, while General PIATT and staff held another meeting with our Regimental officers in expectation of additional orders to march to the front.

READY TO MOVE—KNAPSACKS BURNED—MARCH TO FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE—GLIMPSES OF THE BATTLE.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.—About 4 o'clock, this morning, the Regiment was aroused from its slumbers by the beating of the long roll, while Adjutant HEITSHU hastened to and fro, ordering the respective companies to report at once upon the parade-ground, which was promptly obeyed, the men slinging knapsacks and soon being in line. Regimental and Brigade officers, with their staffs, were already on their saddles, when all were ready to move in short order.

Colonel EMLÉN FRANKLIN, commanding 122d Regiment, P. V., then gave the order, "By the right flank, file left. march!" when the Regiment marched out to Fairfax C. H. road, which was then found to be rapidly filling up with our advancing army, and along which we marched until afternoon. Many were the ambulances we perceived and met coming toward us, filled with the wounded and dying from the front, where disaster had followed disaster, while more distinct became the din and clash of resounding arms, giving notice of approaching conflict, and the dread struggles we might have to endure on the field of battle.

It was then about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when Major-General COUCH sent an orderly to the Regiment with instructions "to immediately unsling knapsacks, leave them in charge of the sick men, who could march no farther, and the Regiment to proceed at once to the front." Private JACOB LEAMAN and two other members of Company K were assigned charge of the knapsacks. Later in the day, however, the knapsacks were ordered to be, and were burned, to prevent them from getting into the hands of the "Johnnies," who were then hard pressing our retreating army.

The Regiment was forwarded at quick time, and arrived at Fairfax C. H., about 7 o'clock P. M. Just at this moment a severe storm arose, and it began raining very heavily—not a pleasant or desirable circumstance by any means, as amidst it the Regiment was marched to the right of the town, about one mile, to a slight eminence, upon which Battery H, 1st Ohio Artillery, was planted, and our Regiment filed to the rear in support of the same. Company K was then thrown out to the left of the battery, to support that position, in case of an advance of the enemy, or a repulse of the line, which was then being engaged in battle on our front.

The troops engaged in this line of battle were Hawkins' New York Zouaves, with other regiments. They waged fierce conflict with the enemy, of which discernible glimpses were afforded as the frequent and vivid flashes of lightning would illuminate the darkness then pending, with the rain still coming down in torrents, drenching us to the skin. The commingling of the noise of the elements with that produced by the artillery and infantry firing, served to impress the boys of the 122d Regiment, P. V., with the idea that they were then in the very midst of pandemonium itself.

The firing was kept up until 9 o'clock. when all suddenly became hushed and still, save now and then a random shot from either side, or the moans and shrieks of the wounded as they were being conveyed to the rear. However, owing to the severe march and fatigues of the day, the boys were

not prevented from seeking and obtaining rest, which they did as best they could, in the wet and mud, although the sleep was but at intervals of a few moments. Surely, this was a test or trial of the stuff which composed the members of the 122d Regiment, P. V.





MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.



CHAPTER IV.

CHANGE OF WEATHER, AS WELL AS VANTAGE-GROUND—ON THE MARCH—GENERAL MCCLELLAN AGAIN IN COMMAND.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1862.—The glorious sunrise, this morning, was in all its effulgence upon vast, contending armies. Before dawn of day, however, neither one, Union or Confederate, was master of the fields of Fairfax or Centreville; but, through hard, desperate, and late fighting on the part of our forces, bright day-break gave to us the advantage, though it proved to be severely earned. Yet, the circumstances inspired new hope, courage, and enthusiasm in our boys, who, with renewed vigor, were now again willing and ready to do battle. It was soon ascertained, also, that the enemy had withdrawn in another direction, which then changed the order of the day from that of defense against to that of pursuit of the retreating enemy.

In this position we found ourselves under orders, when the boys began building fires to dry their wet clothes, until about 8 o'clock, A. M., the Regiment was formed into line of battle, and advanced again, in an easterly direction, and still in support of Battery H, 1st Ohio Artillery. We moved about three miles, where we remained in line to meet any flank movement which would be attempted by the enemy. After a few shots from our battery (as a feeler), we were again moved forward, marching all night long in the direction of the Chain Bridge: whereupon, about 11 o'clock, General McCLELLAN and staff passed us, going in the same direction. "LITTLE MAC" was heartily cheered by the boys all along the line as he passed by; for, although disguised, he was recognized and known by his men. After a long and fatiguing

ous march, we were halted, about 2 o'clock, A. M., at Old Camp Pierpont, where the whole army was also halted for a rest. Language is inadequate to properly express the joy of the men for the opportunity, and that they were by no means slow in taking advantage of it, is proof positive of gratification as well as appreciation.

FRESH BEEF RATIONS—MARCH TO MINOR'S HILL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862.—We awoke this morning quite refreshed, after the fatigues, excitement, and suspense of previous days, to find concentrated all around us a vast army, destitute in provisions and clothing. But, at an early hour, fresh beef was issued in fair, proportionate messes which was no doubt captured along the route—and, oh, how welcome was the sight! The country thereabouts was abundant in fruits, provisions, etc., when the boys of Company K were not slow in bringing in their quota of all that was to be had in the fruit or provision line. But our fun there was short-lived; for, just as soon as the meat was issued and distributed, the order came: "Fall into line at once!" Many then threw away their raw meat, and off they were again on the march, toward Chain Bridge, passing Forts Marcy, Scott, and other earthworks, as well as the camps of several new regiments enlisted for the nine-months service, who were kind enough, as we passed along the road, to give us some hard tack, being our first since leaving camp at Clouds Mills. We were next marched over a very rugged section of country, about ten miles, to a point named Minor's Hill, and thence into a woodland, in a notch of the surrounding hills; where, after planting our battery toward the southwest, the Regiment was formed in line to the rear in support of it. Our pickets were next thrown out, Company K having been assigned an extreme outside position along a road leading to Falls Church. Here we were happily afforded the opportunity and pleasure of visiting the farm-houses in the neighborhood, and procuring some soft bread and ham, besides elegant milk, which

proved to us quite a treat and a luxury, (considering our previous bill of fare, *with now and then its stint and scant*,) and was also truly enjoyed and relished, although in momentary expectations of being engaged with the enemy in fighting for the maintenance of our position.

BUILDING OF HUTS—OUT OF RATIONS.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1862.—The weather this morning was fine and pleasant, and the day was entirely occupied in constructing temporary quarters; in the absence of our tents we built houses out of cedar, spruce, pine, and other available timber, the branches of which served the purpose quite well, as also to protect us from the heavy dews of night. But, then again, we were doomed to disappointment and unpleasant situation—that, too, a very serious matter—our provisions had not yet arrived. Without other event to record, the boys sought repose within the confines of their new cosy huts for the night.

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REBEL CAVALRY RAID—DETAIL FOR AMMUNITION.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1862.—Day-break was warm and clear, which continued throughout the entire day. The men in general enjoyed the day in jovial sports and varied camp life. Those of the boys "who had left their hearts at home," were writing letters to those dear to them—"so near and yet so far;" while others were similarly occupied with correspondence to relatives and friends. We received, also, some rations, which, however, were borrowed from a neighboring camp, until our supply would arrive. At 3 o'clock, P. M., our pickets were called in, owing to a reported movement of the enemy close by, in anticipation of an attack, but it only proved to be a rebel cavalry raid along the Fairfax C. H. turnpike. At 10 o'clock, P. M., Sergeant GEO. F. SPRENGER, of Company K, was detailed with ten men to report at General MORRELL'S headquarters. Upon arriving, he received orders, "to file his men to the rear of headquarters, there

stack arms, and then take the men to the teams," which were already in the road, destined for Washington, D. C., with a requisition for ammunition, after which they at once proceeded on their way, without delay, until their arrival at Georgetown, D. C.

AT GEORGETOWN AND WASHINGTON, D. C.—SUPPLIES RECEIVED—
RETURN TO CAMP—ORDERS TO MOVE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.—The teams arrived at Georgetown at an early hour in the morning, when a halt was made to feed the mules, during which the men laid down in the wagons and enjoyed a short nap. The teamsters soon hooked up again and were on the way to Washington City. They arrived and halted at the navy yard, where it required a long delay until our turn came to be supplied. Therefore, in the meantime, a stroll through the city—quite an agreeable surprise by the way—for something to eat and drink, was afforded, and accordingly in order. After satisfying and regaling the inner man, we returned, received our supplies and were promptly *en route* for camp at 5 P. M. The day in camp was observed in the performance of the usual duties which characterize camp-life in general. We arrived at camp about 11 o'clock, P. M., and glad, indeed, were we to find a place to rest, as we thought; but, instead, we were doomed to disappointment, as we were at once advised that the Regiment was under marching orders and was already equipped to start. So we laid on our arms until after midnight, when the order came, "to fall into line," and the Regiment was then again on the march toward Washington, D. C. However, upon arrival at Georgetown, the Regiment filed to the right, and marched toward Alexandria.

CIRCUIT'S ROUTE OF MARCHES FROM AND TO FAIRFAX SEMINARY.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1862.—As we continued marching many became quite exhausted and were compelled to leave the line, so that when we arrived at Fairfax Seminary, rather

to the left of it, where there was then a hospital, both Regiment and Brigade halted, and a consultation was had between Colonel FRANKLIN and General PIATT. After this conference the Regiment moved off in a different direction, towards the Almshouse Farm, where we were allowed to rest, but for a short time only, and then in the hot, mid-day sun, as an order was received from "that tyrant," (as the boys then named him) General PIATT, to move again and at once, when we were marched by a circuitous route upon ground we had just passed over; thence below Alexandria, and back again to Fairfax Seminary. It was then already night, when the Regiment was halted, so that we had to lie on the ground as best we could—yet very glad for the opportunity, although it began raining during the night, making our bivouac rather wet, damp, and uncomfortable—especially for the new recruits.

HARD, LONG MARCHES, AMID PRIVATIONS, ETC.—CURSING GENERAL PIATT—NO PROVISIONS, NO MARCHING!

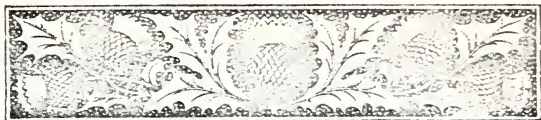
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1862.—After the clearing away of a heavy mist the day opened oppressively sultry, when about 9 o'clock the Regiment was again on the march, which was back towards Washington City, to Camp Stanton, arriving there about mid-day, after having been marched by "old cross-grained PIATT" (another title from the boys) about eighteen miles to no advantage whatever, during which quite a number of men had fallen out of line. Several of the men had already become faint, one of whom, JOHN DORWART, of Company K, sustained a serious rupture, dropped by the roadside, and was conveyed to a hospital tent close by, belonging to a Massachusetts Artillery Company, stationed near Fort Woodbury. Great dissatisfaction was then manifested by nearly all the officers and men of the Regiment, in curses loud and deep, at what was deemed the rough, hard, and severe treatment they had been subjected to, especially the needless and continuous marches,

without provisions, by Brigadier-General PIATT; whereupon Colonel FRANKLIN could stand it no longer, and therefore gave notice that the Regiment would march no farther, until the men were provided with rations, which were immediately forthcoming and very speedily furnished. The Regiment then bivouacked for the night in close proximity to Fort Richardson, in order to allow our stragglers time to come up, as many had dropped from weariness by the roadside. This had been a very severe trial, indeed: for many of the men were found to have sustained serious injuries of hernia, suffering terribly therefrom, as well as from footsores, exhaustion, and sickness.

IN THE RIFLE-PITS AT FORT RICHARDSON, ETC.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1862.—It was just after midnight when the Regiment was aroused from slumber and ordered into the rifle-pits surrounding Fort Richardson. During the day we remained on the heights of the fort, awhile enjoying some rest, and at last receiving some more rations. Orders were next received "to clean up guns and accoutrements for inspection, to be held next day at 4 P. M.," which then actively engaged the attention of the men, and kept them busily occupied for the balance of the day, while our stragglers by the wayside then came in, as also our teams with officers' baggage, etc., which were then mobilized as they arrived and were returned to their proper commands.





CHAPTER V.

THE REGIMENT ASSIGNED TO DUTY ABOUT FORT RICHARDSON.
BRIGADE AND DIVISION DRILLS, INSPECTION, AND SHAM
BATTLE—FRESH SUPPLY OF DESIRABLE RATIONS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1862.—The Regiment was put upon duty about Fort Richardson and was temporarily assigned to General MORRELL's Division, anxiously awaiting orders. The morning and afternoon hours were devoted generally to company and regimental drills, as also to thorough preparations for division inspection, etc., for which the order had been issued to be held at 4 P. M. At the hour precisely the Regiment was marched to a large open drill-ground near the fort, where, for the first time and for several hours, we were exercised very rigidly and thoroughly in brigade and division movements, in which were combined artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics. The Regiment here again received special notice, as it was highly commended upon the aptitude (especially as to being a new regiment) which was displayed in acquiring the very quick and complicated movements of the older regiments, and was put through the charge at double-quick, as were also the cavalry and artillery, all of which exhibited a grand and imposing sham battle. Inspection over, we returned to the fort to find ourselves the happy recipients of a fresh supply of rations: in the shape of fresh meat, soft bread, and bean soup, all of which were eaten with a relish—the bean soup, especially; for, although a little late, it was none the less appreciated, considering our recent long fast. After this welcome repast we were again allowed to seek rest as best we could, rolled

up in our gum and woolen blankets, and covered with our overcoats.

ORDERS TO CLEAN UP AND FORM CAMP.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1862.—Right well did we enjoy the rest afforded last night, and we awoke to find day opening upon us bright and clear. At an early hour Adj't HEITSHU brought the order, "to clean up and form camp," which was greeted with genuine, enthusiastic cheering. The Regiment, together with the Brigade and the Division, was then subjected to a thorough drill of over six hours, by Major-General A. W. WHIPPLE, passing each, respectively, in review, and receiving the highest encomiums from all the officers; after which all proceeded at once, "busy as the bees," to form company streets, remove stumps, rubbish, etc., so that it became night as our tented quarters were up and ready for occupation; and, when we entered and retired, hopes were entertained of having, at least, a short stay in camp.

SHORT STAY—AGAIN ON THE MARCH—HEAVY RAIN-STORM.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1862.—Day dawned fine and clear upon our new camp—Camp Fort Richardson. The Regiment, by companies, was ordered out for drill at an early hour; when, just as all presented the appearance of a regularly organized camp of instruction, up rides an orderly bearing instructions for the Regiment: "To strike tents and at once form into line of march." At 10 o'clock, A. M., the Regiment was in motion towards Georgetown, D. C., marching about five miles, before halting, which was upon an eminence near Georgetown, in full view of Washington City, the Potomac River, and its surroundings, which afforded a delightful and splendid sight, as also elegant location. It had become quite dark, and a storm of rain had set in, before our teams arrived; however, our tents were quickly unloaded and put up, when we were immediately coiled up between blankets and at rest. But, nevertheless, the rain

descended so heavily that we were compelled to get up, go out, and make trenches around the tents to keep the water out, and especially prevent it from getting under our backs.

BRIGADE DRILL AND REVIEW—REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.—The men were aroused this morning (and oh, how glad!) to find the storm subsided, with day-break beautiful and clear. Company streets were then properly formed, tents aligned, etc., and all rubbish cleared to the rear of color-line, after which the Regiment was ordered out for brigade drill and review by Major-General A. W. WHIPPLE, U. S. A., to whose Division our Brigade had then been assigned. Great credit and praise was awarded to the Regiment on this occasion, by General WHIPPLE, who expressed himself as highly pleased with the drill and skill in military tactics displayed by the Regiment, especially on account of the men composing the same, being principally new recruits and so youthful. The review, however, was soon over, having been more of an introduction than a manœuvre. Company K then came in for a liberal and special share of credit; for, immediately after review, the company was put through the Zouave drill, in which they were already quite proficient, and which was witnessed by numerous officers and men of the various organizations from the surrounding camps, who highly complimented the company for its efficiency in the skirmish drill and the bayonet exercise.

RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE—FORT WOODBURY, DRILLS, ETC.—VISITORS FROM LANCASTER IN CAMP.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.—Weather yet fine. The men turned out to learn that a vigorous enforcement of camp discipline was to be observed, inasmuch that commissioned officers were held under strict orders to issue no passes to their men, unless in very urgent cases, and that all passes to Georgetown and Washington must have the countersign of division

commanders. Brigade drill was the order of the day's exercises, when the Regiment was marched to Fort Woodbury, a very pretty little fort, where the drill and review was conducted by Major-General WHIPPLE, and a sham battle also inaugurated. Company K was there assigned the honor of being stationed on the inside of the fort and placed upon the parapets, while the balance of the Regiment, together with other regiments, were manoeuvred as skirmish lines in our front, besides the artillerymen were kept at their respective pieces of ordnance and put through their exercises. The scene presented was quite an animated one, and was decidedly instructive to the men.

Fort Woodbury was a marvel of neatness in design, apartments and appurtenances, as it had splendid, graveled walks, handsome green mounds, an abattis, and a massive, arched magazine—all, indeed, bespeaking it a master-piece of engineering skill. The fort was in possession of the 14th Regiment, Massachusetts heavy artillery, under command of efficient officers and engineers. After drill came dress parade, when general orders were issued. Our camp there was highly enjoyed and proved a delightful situation, as visitors from Georgetown and Washington, D. C., arrived and were received daily; but, most especially welcome were those who had arrived upon this day and occasion—quite a number of prominent citizens and friends from the dear old home of Lancaster. Although their sojourn was necessarily brief, yet their familiar faces and cordial greetings served for the time to gladden the hearts and cheer the spirits of the men, as well as to dispel all thoughts of the trials, dangers and risks they might have to incur in the near future, as indicated by the then existing circumstances and state of affairs: indeed, these were all forgotten by the boys in the enjoyment of the occasion, the revival of pleasant associations, and the recollections of merry and happy days of the past at their homes.

STROLLS TO GEORGETOWN, D. C.—BRIGADE MANŒUVRES.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1862.—Another beautiful day dawned upon us, with our camp in complete regulation and provided with plenty of rations, etc., for which we were truly thankful. Camp duties not being as numerous this day, a stroll to Georgetown, D. C., and how to get across Aqueduct Bridge, then became matters of important consideration to us, as orders were still very strict, especially as to the issuing or granting of passes; however, quite a number of the boys, managed to secure enough of the requisite passes to give Company K a very fair and large representation in the city of Georgetown. After a few hours of general enjoyment, sight-seeing, and "the regaling of the varied appetites of the inner men," the boys, as had always been the case when granted leave of absence from camp or duty, returned promptly in time for brigade drill, and resumed their former position in the fort. The Regiment and Brigade were rigidly drilled through the same movements and manœuvres of the previous day, after which, duly appreciating the day's perambulations and duties, the boys retired for a night of solid rest.

FIRST PICKET DUTIES AND INCIDENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1862.—Day again dawned beautifully upon our camp, when our Brigade was ordered out in front of the forts for picket duty, the post of the Regiment being assigned on the extreme left of the line, and crossing the Fairfax telegraph road, with orders not to permit any one to pass our lines without a written pass, besides the verbal pass-word accompanying it for the night—which was "Warsaw." The day, however, passed with but little excitement, and no event of extraordinary importance occurred. The passing through our line to the outer line by certain newsboys, mounted on fleet horses, with bundles of the *New York Herald*, *Tribune*, and other newspapers, being a

privileged institution, excited our admiration, and was a pleasing incident as they flew along, apparently, disposing of their respective sheets of the art typographical, which proved very welcome and appreciative, as they conveyed tidings from the numerous sections and scenes of the world outside of our field of action, as also provided an abundance of other intellectual diet until the evening hours approached.

The night then became intensely dark, when Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER and Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, of Company K, received orders to make the grand rounds. As they groped along they found the darkness so intense that their way could not have been made, save only through the sounds of the movements of the faithful sentinels at their posts of duty; and, had they been seen as they proceeded on their rounds, very many would have been the occasions of merriment which they would have afforded for the gratification of their fellow-comrades, as the sad plights they were thrown in as well as appearances presented, through the awkward and severe falls they sustained, would have furnished sufficient attestation. However, they arrived at the telegraph road in time to find that Corporal HARTLEY, Company K, had halted two cavalymen on the road, coming from the front who were without the pass-word. Lieutenant SPRINGER then directed Sergeant SPRENGER, with the Corporal, "to take charge of the cavalymen and report to Colonel FRANKLIN, field officer for the day, for further instructions," which they did; whereupon Captain DUNCAN was then ordered "to take a proper guard and have the two men conveyed to General WHIPPLE's headquarters." After the turning over of these men to headquarters and the groping of their way back to picket line, as best they could, the night passed by without further event at the posts of the Regiment.

SHELTER TENTS TERMED DOG HOUSES—TENTS UP.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.—This morning opened warm, although there had been a refreshing fall of rain dur-

ing the night, when we were relieved from picket duty. As we returned to our camping ground, we found the Regiment being provided with what were termed shelter tents, but more commonly called *dog-houses* by the boys—they being about five feet square, made of unbleached muslin, ornamented with buttons and button-holes, and so constructed that two pieces formed a small tent. The boys immediately went to work, constructing their tents and putting them up for the night. This day, too, passed without any other event, worthy of mention.

REVIEW AND SHAM BATTLE AT FORT CORCORAN PARADE-GROUND.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1862.—The day opened beautiful and clear. Company K was taken out for drill by Lieutenant SPRINGER, as were also the other companies of the Regiment by their respective officers. After company, regimental and brigade drill, the regiment received orders to be in readiness for division drill on the parade-ground at Fort Corcoran. After partaking of a royal bean-soup dinner, with fresh beef and hard tack, as side dishes, about 2 P. M., our Adjutant and Sergeant-Major, in charge of the drum corps, proceeded to the parade-ground, from whence we received the well-known and familiar bugle-call to fall in, when company after company, under heavy marching trim, (knapsacks packed, etc.,) moved out in regular order to the color-line, where the Regiment was promptly formed. Colonel FRANKLIN in command, and marched immediately to the parade-ground, where a band of music belonging to the 10th N. J. Cavalry had already been stationed to furnish enlivening airs for the men.

The entire Division, comprising field artillery, cavalry, and infantry, having arrived, the bugles sounded the call to advance, when the Division passed in review before General WHIPPLE and his staff; after which the regiments again aligned themselves accordingly—the cavalry in advance, then the artillery, and next the two brigades of infantry, for

the purpose of exercising in the various manœuvres and intricate movements of sham battle. The cavalry made several very brilliant dashes; then the artillery in their "flying" movements; which, when combined with a full division of infantry on bayonet charge, at double quick, and with a yell, presented a most imposing sight, and one that will be long and well remembered by all who participated therein or witnessed it—*especially by some* (whom we will not mention), who were awkward enough to stumble and fall, as well as jam their bayonets in the ground, affording by their predicaments a scene of humor and sport.

GENERAL DRILL AND DIVISION REVIEW.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1862.—The weather was very fine and clear this morning, when the Regiment, by companies respectively, were ordered out for drill in the manual of arms and marching movements, which were kept up until the dinner-hour. In the afternoon the Regiment marched to the parade-ground for division review and was put through the same *routine* of evolutions as was observed yesterday. A decided improvement was already noticeable in the movements of the Regiment in division drill, for which they were highly commended, in terms that gave full attestation to the aptitude with which the men had taken hold of drill and duty.

RECEIPT OF NEW CLOTHING—DIVISION DRILL, ETC.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1862.—After a night of very pleasant repose, the companies were out at drill at an early hour of the morning. The principal features of the drill consisted of the skirmish manœuvres, and the movements of lying on the back to load and turning over on the elbow to fire—in which part of the manual rapid progress was at once observed. Upon returning to company streets, the Regimental Commissary notified the company officers to call for their requisitions of clothing, which had just then been re-

ceived, to replace the clothing burnt with the knapsacks by order of Major-General COUCH on the march to Fairfax C. H. After dinner the Regiment marched again to the parade-ground, where division review and drill were the orders for the balance of the day.

CAMP POLICED—PREPARING FOR INSPECTIONS—VISITORS RECEIVED.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1862.—The morning dawned warm and clear, and the order for the day was "regimental camp to be policed by each company," which duty was entered upon with a will that meant business; for, all the rubbish, etc., accumulated, soon disappeared and was removed beyond the color-line. Busy preparations were also observed as to personal appearance in dress, accoutrements, and condition of arms. as special company inspections were next in order. The men of the Regiment in general, but the boys of Company K especially, were fully up to the standard, and much admired for their neat, bright and cleanly appearance upon dress-parade, as well as for their personal and military bearing. During the balance of the day visitors from Lancaster and elsewhere were received and gladly entertained, keeping the men in excellent spirits, and moving them all to greatly enjoy the few sports, pleasures, and pastimes that camp life then afforded.

SPECIAL DRILL BY COMPANY K—HIGH COMPLIMENTS FROM U. S. A. OFFICERS—CAMP SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1862.—The weather continued favorable, and the boys of Company K, for want of something to do, to while away the morning hours, agreed upon a special drill—that of the skirmish drill, the bayonet exercise, and the various Zouave movements, in which the men were first instructed and initiated. Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER then formed the Company in line in the presence of numerous spectators, consisting of Regular Army officers as well as others from adjoining camps and regiments, and

put the company through a regular and thorough course of drill and evolutions, greatly to the satisfaction and admiration of those who witnessed the same. The universal expressions—very high compliments by the way—were, “that Company K on this occasion had excelled all previous efforts; that, if the boys were disposed to be wild at times and almost beyond restraint, while under the rigid discipline of camp life, yet they exhibited that proficiency in military tactics which could only be acquired by diligent practice and pride in drill, as well as thorough, strict attention to duty.”

As there were no special orders for the day, no events of importance occurred; but, the boys of Company K, however, turned out for a general afternoon's sport in camp, and so earnestly did they engage therein that some incidents, well-remembered, may not be out of place to relate, viz: the opening of a general menagerie, of which “Potsey” NAUMAN was the manager, who introduced his trained elephant, improvised for the occasion by spreading a government blanket over the persons of those genial and comical spirits HENRY FORREST and GEORGE W. MARTZALL, who performed many of the usual, as well as unusual, unprecedented pranks and feats accredited to that tribe of the animal kingdom. Other specialties and varieties of the menagerie proper, as well as those of the circus arena, were impersonated and represented amid the cheers, laughter and enjoyment of the spectators.

Another very amusing feature of the day was the instituting of a lodge of the Sons of Malta, which was gravely announced to have for its sole object—the elevation of man. This was especially demonstrated by means of a government blanket in the hands of such stout boys of Company K, as GEORGE DORWART, JACOB HATZ, ATLEE MERCER, JACK DONNELLY, FRANK GALBRAITH, JACOB LUTZ and SAMUEL LUTZ, with “Skinny” JOE WADE as the first victim, who was always “tossed up like a feather, but fell like a stone.” After which the entire camp was enlivened by a grand free

concert from Company K's well-known Glee Club, under the leadership of Commissary-Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, assisted by D. HALL NAUMAN, as first basso; JACOB FISHER, alto; GEORGE W. SMITH, tenor; and in general chorus by EDWARD BOOKMYER, HENRY FORREST, HENRY FISHER, JOHN MILLEY, WILLIAM NAUMAN, and Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER. The songs and selections were appropriate to the circumstances of affairs, were very much appreciated, and thus ended the day in social enjoyment and mutual pleasure—one of the happiest in our recollections of camp life.





CHAPTER VI.

STROLLS THROUGH GEORGETOWN AND WASHINGTON, D. C.—SIGHTS, FESTIVITIES AND AMUSEMENTS.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1862.—Day again dawned brilliant and beautiful, with drill and review as usual the orders of the morning hours; after which quite a number of the boys, under the guidance and direction of Sergeant SPRENGER (who was indeed very lucky in procuring the passes), left camp for a visit and tour of Georgetown and Washington cities, where they did right heartily enjoy themselves. Upon their arrival there they were allowed "the freedom of the cities," respectively; and to their credit, be it said, the privileges were not abused in any respect whatever; for although they indulged and satiated their appetites with the popular Teutonic beverages, unstinted, as well as apples, melons, and the other luxuries then in season to be had—quite a change from late camp fare—yet their conduct was gentlemanly and not characterized by any evidences of rowdyism or boisterousness. Many were the innocent tricks and humorous pranks enacted to the mutual entertainment and amusement of each other, as well as those who were the victims and witnesses, that could be worthy of relation, but several will suffice, viz :

1. The hair-cutting scene, in the barber-shop, where Comrade PETER MUSKETNUSS (or "Pete Mushy," as he was familiarly known), feeling highly elated, and fearing that he could not get his hair cut sufficiently short for 25 cents, discovered that it was cut too much, as what was left to be seen on the scalp required almost the aid of a microscope, thus presenting a decidedly woe-begone aspect, and entitling him to the commiseration of his comrades.

2. The laughable and amusing spectacle, on Pennsylvanta Avenue, of the grotesque figure cut by big corpulent PHILIP FORNAUF, weighing 300 pounds, Lieutenant of Captain HERZOG'S famous Lancaster Cavalry Company, straddled over the back of a horse so diminutive in stature throughout as to more properly classify it with the donkey *genus*, and almost leave his long legs trail on the street.

3. The scene at the tin-ferrotyper's gallery where the boys put themselves into all conceivable and fantastical shapes, styles, and positions, in getting "shadows of their mugs" to send to loved ones at home.

After much merriment, partaking of the same nature, and feeling exuberant over their tour, the boys took their departure for camp, where they arrived at a favorable and early hour, and sought repose for the night.

VISIT FROM LANCASTRIANS—SPECIAL DRILL BY COMPANY K.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1862.—The morning was fine and clear, and the day became intensely hot. However, little attention or care about the latter particularity; for, at an early hour, the Regiment, and boys of Company K especially, had the honor and pleasure to receive and entertain visitors from Lancaster City, in the persons of Hon. HENRY M. WHITE, MESSRS. WM. BUCKIUS, SR., DANA GRAHAM. JACOB GABLE, JOHN TRISSLER, SR., JOHN FEGLEY, and many other well-known friends and citizens. At the request of these gentlemen, Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER exercised Company K in the skirmish drill, bayonet exercise, and drill by the tap of the drum, with which the Lancastrians expressed themselves very highly gratified, and also complimented the boys upon the proficiency acquired and the precision displayed. After which the Regiment was taken out for dress-parade, and there received orders "to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice."

MARCHING ORDERS ON PICKET—INCIDENT AT MINOR'S HILL.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1862.—This morning, at an early hour, the Regiment was ordered to march to the parade-ground, to participate in grand brigade guard-mount, which was the first important duty of the day, although of short duration. Directly afterward the Regiment was marched about three-fourths of a mile from camp, and posted on picket, but was very soon called in with marching orders. The picket-guard was then dismissed, when the Regiment returned to camp to pack up for another march. The entire Division was promptly again on the move, with Company K, of our Regiment, detailed as wagon-guard to bring up the rear. On the way the teams were frequently stuck, causing great delay and difficulty, as the roads were very soft and heavy, thereby preventing our troops from reaching Division Camp at Minor's Hill, again, until 9 o'clock at night; when, after having left the teams in corral, in charge of Captain WAGOND, Company A, 124th N. Y. V., (of our Brigade,) who was in command of entire rear guard, we were soon on the hunt of the Regiment. Captain WAGOND thereupon became so exasperated, when he found that the boys of Company K, 122d Regiment, P. V., had not awaited his dismissal, that he threatened to shoot certain file-closers for allowing them to leave. Sergeant SPRENGER was then the only one who remained to receive the regular dismissal by General PIATT. By taking our own course we soon found the Regiment, had tents quickly put up, and in short order were at blissful repose in the arms of Morpheus.

DELIGHTFUL CAMPING GROUNDS—LUCKY FORAGERS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1862.—Our camp at Minor's Hill was very beautifully located, surrounded by fine woodlands, in the heart of a rich agricultural district, which was profusely abundant in the products of the farms, gardens and orchards, as the well-filled bellies and well-packed haver-

sacks of Company K's boys did attest as they returned into camp; for, as heretofore related, they were always wide enough awake to discover, and never too slow to obtain, an ample supply of the good things to be had "on a forage"—especially after a scanty fare on "hard-tack and salt-horse" diet. The balance of the day kept the Regiment busily engaged in arranging our camp, and going through the exercises and duty of rigorous company drills. With the exception of the arrival of our supply trains, the receiving and putting away of our necessary Quartermaster and Commissary stores, the day passed without further event. The hour "for taps" was then at hand, when all was soon securely stowed away, "snug at rest."

THE SUTLER'S ARRIVAL—DISCOMFORTS OF THE SHELTER TENTS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1862.—Day dawned fine and clear, and the regular routine of camp duty was observed in every particular. At an early hour of the day our regimental sutler was on hand, with his well-known and desirable merchandise, such as chewing tobacco, paper, pens, pencils, etc., even including the familiar "native ginger-bread," etc., and such of the boys who were fortunate enough to possess the necessary sutler's scrip to make purchases, were well supplied and went off rejoicing—in short, the scrip and the boys were soon parted. We were then beginning to experience very forcibly that the smallness of our shelter tents had greatly diminished the comforts we enjoyed while under the folds of the old regulation A tents: however, as night approached, we went to sleep as best and comfortably as we could.

SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION—REGIMENTAL PRAYER-MEETING.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1862.—The weather continued clear and favorable. Regular Sunday morning inspection was ordered, when all hands were early at work cleaning up uniforms, polishing guns and brasses, and other requisite preparations. A detail was next in order to police company

streets, and soon all about camp presented that cheerful and tidy appearance which served to make camp-life happy and attractive. After a short rest, regimental prayer-meeting was the order for the evening, which was conducted by our Regimental Chaplain, Rev. ELIM KIRKE, assisted by Lieutenant SAMUEL G. BEHMER, of Company C, after which all retired for the night to think and dream of what might be next on the programme of war duty and service.

TARGET PRACTICE AND COMPANY DRILLS.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1862.—Weather still fine and clear, with Regiment lying in camp, whereupon target practice and company drills were next in order. The companies were put through a rigid drilling, respectively, by the Captains, and were awarded great credit for the manner in which their men acquitted themselves. Company K, after a short drill by Captain W. F. DUNCAN, was then taken charge of by Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER, who gave the men a thorough practice in the bayonet exercise, etc., by the tap of the drum—a specialty for which they had already been noted, and of which they never tired. While these essential points of duty were being attended to, an order was received at regimental headquarters for the Regiment “to prepare for division drill, under heavy marching trim, on the morrow,” when all was at once bustle and surmise as to whither might be the next destination, or what sort of vicissitude of army life to experience, or what danger those preparations might portend.

GRAND DIVISION DRILL AND REVIEW—HIGH COMPLIMENT TO THE 122d REGIMENT, P. V.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1862.—Day opened warm—very sultry indeed—when active preparations were at once begun throughout camp for grand drill and review, which were made the orders of the day. At 1 o'clock P. M., sharp, the Regiment was formed into line under heavy marching trim, and marched about three miles from camp, to the

vicinity of Falls Church, and into a large field; where, upon arrival, were found other regiments of infantry—the 86th and 124th N. Y. V., and 12th N. H. V., of our Brigade, besides Battery H, 1st Ohio Artillery, a portion of the 10th N. J. Cavalry, and also a section of 11th N. Y. light artillery, with Major-General A. W. WHIPPLE and staff, Brigadier-General A. S. PIATT and staff, in their saddles. At the sound of the bugle the several commands turned into line, and were rigidly drilled, exercised, and reviewed in the manœuvres of changing front and location on quick time—although the heat and dust were so oppressive as to cause quite a number of the new recruits to drop during this grand drill and review.

A grand spectacle of military life, in a new and different phase, was thus presented to us for the future—such as to incite our admiration; for the flying movements of the light batteries—the horses, white with foam and sweat, nostrils distended, galloping hither and thither—the infantry charging bayonets on the double-quick, while the cavalry dashed to and fro, in front and rear, with the Generals directing the movements of the various troops, could not help but create a superb sight. As regiment after regiment passed in division front on this occasion, we felt just pride in recording the fact, that the compliments of the day for excelling in infantry tactics were awarded to our own, the 122d Regiment P. V. As to this drill, manœuvring and review all surmises vanished; for the boys appreciated the same as a hint of preparation as well as notice of our fitness for the field of battle, returned gladly and proudly to camp and retired for the night to sleep soundly after the fatigues and duties of the day.

GENERAL FIRING PRACTICE—PALM TO COMPANY K.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1862.—The heat and sultriness of the atmosphere still continued, while the special orders for the day were: “Regimental drill, target and

firing practice." Colonel FRANKLIN now formed the Regiment *en masse*, after which each company moved off at command, respectively, first firing by flank; then dividing by platoon, outward face, file right and left, moving off to the rear, and reloading; after repetition of company by company, then firing practice by company; again by file; next by battalion; and finally by entire Regiment. For the best firing by file, platoon, and company, the palm was awarded to Company K by the officers of the Regiment.

BRIGADE DRILL—ARTILLERYMAN INJURED.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2d, 1862.—Weather very fair, warm and clear. As there had been no rain-fall since leaving Georgetown, D. C., the great drouth continued. The Regiment was again ordered out under heavy marching trim, but only for brigade drill. Our Brigade was put through quite a series of rapid movements, from which our Regiment retired bearing the honors of the day for excellence in the infantry tactics of the drill. During the progress of these rapid movements, while running through an apple orchard, a member of the 11th N. Y. Light Artillery was swept off a caisson by the limb of a tree, and run over the legs, whereby he was severely injured, and had to be conveyed to his camp. The drill was continued till dark, when line of march was formed, and the Regiment returned to camp amidst a drenching rain which had then commenced. However, as it had the effect of settling the vast accumulation of dust on the road and about camp, as well as refreshing the atmosphere, the men were really glad for it, and cheerfully retired for the enjoyment of their much needed rest.

AN ENEMY THAT WAS MET AND CRUSHED ON THE SPOT.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3d, 1862.—Morn dawned beautifully, and all the boys throughout the camps could be seen hard at work in a different line of business—that of the laundry. Although not agreeable, by any means, it was a duty abso-

lutely necessary; for, the proverbial "gray-back" had made its appearance unexpectedly and to great annoyance—an enemy that had to be crushed on the spot. This presented a sight very disgusting to those who never were accustomed to such bad company, and their speedy removal, of course, was a good and desirable riddance. At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Regiment was again ordered out to participate in brigade drill, when the boys were exercised through the charge bayonets on the double quick, with all the difficult and various movements to their hearts' content; yet the boys never tired, as it was then notable that they all were becoming hardened to the duty, while the Regiment had become quite apt in the various manœuvres.

PECULIAR BEAN-SOUP REPAST AND GOOD CHEER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.—Weather again fine and clear, and the orders for the morning—regimental drill, firing, and target-practice, during which Company K again rendered a good report. A dinner of the ever-welcome bean-soup was our bill of fare to-day; but, oh! what a grand repast it proved—so heartily enjoyed, because of the merriment it afforded through the special peculiarities of the cooking and the flavor of the soup—and thereby hangs a secret or tale which is too good to be lost. It happened that when our mess of beans for the soup had been emptied into the regular camp kettle, our old cook, NED MILLEY, had left his old blouse, containing a quantity of smoking tobacco in the pockets as well as his old pipe, lying in the bottom, unobserved. In the bustle for the dinner, the kettle was quickly supplied for the cooking and hung over the fire; but when the stirring process became necessary, our readers can only imagine the surprise of the boys when they fished out the blouse and its contents. At once the kettle was emptied of the boiling broth, the beans were rinsed and returned again, fully prepared for the subsequent cooking, freely of which all did unwittingly partake and relish, save the few who

were the eye-witnesses of the *cuisine*, and from whose memories the vivid recollections of the mess can never be erased. Brigade drill was the next order of the day, and the Regiment was rigidly put through the same until 7½ o'clock p. m. However, yet considerably fatigued, the boys of Company K were full of good cheer, as they came home to camp as though all was but sport, singing their popular camp songs, when the general remark was—"they are a lively set, indeed!"





CHAPTER VII.

DETAIL FOR PICKET DUTY NEAR FALLS CHURCH—FORAGERS DETECTED AND ARRESTED—HEAVY TRAMP ALONG PICKET-LINE—ENTERTAINED, ETC., BY THE 86TH REGIMENT, N. Y. V.—DEATHS OF TWO COMRADES.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1862.—Morn opened bright upon us, as we were aroused from our slumbers, to find that grand brigade guard-mount, with a detail from the Regiment to report at Brigade headquarters, were the orders for the day. Company K, on this occasion, was selected as the detail, which duly and promptly reported at headquarters, was immediately marched about three miles from camp, and stationed on picket duty along a road leading towards Falls Church, with Colonel KENWORTHY, of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., field officer of the guard, and our reserve station back of the picket line, about 200 yards. During the day General PIATT visited the post and detected several members of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., in violation of orders and regulations while on duty at reserve station, which consisted of divesting themselves of their accoutrements, etc., and going off on the forage. After they returned to station with an abundance of trophies in the line of milk, apples, etc., and were just about feasting themselves right freely and jovially thereon, General PIATT popped upon them, had them arrested, and ordered them to the guard-house, where they were confined for one week to await court-martial.

No further event of the day worthy to record, when night was ushered in with the moon shining brightly, as the officer of the grand rounds reached our post about 10 o'clock and provided us with the countersign—"Halifax." Sergeant SPRENGER, with a detail from the reserve station, then

communicated the countersign from end to end of the line, which occupied them till after midnight, as their way was through a very dense forest, from whence no sounds greeted the ear save the barkings of the fox and raccoon, the hoots of the owl, and the wails of the whip-poor-will, which resounded therein, while in silence they made their weary tramp. Upon arriving at the station, which was close by a brook, and where a low fire had been kept up, they were freely provided with hot coffee and hard tack, which was taken in with a decided relish as well as gratitude. Here they were agreeably surprised to find that two of the members of the 86th N. Y. V. were native-born Seneca Indians, who, being on turn, kindly relieved us on guard, while we snatched a few hours rest by the fire.

EARLY MORNING LUXURIES ON PICKET LINE.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1862.—Awaking from a very refreshing sleep beneath our gum blankets, we found them quite wet with the morning dew, while our noses and ears tinged therewith, gave keen evidence of its coolness, when we were soon up and about. After a refreshing wash in the running brook at our feet, we started up the dying embers of last night's fire and boiled some good, hot coffee—a luxury always appreciated by the soldier—while a stroll to a neighboring farm-house was next in order, where our canteens were filled with milk and our haversacks with apples. Milk to our coffee, and apples roasted in the fire, were dainties that were certainly relished and not to be refused. It was then 9 o'clock as the relief came along, when we were marched to Brigade guard headquarters, dismissed, and sent to our Regiment; where the balance of the day, after arranging matters about camp and our bunks, was spent in writing letters, sports, and other occupations.

COMPANY AND BRIGADE DRILL—MOONLIGHT PRAYER-MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1862.—Fine weather still con-

tinued. This morning Lieutenant SPRINGER drilled the company by the tap of the drum, and in general tactics, while in the afternoon brigade drill as rigid as usual was the order observed. Advices were received to-day of the death of Private JOHN WENGER, of Company D, which occurred in hospital at Washington, D. C.

The only other incident of interest to record of this day, was that of the moonlight prayer-meeting, in the evening, conducted by Chaplain ELIM KIRKE and Lieutenant S. G. BEHMER. While these reverend gentlemen were at the one end, so kindly, generously, and laboriously doling out religious advice, long prayers and impressive exhortations for the benefit of those designated in the Scriptures as "the goats," and encouraging them to change or mend their ways, by solemn hymns, it turned out, soon after the opening services, that they only had "the lambs" for their congregation; because, "the goats" on this occasion—the boys of Company K—were immediately heard from at the other end of the camp, making the welkin ring, and enlivening the spirits of every one in the vicinity, with those stirring camp songs—"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," besides many other favorites, until the hour for taps arrived, when all went to their roosts for the night, sufficed with the occurrences and the duties of the day.

REGIMENTAL TARGET-PRACTICE, ETC.—MOON-STRUCK INCIDENT.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1862.—Regimental target-practice, battalion, and other drills, were the orders of the morning, and were kept up until the hour for dinner. After dinner the Regiment was again ordered out for brigade drill, of which duty and exercises we then had our full lion's share, as we were rigidly drilled, and did not get back to camp until after 8 o'clock P. M. The boys were nearly exhausted from fatigue, and oh, how gladly did they seek and retire to rest! However, as the night was sultry, especially lovely,

owing to the bright moonlight prevailing, an amusing incident that occurred in a certain bunk must not be omitted from these pages, viz: Six messmates, comprising Sergeants TRISSLER, SCHAUM, WHITE, and SPRENGER, and Privates WM. GOMPF and HENRY FISHER—concluded to join their six shelter tents together, so as to form an opening in the centre, for the purpose of getting all the ventilation possible, as the night was (so some expressed it) most d——d hot. No sooner agreed upon than done, and all had entered, laid down on the ground on their backs, with knapsacks for pillows, when the moon peeped brightly through the opening, which was distinctly observed and highly enjoyed by a comrade who, in a meditative mood upon the beauty of the night, the fatigues of the day, and the sports of previous days, had not yet been clasped in the arms of Morpheus, arose and sang out: "Hello, boys, wake up, you are in danger of getting moon struck!" Now, it so happened at that moment that the moon shone full and brightly on the face of Comrade HENRY FISHER, who immediately bounced up and exchanged places with Comrade BILLY GOMPF, who gladly accepted the offer with an unprecedented willingness to run all risk, for the sake of enjoying the ventilation afforded. After an outburst and roar of laughter for a few minutes, at poor HENRY's expense, the other bunk-mates fell soundly to sleep.

HEAVY-DEW INCIDENT—\$25 GOVERNMENT BOUNTY.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1862.—We awoke this morning to find a pleasant rain had fallen during the night, refreshed and cooled the atmosphere, putting the boys in rather exuberant spirits. An incident of this early morn. too good to be lost, was that of Comrade Jolly JACK DONNELLY, who having ever been noted to be on the track of whiskey estray, succeeded in obtaining his full share during the night, returned to his tent, and laid down on the sward to rest soundly, which he must have secured, to all appearances, effectively; for, as soon as he was aroused and partially awake,

he turned to Corporal KILLINGER and remarked, in ignorance of the shower of rain that had fallen upon him: "Why, Corporal, the dew was very heavy last night, for just look how damp my overcoat is!" It is needless to say that Jack's remark engendered the risibility of his comrades present at the moment, though in a manner restrained, yet was none the less enjoyed.

In addition, at a later hour, the paymaster put in his appearance and further cheered the boys by paying to each of them \$25 government bounty, who at once proceeded with their greenbacks to the sutler's quarters, where a thriving trade was carried on for a few hours; however, with bad results, as some ate too many cakes, etc., and of course got sick. After which, at the usual time, we had brigade drill to our hearts' content; the Regiment then marched to Camp for supper; but when, just as we got through with our coffee, an orderly from headquarters galloped into camp with orders "to strike tents, pack up, and be ready to move at a moment's notice!" We were then compelled to pitch about all night amid a heavy shower of rain, during which most of the boys got a regular, old-fashioned soaking; but we, more lucky, managed to creep under the sutler's wagon, where we, like the farmer's fowls in the barn-yard, were in a manner protected.

DRYING SOAKED CLOTHING—TENTS REPITCHED.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1862.—The weather was still wet and chilly this morning; when, just as soon as day-light appeared, the first order of business among the boys who had been unfortunate enough to be the victims of last night's soaking, seemed to be taken hold of with a vim that characterized the receipt of strict orders for active duty from headquarters; for large fires were burning briskly throughout the camp, and the wet clothing was being dried as rapidly as possible. The boys cared very little about results otherwise, and complained considerably as to the situation, but were soon rendered more cheerful, as Colonel FRANKLIN sent

orders "to repitch tents and make ourselves comfortable," which were quickly and gladly obeyed. The only other event of the day to record, was the report of 1st Sergeant JOHN A. TRISSLER on the sick list, unfit for duty, when 2d Sergeant GEO. F. SPRENGER was assigned to fill the position.

ARRIVAL OF MAIL—LANCASTRIANS IN CAMP.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.—The weather to-day was warmer, and the boys were again spending their scrip at the sutler's quarters. The day was, however, generally observed in fixing up camp, arranging company streets, etc., after which a mail arrived bringing news and tidings from home and friends, proving quite a treat *for the lucky ones*, gladdening their hearts and wreathing their faces with cheer, while those disappointed went off smiling the other way. The main event of this day—one not to be soon forgotten by many of the boys—was the visit of STUART A. WYLIE, Esq., of the *Lancaster Inquirer*, JOHN NIXDORE, and several other Lancastrians, to our camp, who were entertained in the best manner possible, according to circumstances and situation, and who, before departing, expressed their delight and appreciation thereat, as well as being entrusted by the boys with a portion of their savings to take home to friends and relatives.

WEATHER UNPLEASANT—UNEVENTFUL DAY.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1862.—The condition of the weather this morning was very unfavorable indeed—drizzling rain prevailing, and the atmosphere damp and chilly. The day was therefore spent quietly in bunks, reading, writing, sleeping—in fact, a day of general solitude and uneventful.

STROLL ASCENDED—MEETS ETHAN ALLEN AND MARCY.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1862.—Morning dawned clear and cool, with no special orders for the day's duty; therefore, most of Company K's boys embraced the opportunity of a

stroll about the vicinity. They halted at Fort Ethan Allen, where they engaged the services of the tin-ferrotyper, who had there established his traveling gallery for a time. Their pictures were taken singly, in groups, etc., and by the way, their pet, Zouave Dick was not forgotten. Fort Ethan Allen was found to be a fine-looking earthwork, built upon an eminence, with rifle-pits in front and about it, and in command of the 4th N. Y. Artillery, supported by three regiments of infantry—the 126th and 129th P. V., and the 40th Mass. Vols. Our stroll continued to Fort Marcy, northwest from Fort Ethan Allen, which laid still higher, but had not yet been completed, as a laboring force of over 500 contrabands was working upon it. It was surrounded by an *abattis* of forked and pointed felled trees, so as to impede the progress of an attacking party, and gave every appearance that it was to be quite a formidable earthwork. We returned to camp, where, upon our arrival, orders were received for brigade guard-mount in the morning, after which all the men retired within tents for the night, without further incident or any other important event to report or note.

BRIGADE GUARD-MOUNT—COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1862.—The weather was still bright and cool, with Company K again on the detail for brigade guard-mount. Our station was close by the Brigade guard-house, where the prisoners of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., were confined for court-martial. Our quarters were in a mud-plastered shanty, or log hut—quite comfortable though, as it contained a rude fire-place, wherein to cook our coffee, and furnished good and proper rest for the night. The day passed without important events to record, or incidents to relate.

52 ENLISTMENT MONEY—DEATH OF A COMRADE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1862.—Morning appeared fine and clear. when we were relieved from guard duty, and the

Regiment returned to camp. During the day we received an additional \$2 each—being the enlistment money promised us when we entered the Government service, and there being no extra duty for the boys to do, they lounged about camp, wrote letters, cleaned guns, accoutrements, etc., and enjoyed comparative rest.

Another event to record for the day was that of the death of Private WILLIAM H. WEAVER, of Company B., which occurred at Washington D. C., yesterday, the advices of which, however, were not received until to-day.

COURT-MARTIAL OF THE 86TH NEW YORK BOYS—HEAVY RAIN.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1862.—Fine weather still continued. During the morning the court-martial for the trial of the 86th New York boys assembled at Brigade headquarters. The court was composed of seven Captains from the Brigade, and the charge was “found on picket-guard, without accoutrements, by General PIATT.” Lieutenant SPRINGER and Sergeant SPRENGER, of Company K, 122d Regiment, P. V., received summons to attend as witnesses in the case. In the afternoon rigid drill was the order of duty at parade-ground, after which the Regiment marched back to camp. Immediately upon our arrival the order was given “to strike tents and be ready to move at a moment’s notice;” but, while the order was being complied with, a heavy rain poured down upon us and continued in its fury all the night long. As might be expected, there was very little repose for the boys that night, and their only enjoyment by those who were fortunate enough to obtain gum-blankets.

DRYING GARMENTS—LUDICROUS SCENE—ON THE MOVE!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1862.—We awoke to find that the rain had subsided, while the boys in general, who had been drenched to the skin, were engaged in building fires with commissary barrels, sutler’s boxes, and other fire-wood, to dry their wet clothes; whereupon many were the garments

that suffered serious scorching, thereby producing considerable merriment during the early morning hours. One of the most ludicrous pictures presented was that of SAMMY STAPE, left general guide of Company K, with a tail of his overcoat burned off, and the seat of his trousers burned through in to the skin. Oh, how wretched he looked, indeed ! He deserved the pity of all, rather than the ridicule and merriment which was occasioned. At 9 o'clock, A. M., we were ordered to fall into line at once, and were soon again on the move toward Georgetown, D. C., opposite which city we arrived at 11 o'clock, P. M., and then retired to rest for the night.





CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WAY TO MARYLAND—GREAT DELAY, INTOXICATION, AND
DESERTION—SICK SET OF BOYS—INCIDENTS ALONG THE
ROUTE, IN CAMP, AND ON THE FORAGE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.—Awaking from a refreshing slumber of but a few hours, a good wash in the brook running down the hill-side was the first order of the morning, while time was afforded for a hasty visit to Georgetown to make sundry purchases. At 11 A. M., the Regiment was in line again, promptly to order, and ready to move. "Forward, march!" was the command along the entire line, and we moved through Georgetown and Washington cities to the Northern Central Railroad Depot, where a long train of stock cars were already in waiting to receive the human freight halted and in line before them. Considerable delay had been occasioned in procuring transportation, when most of the boys took advantage thereof by procuring canteens full of whiskey, and soon began to show the effects of imbibing it. Finally about 4 P. M., "all aboard," we were conveyed toward and through Maryland, where considerable delay and trouble was had with the whiskey-drinking boys on the way, as several fights occurred. In one of the tussels, near Relay House Railroad Bridge, one of Company K's boys—LEWIS McMINN—rolled out of the open car-door and down an embankment, but was not much hurt, as that was the last we saw of him. As the train was at a stand-still, with plenty of time to re-embark, and having knowledge of the country, he was declared a deserter. However, we were soon again on our way, and a sicker set of soldier boys

huddled together we never saw before. It was very difficult, indeed, to obtain even a few hours of sleep.

POINT OF ROCKS AND BERLIN, MD., WITH INCIDENTS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1862.—At an early hour this morning the Regiment arrived at Point of Rocks, Md., where many of the boys found themselves *minus* a cap, knapsack, overcoat, or some part of accoutrements, which during the night had fallen out of the cars on the way, while others suffered from severe headaches—the effects of yesterday's carousal. Close by this station were encamped the 50th Regiment, P. V., besides (we were informed) a portion of General BUTLER's command. Directly opposite, too, were the famous Loudon Heights, Va., from where Colonel JOHN W. GEARY, of the 28th Regiment, P. V., with a section of artillery, by a night sortie, through the ruse of wrapping the wheels with straw to prevent all noise or sound of their approach, attacked at daybreak and drove the rebels under General BRADLEY JOHNSON out of their position below the heights, and down the valley, some months previous to our arrival. After a halt of about an hour, the cars were again in motion in the direction of Harper's Ferry, Va., passing through the towns of Berlin, Knoxville, and Sandy Hook, Md., which we found, as we were allowed brief halts, to be miserable, dilapidated-looking villages.

At Berlin, the boys in general had the good fortune of time enough as well as satisfaction to secure their full share of pies and other dainties: for they were abundant, and they gladly took the advantage of the privileges. Here, too, an old farmer, who had just come into town, with a wagon full of poultry, potatoes, apples, and cider, drawn by an old skinny mule and a lame horse, was very speedily relieved of his load, "as his sales were quick, and the profits *decidedly small*;" for he received little cash, and what he did not sell, was stolen—especially the poultry, which was carried off by the artillery boys of our Brigade. We here take pride in

relating the fact, that both the boys of Company K, and also of the Regiment, won another feather for their prize-cap on this occasion, as none of them were engaged in that disreputable trade. Berlin was also the town where the JACKSON RIFLES, under command of Captain H. A. HAMBRIGHT, in the early three-months campaign of the war, undertook a daring and successful exploit in crossing the bridge at night, thereby saving certain government stores from falling into possession of the enemy. We did not quite reach Harper's Ferry, when we were disembarked, formed into line, marched back through and to the rear of Knoxville, about a distance of three miles, into what was known as Pleasant Valley, Md., where we encamped for the night. Oh, how acceptable, too, was the rest! for, after collecting plenty of dry grass to make comfortable beds we were soon enjoying good, sound sleep.

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS AND INCIDENT—FINE CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURGH
AND ANTIETAM BATTLE-FIELD—LOYAL, UNION, FARMER-
FRIEND—CAMP WHIPPLE.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1862.—Morn dawned beautiful and clear, when we awoke to find evidence all around us that a very heavy dew had fallen during the night; which, however, soon died away through the hot, but softening rays of "Old Sol." To the southwest of us loomed up in full view South Mountain Ridge, where we could plainly discern Bolivar Heights, which, together with Maryland and Loudon Heights of the ridge, had been so ingloriously abandoned by Colonel D. S. MILES after repelling an attack of the enemy, and concentrating his force of 9,000 men at Harper's Ferry, thus allowing the enemy to occupy them and gain material advantage, although not victory, in the battles which subsequently occurred, for doing which he had no justifiable cause and was afterward deservedly censured.

We were then ordered to pack up, and were marched about a mile farther northwest, toward Sharpsburgh, where a

thorough and regular camp was at once organized. The location for our camp there was a beautiful one, that of a long and wide grassy plain, as also rich, agricultural district, abounding in fruits, vegetables, provisions, etc., of which the boys were always able to secure and enjoy their full share.

We were also in full sight of the "Battle-field of the Antietam," in the vicinity of Sharpsburgh, and not very far from that noted town. A large and very convenient farmhouse close by, afforded as well as invited frequent visits from the boys, for the purpose of obtaining such luxuries as regular camp larder did not contain or provide. We soon found that its owner and occupant was a very peculiar and loquacious individual, as he did really entertain us with amusing relations of the fearful scenes and casualties incident to the battles in and about Sharpsburgh, of all which he was alone, the accurate eye-witness(?). During our visits and conversations, he never failed in endeavoring to impress upon our minds that he was, truly, a loyal Union man, by undertaking to describe how the entire rebel army could and should have been "bagged" after the "Antietam Battle," and seemed to lament the failure that it was not done(?). He told us (*very confidentially*) that the enemy were entirely out of supplies, even utterly demoralized, and that their only means of escape was through a certain mountain gap or pass, Crampton's Gap, which was very narrow and hard to get through, being the only one leading to this section; also, that the "bagging" or capture was the easiest achievement of the war to have been effected, but failed only because our army did not be at the other end to intercept or head them off. [Here we paused a moment for contemplation, and relation is needless.] However, we found our old farmer-friend disposed to be very generous and hospitable, without any of the least evidences of relaxation, as he provided us freely with such dainties as pumpkin-pie, apple-cake, palatable cider, apples, etc., through the hands of the ladies of the

house; that they all were stowed away into "our soldier-boy bread-baskets" with a relish transcendent, can be better imagined than related. In our adieux, too, we never failed to leave *emphatic expressions* of our appreciation of their kindness.

Our returns to camp were just in time to fall in for dress-parade, during which several orders were received and read. Our camp was then completed, christened CAMP WHIPPLE, in honor of Major-General WHIPPLE, commanding our Division, and was situated near the town of Petersville, Frederick county, Md., on the property of a rank rebel-sympathizer, in whose dwelling were then lying three Confederate officers, seriously wounded. After the duties and adventures of the day, retirement with the view to blissful repose was our next desire as well as order of the day.

NEW GENERAL COMMANDING AND STAFF—FIRES BUILT—NUMEROUS VISITORS AND PLEASING CAMP LIFE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1862.—This morning was ushered in with the first appearance of our just newly self-appointed general-in-chief commanding—one then not readily to be dispensed with—"General Jack Frost," who hailed from the bracing and wholesome regions of the northwest, to regenerate and re-invigorate the boys for the arduous duties thereafter to be met and done; and so unceremoniously, too, that he was accompanied with an unannounced and innumerable staff or *retinue* of brisk, cold, and severe winds, so violent as to strip many of our shabby tents of their covering and means of comfort—thus causing the boys to forage for wood, with which they built fires, and around which they clung on that occasion with that affection and tenacity that inspired the author of the poem:

"Cling to those who cling to you;
Think how those who live apart,
That sweet solace never knew
Friendship sheds around the heart."

* * * * *

To-day, Mr. HENRY FRANKE, one of Lancaster's noted brewers, paid our camp a visit, especially to look after the welfare of his son AUGUSTUS, then a member of Company B, of our Regiment. After being entertained as best we could, and having been shown around, he gave full expression to his appreciation of the discomforts of our soldier-boys by remarking that "this beautiful, soft ground was so nice to lie down upon," and then bade us farewell.

We also received acceptable and welcome visits from the farmers of the vicinity, who brought into camp such merchandise, for sale among the boys, as pies, apples, cider, and vegetables, of which they were soon relieved. While the boys managed to get their full share of what they wanted, the poor farmer, however, we must admit, did not secure or get all his pay. Full dress-parade was again the order of the day, after which a list for detail to-morrow was furnished and announced, when, as the hour of taps was being beaten, all were quickly rolled up between blankets and very comfortably at rest.

SEVERE WEATHER AND DISCOMFORTS.

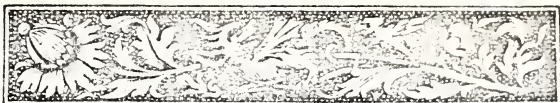
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1862.—The cold and blustering winds which we yesternight experienced, prevailed again this morning and to-day, but with still greater severity—yea, to say ferocity even is mild; for fires were only kindled for our necessary cooking purposes, as warmth and comfort thereby were quite out of the question. The Regiment in general observed the day as one of rest, mending clothing, etc.; therefore, no event occurred worthy of record.

COMFORTABLE BUNKS—REBEL SPIES CAPTURED—FINE DRILL AND DRESS-PARADE AT CAMP WHITTLE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1862.—The weather to-day was yet raw and cold—therefore, we gladly embraced the privilege presented—that of the early morning hours, in gathering the dry grass, which we found very abundant in the

fields around and about us, therewith providing our bunks, and furnishing much better, besides softer bedding than we had had since our first entry into the service, adding greatly, of course, to our comfort. Our camp, then, was becoming more "home-like," and had assumed the appearance of an established institution for winter-quarters, as we were daily visited by numerous hucksters or venders of fruit, pies, milk, cider, etc.; in short, all that we could wish for, to appease or satiate our palates.

The event of mid-day to record, was that of the arrest of several unexpected visitors and prowlers about camp, who were suspected to be Confederate spies—one of whom was said to be a relative of General ROBERT E. LEE. During the afternoon regimental drill and dress-parade were the orders of duty observed, which were kept up until the evening hours. The Regiment throughout, too, was highly complimented from every quarter where spectators were assembled, as having on this occasion furnished one of the finest displays and most satisfactory efforts ever before witnessed in this line of military service. At dress-parade several orders were again received and read, from which we were made to understand what we had to expect and had to do to-morrow—regular and rigid brigade drill; after which all went for the supper of good coffee, hard tack and meat, and enjoyed it, indeed, with keen relish. Company K's boys, then, before retiring for the night, enlivened their end of the camp with their ever popular songs until the hour for-taps arrived, when all went to rest very quickly, huddled up together within their little shelter tents.



CHAPTER IX.

DIVISION DRILL AND REVIEW—COMPOSITION OF THE DIVISION—
AGAIN ON THE MOVE AMID INTENSE DARKNESS—HEIGHTS
ABOUT HARPER'S FERRY, VA., AND BRILLIANT SCENERY.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1862.—This day's dawn was very beautiful and clear, but withal very cold. Company K was ordered out this morning for drill, in which the boys acquitted themselves with the usual merit of "well-done!" After a substantial dinner of bean-soup, hard-tack, etc., the Regiment was formed into line for brigade and division drill, was marched some distance from Camp Whipple, and manoeuvred, upon large open fields, in and through all the intricate and various movements pertaining thereto, together with other regiments, etc. The passage of the Division in review before our generals commanding, presented a grand and imposing sight; therefore, we feel justified in recording the special mention of its composition and construction, viz: 1st Brigade—122d Regiment, P. V., 86th and 124th Regiments, N. Y. V., and Battery H, 1st Ohio Artillery, under command of Brigadier-General A. S. PLATT; 2d Brigade—84th and 110th Regiments, P. V., 163d Regiment, N. Y. V., 12th Regiment, N. H. V., and Battery B, 11th N. Y. Light Artillery, under command of Acting Brigadier-General ROBERT CARROLL—our present temporary Division and yet only a sub-division, under command of Major-General A. W. WHIPPLE, U. S. A.

After passing in review we were halted and commanded to stack arms, while the General and Field Officers held a consultation; however, we were soon again in line, and marched to camp, arriving at dusk. Supper had just been

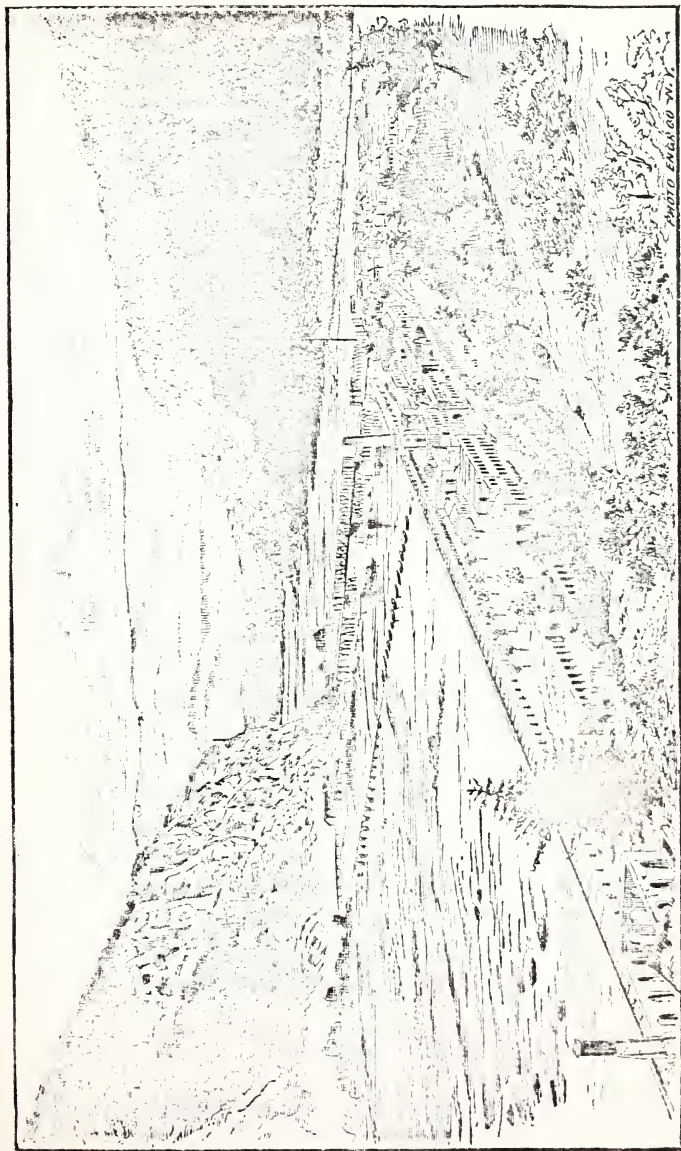


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HARTER'S FERRY FROM LOUDON, BOLIVAR, AND MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

over, and we were ready to go to rest for the night, when very suddenly an orderly rode up to Regimental headquarters with important instructions. Immediately the long roll was heard throughout camp, while Colonel FRANKLIN ordered the boys "to pack up and fall into line at once." It was then 9 o'clock, with the night intensely dark; yet the Regiment was promptly in line, and on the move toward Berlin. The road proved to be long and very winding, and as we passed through Petersville, Md., about midnight, we greatly alarmed the inhabitants. As we continued our march and approached the Potomac River, we obtained glimpses, with finally full views, of the several important defensive points and heights about Harper's Ferry, which at this time and occasion were beautifully and brilliantly illuminated from base to top by the numerous camp-fires which were kept blazing thereon during the night and early morning hours. This truly presented a scene of grandeur and beauty—the portrayal and description of which will require both the pencil, the palette, and the easel of the painter-artist, as well as the sublime, imaginary, and expressive flights of the poet-laureate, to do the same full justice—a task for which we are unable, even to express our admiration and appreciation of those brilliant views, never to be forgotten. Yet these heights, as heretofore related, had been abandoned, not long since, through the bad generalship of Colonel MILES, who finally, too, to add to the depth of his ignominy, surrendered his whole command at Harper's Ferry to a comparatively small force of the enemy. We finally arrived at Berlin, but long after midnight, when we sank down upon the sward, rather exhausted, to get some rest, and abide our time and turn to cross the Potomac in the morning.

AMIDST A VAST ARMY—SICK MEN LEFT BEHIND—TOWNS OF THE VICINITY—HARPER'S FERRY, VA.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.—This morning we arose from our beds on the bare, damp sward, (though, neverthe-

less, we had enjoyed quite a refreshing sleep,) to find ourselves in the midst of a vast army. Directly in front of us flowed the famous Potomac, while the Pioneer Corps men were busily engaged in constructing the pontoon bridges over which the army was to cross into Virginia. Here all our sick and disabled soldiers were ordered to remain until transportation could be furnished to convey them to the rear ; therefore, Company K left behind Corporal JACOB BOAS, Privates DAVID ERISMAN, JACOB BERTZ, ANDREW METZGER, and several others, as its quota who were unable to stand or make the march into Virginia. To the right of us were the towns of Knoxville, Sandy Hook, Md., and Harper's Ferry, Va., which had already been rendered famous in the annals of the war during the three months early campaign. Harper's Ferry, like the other towns as heretofore described, presented a most wretched appearance, the houses being dirty, tumble-down, dingy-looking holes, whilst the scenery surrounding was magnificent and picturesque—romantic even, indeed. We were kept, however, on the Maryland side, where we put up our shelter tents for the night and enjoyed another good night's rest in "My Maryland."

MARCH AMID HEAVY RAIN—AGAIN IN VIRGINIA—LOUDON COUNTY
—FORAGING EXPEDITIONS IN ORDER.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1862.—We awoke this morning to find it raining ; nevertheless, we were in the dry, under our gum-blankets and within shelter tents, watching the movements of the troops across and in crossing the Potomac, and therefore cared very little whether the sun shone or not. But, when the hour of 2 P. M. arrived, then our turn came too, whether any of us cared or not ; for we were ordered into line, were on the move, and soon had crossed the pontoons into Loudon County, Va., while the rain poured down, almost in torrents. We were marched about eight miles, to the right of Lovettsville, an ancient and small town, and then halted in a large field, where we pitched tents for the night.

Although it was still raining, a foraging expedition by Company K's boys, being always in order, especially where the country surrounding abounded with forage, was the next event for the day. The boys returned after a very brief absence with not only pockets and haversacks, but also blankets full of apples, potatoes, turnips, and all the other good things that the rich county of Loudon afforded, which were soon made ready for our mastication, and eaten with decided relish; after which we bivouacked for the night, as best we could, in the wet grass, with the rain still pouring down.

FORAGING AGAINST ORDERS—FRUIT, CHICKENS AND PIGS AMONG
THE TROPHIES OF THE NIGHT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1862.—The rain continued this morning as heavily as yesterday, with an additional and unwelcome accompaniment of cold blustering winds, driving the rain into our faces. However, about 10 o'clock, the rain ceased, when the boys at once began quite lively in tearing down fences and building fires; whereupon Colonel FRANKLIN had his hands full, to use a figurative expression, in endeavoring to restrain the boys from destroying fences, etc., (as this section was supposed or surmised to be a Union region,) and therefore issued a strict order forbidding all further depredations. As there was no woodland close by, and the boys had soaking wet clothes to dry, you may surely hazard a bet as to the obedience of such an order; for, the rumor then soon spread that the boys of Company K were still stealing rails, as all their large bonfires fully attested. A camp guard was put on duty as the next order, but the foraging went on, nevertheless, as the boys managed to get in without detection, bringing along the finest fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches, etc., as also plenty of vegetables; chickens, too, were numerous, while a few young pigs were also among the trophies of this night's forage—satisfying us all very favorably that Loudon County was really rich in agricultural resources, and serving to remind us very forcibly

of our own dear, old, fertile Lancaster County. With properly satiated appetites, besides our larder made replete for several repasts in the future, we then gladly retired to rest and dream of the grand feasts to be had on the morrow.

SIGHT OF THE ARMY IN MOTION—ARRESTS FOR MILKING COWS.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1862.—The weather to-day, we are happy to record, was bright and fine. Troops were constantly passing southward, while the Telegraph Corps were putting up their wires. Here was presented quite a busy and novel sight—that of the entire army in motion, as regiment, brigade, division, and corps, in proper order, turned into line. The purpose of this movement was to follow up the retreat of Generals LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON. As our Division was not attached to any of the advance corps, we were, to-day, having brigade drill under General PIATT, during which the General despatched one of his staff officers with instructions to arrest a Lieutenant and several privates of the 12th N. H. V., who were out on the farmers' premises milking cows, and filling their tin-cups as well as canteens. He relieved the officer of his sword, sending both him and the privates to their regiment under guard. After a few hours of active drill we returned to our camp, partook freely of what our larder provided, besides hard tack and coffee, and turned in again for a night of good repose.

VISIT TO PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE CORPS—MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1862.—Weather continued fine, while troops were still crossing the river and moving forward. To-day we had the pleasure of paying a visit to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, who had just halted close by us for a short time. The 1st Regiment, P. V. R., being largely composed of Lancaster men, we had a general conversation with them, which we heartily enjoyed and appreciated. They gave every appearance and evidence of those who

were justly deserving of the title already awarded them—that of veterans; for, nevertheless, the many privations and sufferings endured, the hard-fought battles and victories won, as well as some defeats and disasters which they had sustained, they were ever and just as ready for another brush with the enemy. Here, also, with them was Major-General AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, then in command of the corps, who, to one unacquainted with him, would have passed more likely for a brigade teamster or wagon-master, attired in his old blouse, checkered shirt, and slouch hat, rather than the gallant General he was known to be. His presence, however, inspired the men with confidence, as well as admiration for him; for, as he passed along their line, although under protest, their loud outbursts of applause were given, and heard throughout the camps, in attestation thereof, notwithstanding all demonstrations of that kind had been specially and strictly forbidden at that time. In the afternoon we again had brigade drill, during which our Regiment received orders “to be ready for another move at a moment’s notice.” Another event to be recorded for the day, was that of the death of Private PHILIP H. DORWART, of Company D, which was somewhat sudden, or rather unexpected, and occurred at Lovettsville, Va., to-day, whither he had been conveyed from camp when taken ill. After the usual supper, “taps” and “to roost,” to think of what the morrow might bring forth, were next in order.

SKIRMISHING REPORTED—THE CIDER FOUNDRY AND INCIDENT.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1862.—Day dawned beautiful and bright, with our army still on the grand move. Our Regiment, at an early hour of the morning, was ordered to “strike tents, be ready to fall in, and move off with the army.” We promptly complied with the order, and left camp about 9 o’clock A. M., marching through the town of Lovettsville to the main road leading towards Leesburg, falling in with the grand army preceding, passing through the

towns of Wheatland and Fillmore, and arriving at Hillsborough, where our Division and Corps were halted—but for a few moments only, as they were again rapidly marched off to the right of the town, owing to the report of considerable skirmishing then in progress on our front, in the vicinity of Snicker's Gap. While we were engaged in pitching our tents, General BURNSIDE rode along our line on his way to the front.

Hillsborough was a small town on the hillside, about the size of Neffsville, (or as it is more commonly known—"Fiddler's Green,") in our own native county of Lancaster, Pa. The houses of this town, though, were built of gray stone, which was there abundant. The country surrounding it was rich and fertile in agricultural resources, as fruits, vegetables, etc., were freely and readily obtained, with the evidences all around of being very plenty. An apple-orchard close by, with a "cider foundry" in full blast, or operation, was soon discovered and proved to be one of the greatest attractions of the day, for the boys of Company K especially, as well as of the Regiment in general, did not fail to secure their fill, besides canteens full for on the march. Here we heard an incident worthy of relating: That, just a day or two previous, the cavalry forces of our enemy—"the Johnnies"—were enjoying the same hospitality and other privileges, when they were bounced or chased away by the sudden appearance of General PLEASANTON'S N. J. Cavalry Brigade—a reception they did not bargain for, and a festivity that was unkindly, ungenially, frightfully interrupted, as well as briefly cut short. Our night quarters were located on the rocky side of a ridge, with not even level space two feet square to lie down upon, to rest our weary bones. However, we made the best of it for the night, under the circumstances.

HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED BY A PRETTY VIRGINIA LASSIE.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1862.—Day dawned beautifully, clear and calm, with the Regiment still lying at Hillsborough.

awaiting orders to move, when we put in the leisure hours to make out regular muster-rolls for to-day's duty. Several of the boys had the good luck to obtain a pass (bogus, however,) with which to warrant a stroll through and about the town of Hillsborough, as well as general vicinity. The orchard and cider-mill were not forgotten on our visiting tour, whose products amply and appreciatively supplied us. Our next venture—a very inviting farm-house loomed up suddenly before our view, as we proceeded on our stroll, with the additional attraction in the doorway of a pretty, smiling, Virginia lassie, where, with the hope of hospitality, as well as to find friends, we were not disappointed in paying our calls and compliments; for we were readily supplied, and freely too, with good, rich milk, as well as pies, all of which were soon stowed away to the relish of the inner man. Private BILLY GOMPF, however, being known as a good judge of that specialty of dessert at home, after eating and partaking of the pies set before us, announced very freely, his opinion, which was “that these apple-pies were all right and palatable, save the shortening, which he knew was put in crosswise;” however, they must have tasted all the better, as he managed to secure his full share, and we did not care, while we were being so kindly waited upon, yet so cleverly entertained in social chat by the accomplished young sweetheart of some one, who was just then, no doubt, very regretfully her absent rebel beau. After bidding our fair hostess adieux in general, we returned to camp to find that Company and Regimental inspection had been the orders of the day—which we had missed and were therein exceedingly well satisfied, as “circumstances invariably altered cases.” The supply of rations furnished by the Commissary for supper, although being small, however proved sufficient; for we, *satiated* with the day's enjoyment, entertainment and refreshment, as well as intuition of affairs, retired to rest beneath the shelter of our “dog-houses.”

ADDITIONS TO SICK LIST—CRITICAL INSPECTION.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.—Weather continued fine, with the Regiment remaining in camp. To-day we were in receipt of some new clothing, which, being very essential, proved as pleasing as acceptable. Our only other event of the day, so far to record, was that Privates JOHN R. JOHNSON (detailed as teamster), and COSMOS GORMLEY, of Company K, were reported on the sick list; yet, being in what may be properly termed a serious stage of illness, they would not consent to being conveyed to the hospital. In the afternoon each company underwent a very critical inspection as to condition of arms and accoutrements by Captain VAN DORN, Inspector-General of Major-General WHIPPLE'S staff, who ordered "all rejected guns to be reported and returned to the Colonel of the Regiment, as well as to General PIATT; also, that those men in whose possession they were found, should be reported for and receive the proper punishment, in accordance with army regulations."

MARCH TO SNICKER'S GAP—INCIDENT AND EXPERIENCE.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1862.—We were aroused, this morning, while enjoying sweet repose in the arms of Morpheus, by the sudden and hasty orders "to pack up and be in readiness to move." All was then bustle and confusion; however, we were soon in line, but very regretfully left Camp Hillsborough, about 10 o'clock, on the rapid march farther south. We moved through the town of Calhoun, crossed several small streams, passed by numerous mills and farm-houses on our long, circuitous march, slackening our pace from time to time. As we crossed the streams, too, the infantry firing, as well as that of the heavy artillery, going on in our front, could be distinctly heard and the orderlies plainly discerned as they rode to and fro along our lines, hurrying up the various commands, so that they could participate in the contemplated attack upon the enemy, who

were then reported as strongly entrenched at Snicker's Gap. Dusk had already approached, when our Brigade was formed into line of battle in a cornfield, to the left of the pass and road, where we awaited further orders; however, as night came on the firing ceased, whereupon, there then began a forced march of some twenty Virginia miles, measured, "we reckon," according to the calculation made and solution given of the problem or query proposed by Private HENRY FORREST to an old darkey on the way. The problem was: "Hello, Sambo, how far is it to Snickersville?" The solution was: "Well, massa, hit is just 'bout two sights, and a right smart gitt," and we all found it to be the longest three miles (as one other gave it,) we ever traveled in our life or experience. However we kept on, until fatigued we sank down to rest on the bare sward again, while our exhausted pickets in front paced to and fro in keeping of the quiet vigils of the night.

AT SNICKER'S GAP—MARCH TO BLOOMFIELD.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1862.—This morning at day-break, and weather fine, we were again on the march toward the front, and placed in position behind a stone fence facing Snicker's Gap, from which position the enemy had been driven but yesterday. We held this position until mid-day, when reports were received that the enemy were endeavoring to make several flank movements, and we were moved about six miles further forward, near the town of Bloomfield, where we were informed General McCLELLAN had his headquarters. It was then already dark, when our entire command, comprising Brigade, Division, as well as Corps, was filed off into a field and quartered for the night.

LOVELY NIGHT SCENE AND INCIDENTS AT RESERVE STATION— ROYAL REPAST ON FRESH PORK AND MUTTON.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1862.—Day dawned upon us finely,

clear, and warm. About 9 o'clock, A. M., we were again moved forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy, taking the road toward Upperville. We found all the roads very dusty; indeed, experienced many discomforts therefrom, and arrived at Upperville about 5 P. M. On the route the men had the good luck to make several captures, consisting of such pleasing luxuries as poultry, vegetables, and fruits, with the latter of which we did not fail to appease our appetites and regale our parched throats along the dusty march. Upperville was located along the main pike or Piedmont road, (the dwellings being, in the main, weather-boarded, frame structures,) and was surrounded by a fine agricultural district.

The special order this afternoon, (as Company K had been detailed during the day for rear-guard, to the wagon-train,) we found upon our arrival to be "Brigade to go on picket duty;" therefore, Company K was then moved to the front of the picket-line, adjoining the post of Company B, of 124th N. Y. V. Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER, of Company K, was assigned to the charge of the reserves, who had been stationed some distance to the rear of the main line, in a ravine, along the hillside. It was then night; but, those almost whispered expressions, which we next heard, simultaneously on either side of us—"Oh, how lovely!" "How beautiful!"—did and can not serve to convey or portray our appreciative description of the scene before us; therefore, we invoke the aid of the *cantatrice* who first sang that familiar and fitting ballad:

"Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright;
And the dew-drops blaze beneath her ray;
The twinkling stars, their trembling light,
Like beauty's eyes display."

* * * * *

It was a night truly as picturesque as that delineated in the stanza above; for it afforded the most favorable opportunity that could be conceived of, or presented for the enjoyment of a grand, successful forage—that such an expedi-

tion was speedily formed, needs neither surmise nor doubt. We therefore relate: The first incident of the night was the capture of an old sow and her brood of nine young pigs, which had been endeavoring to obtain a safe and secure post by nestling in among the leaves and blackberry brambles of the woodland directly behind the stone fence, not far distant from picket-line, by the boys of the 124th N. Y. V., and Company K, 122d P. V., jointly, who were wide awake and on the alert. What a grand feast was in store! We could only imagine and contemplate how the sight would make the "mouths of our superior officers water" for a share at this time. No sooner contemplated, however, than it was inaugurated: for a camp kettle was hung over the brisk fire and the butchering began—and that, too, with a caution to all standing in close proximity. The Belgian sabres of the N. Y. boys, together with the Springfield bayonets of our boys, made quick but sure work (and without any degree of delicacy manifested) of the poor swine, prepared them for the kettle, which hung in the hollow at reserve station, and were soon cooking—flank, teats, and all.

But, in the meanwhile, lo! and behold ye!—another quarter was heard from—the main picket-line, where *our boys* were on duty, and *ever on the watch*; for they detected several of the 12th N. H. boys trying to enter our line, each having a finely dressed sheep slung over their shoulders; and, accordingly, as true soldiers would do, halted them! After due and what seemed proper explanation of their predatory excursion beyond, as well as bold and hazardous attempt to steal through our lines, they were allowed to go on their way—rejoicing, will we say? No, not until they were compelled to surrender a half of each lamb, as a forfeit, to the boys of Company K, and their penalty for the night's adventure. This constituted incident number two.

Then the boys were in great glee, because they had before them all that was desired, not only for a royal, but also a most delicious feast; and then not alone for the night, but

for meals to follow. A second fire was then kindled, a second kettle hung over it, while very soon the mutton was properly placed into it, and stewing for our night's grand feast. As some considerable time had then elapsed since the boys had enjoyed the taste of fresh meat, language is inadequate to express the keen relish with which they devoured the delicious mutton as well as elegant sweet pork—the latter rather too sweet for most of the boys, as subsequent occurrences furnished sufficient evidences. However, we were lucky enough to have a little salt and hard tack left among us, consequently faring and enjoying this luscious repast much better. There being but twelve of us, with Lieutenant SPRINGER in charge at reserve station, we were not unmindful of our comrades; for, after filling our haversacks for the morrow, we managed to convey and supply them all along the line with a generous share—thereby serving to gladden their hearts as well as fill their contracted bellies. We then had fresh meat for several days, and that we were not a very little envied by some of our less fortunate comrades of other companies may be surmised. So, with incident number three we close for this night, and thus end the chapter.





MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.



CHAPTER X.

STILL ON THE MOVE—ROUGH VIRGINIA PIKE—SAD EXPERIENCES FROM
THE FORCED MARCH—SYMPATHY OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN—
RELIEF TO 5TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY—MAJOR-
GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE IN COMMAND.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1862.—Dawn appeared brightly as we awoke, with the army being pushed rapidly forward, toward Piedmont and Manassas Gap, in pursuit of the retreating enemy, over one of the roughest roads, we believe, to be found upon the earth, called a Virginia pike, and composed of all kinds as well as sizes of stones, not even excepting boulders, which had been dumped from the adjoining fields as they were plowed up to the surface out of this stony region. The marching of the troops and the pulling by the teams were rendered very laborious indeed; inso-much, that very numerous were they who fell out of line and straggled by the way, through the roughness of this road, while many others were so disabled through foot-sores occasioned, as to cause them to drop out, halt and rest by the wayside—Although the officers of companies had received strict orders not to allow any straggling or falling out of their lines of command, even on account of sickness, without a written permit.

It was the misfortune of myself, the recorder of the facts, trials, sufferings, difficulties, and incidents which are comprised in this volume of historical sketches, with several others, to be compelled to drop out on the wayside, as we could proceed no farther on account of the foot-sores occasioned, by this long, rough, forced march. As we were

about removing our shoes, opening^{*} the smarting blisters, soothing the soreness of our feet as best we could, we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of Generals McCLELLAN, BURNSIDE, and their respective staffs, who were rapidly riding by and along to the front. However, General McCLELLAN, perceiving our condition, as well as our readiness to get up and start, at once checked and reined up his steed or charger, stopping long enough to express his sympathy with us as to our condition; also addressed such words of encouragement and inspiration that impelled us again to resume our march, at the same time intimating his great regret that circumstances were such as to compel him to push—yea, force us forward over the rugged roads so hastily and roughly, with other words to the same effect, while the rest of the escort went riding by without even deigning to scarcely turn their heads. As “LITTLE MAC,”—the title by which he was best known among the veterans of the army of the Potomac—was about to leave us, a spontaneous and universal thrill of appreciation thereof, as well as admiration for him, pervaded our hearts and nerves, occasioning the most enthusiastic cheers we were able to give, in greeting to our old commander, as he was then termed, in tones that resounded until he had disappeared in the distance. We got up at once and trudged along for some distance, when we were compelled to again give out and seek the comforts of ambulances; however, we soon arrived at a halting place, and how welcome it was greeted as well as appreciated.

Our halt was near Piedmont Station, it being about 5 o'clock, P. M., when we were ordered to “unsling knapsacks,” which were left in charge of a guard composed of sick and disabled soldiers; after which, we were ordered and pushed forward toward Manassas Gap. Disabled and sore as we were, this sight we could not withstand—that of our Company on the march without us along—so we put our knapsacks with the rest, and followed after our command, to join in any engagements that might occur.

We marched through Morgan Station, Peterstown, and Grubbstown, halting close by the latter place about 9 or 10 o'clock, p. m. Here the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry were dismounted and thrown forward as skirmishers, while a field battery of four pieces of the 11th N. Y. Artillery, was posted upon an eminence to the right and left of the road. Our Regiment was then marched into a cornfield to the right of the road, up a hill, and assigned position. Company K was ordered to advance forward as skirmishers to relieve the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, as an attack was almost momentarily expected from the enemy. It was then midnight, dark and stormy, when noises such as the moving of horses and men in our front, were distinctly heard for a couple of hours; however, as the noises died away, we were drawn in again, besides being allowed to seek shelter and rest amid the cornshocks from the rough winds that prevailed during the night. It soon began raining, too, to add to our discomforts, whereby we received a cool ducking; nevertheless, worn down from our severe and forced marching, we managed to secure some little sleep, for which we were indeed very glad and grateful.

SURPRISE OF REBEL CAVALRYMEN—CAPTURE OF HORSES, ETC.—
DISAPPOINTMENT—SEIZURE OF WHITE OXEN.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1862.—We were again aroused at daybreak, and advanced four miles farther toward Manassas Gap, where our Brigade was halted and formed in line of battle across a gap or ravine, in support of two sections of artillery already in position—one on the right and the other on the left eminences. Companies B and K were then thrown out as skirmishers along the hillsides, even ascending to the tops, where Company K surprised a party of rebel cavalrymen in a thicket, near a house, capturing their horses, while they themselves escaped on foot through the bushes, with a good volley from six Springfield muskets accompanying them. The trophies for our boys on this occasion were four cavalry horses—three with saddles and sabres, and one

with an old style saddle-bags across the back. The inquisitive nature of our boys caused an immediate inspection of the contents of the saddle-bags, which were only the private effects of the owner, such as photographs, letters from home, etc., and were quickly divided among the victors. The horses, too, were soon mounted by "Dutchy" YOUNG, JOHNNY KANE, WASH POTTS, our drummer, and Lieutenant SPRINGER, who, as they returned from the skirmish line, on their way to our Colonel and Regimental headquarters, were met by an orderly, sent by General A. S. PLATT, with peremptory orders to report to himself, and by whom they were *very reluctantly* relieved of their capture—greatly, too, as may be imagined, to their disgust and chagrin; for, the boys of Company K had just begun to feel themselves perfectly elated over this, their first achievement on the skirmish line, as well as having anticipated the honor which would have been awarded to them, and the greeting with which they would have been received at their own Regimental headquarters; therefore, after their hazardous adventure, it is not to be wondered at, that their pride was unjustly and deeply wounded.

It was then already 4 o'clock, P. M., when, the enemy not being found in any considerable force, we were ordered to return to camp, with Company K again detailed as rear guard. As our boys, then on the way back, were on the look out for anything which might be worth taking along, so they did not proceed far before the opportunity presented itself; for, suddenly, PHARES PENCE, HENRY FISHER, and JOHNNY WEIDIE discovered a yoke of plump, beautiful white oxen standing near a small stable in a farm-yard. They at once concluded to take them along, and soon two of the boys—WASH. POTTS and JOHNNY WILEY—were perched upon the backs of the oxen, while the others helped to drive them along to camp, where we arrived at 10 o'clock at night. As it was our luck to get all the guard, extra, and skirmish duty on these forced marches, wherein, too, Company K

succeeded in crowning her boys, not only with glory and delight, but also fun and adventure—notwithstanding the accompanying drawbacks of disappointment, fatigue, and suffering—we retired early to rest, while serene and pleasant were our dreams as well as slumbers during the night.

WHITE OX-FEAST AND INCIDENT—ON THE WRONG ROAD, ETC.—THE
HAY-FORAGERS ORDERED TO DESIST.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1862.—We awoke this morning with the first snow of the season at our feet, besides the weather cold and windy. There being no other special order before us for the day, our attention was directed to the yoke of white oxen which had been tied to a stake in the ground during the night, where they rested and had time to cool off for the slaughter contemplated, which then constituted the most important feature of the day. Company K had the good luck to possess a practical butcher within its ranks, in the person of Sergeant JOHN A. TRISSLER, who at once proceeded to dispatch one of the oxen, although it was considered a pity to kill it; but the best use for Company K to make of it, was soon decided—that it should be divided among the boys. Our butcher, in first-class style, soon had the ox dressed, cut up in nice boiling pieces, as well as sliced in luscious, round steaks—the boys receiving their respective shares, while the Regimental officers were not forgotten in the distribution; for, a pair of the choicest round steaks were selected and sent to Colonel FRANKLIN, who, very wrathily, peremptorily returned them through his cook, WILLIAM BUTLER, because he had received strict orders not to allow any depredations of that kind to be made upon the premises of the private citizens of that section by his command.

However, a portion of the steaks were eventually conveyed and secreted into the "bread basket, underneath his vest," by means of a very clever ruse—always proper and in order in military service—perpetrated by Major THADDEUS STE-

VENS, JR., who called, accepted the very identical steaks, and had BILL BUTLER to cook as well as serve them up at the Colonel's mess-board ; but, not until they had been devoured as well as praised for the regalement, flavor, etc., afforded, did our jolly Major explain how and where they were obtained, thus creating an occasion for general jest or merriment, greatly to the chagrin and surprise of our hitherto good-natured Colonel. About the time, too, that the steaks, etc., were divided, along came the farmer and owner of the oxen, who stood before us and cried at his loss—"the finest yoke of oxen ever seen together"—but of such were the misfortunes and the course of war ; however, the boys, through motives of pity and sympathy, by way of partial recompense, allowed him to take along home the remaining one. Our beef was then cooked in the camp kettle and divided out among the boys proportionately, who did ample justice to the welcome morsels, for such they proved to be on this occasion.

Our next duty, for the balance of the day, was the cleaning up of guns, accoutrements, etc., during which, about 4 o'clock P. M., we received the order "to fall in and move off," which was immediately obeyed. We then marched directly south, about eight miles, but by some mistake or blunder got on the wrong road. We were then halted about 9 o'clock at night, and moved into an open field close by a farm-house, where the barn and hay-mow of which were soon discovered. Easy access thereto was afforded, whereupon they were quickly emptied of their contents, which provided good soft beds for the night. As we were removing the hay, however, one of General PLATT's aid-de-camps rode up to the barn, ordered the boys to desist, and sent a message to the Colonel, "that the General insisted upon the arrest of all his men who dared to take and carry away any more hay." As this order was promptly issued, although not strictly enforced, by our clever Colonel, the boys finished their labors, and enjoyed sweet, sound sleep on soft hay-beds.

CAMP NEAR ORLEANS—CREEK LAUNDRY AND BATH—VACATED
REBEL CAMP, ETC.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 8, 1862.—After a very refreshing sleep on our soft, somewhat downy beds of confiscated hay, we awoke about 6 o'clock this morning, when our hastily prepared and improvised breakfast was partaken of, and enjoyed with decided gusto. An order was then received to again fall in, which, although at once obeyed, showed great reluctance on account of the comfortable quarters then provided and being enjoyed. However, about 8 o'clock, we were on the march again, this time striking the proper road toward Warrenton; whereupon, after proceeding about ten miles, we were halted near a small town named Orleans. "Unslung knapsacks!" and "form Regimental camp!" were our next orders, and proved glad tidings to the boys; for, as heretofore, within the past few days, we had expected our halt or stay to be of very short duration.

Our camp was beautifully situated on sloping, yet level, ground, with a fine little creek of water running below, which was very convenient and well-calculated for the comforts we needed, sought, and desired. Our dirty shirts and other disordered wearing apparel were then subjected to a most rigid examination—especially in search of the proverbial "gray-backs," after which a general bath in the creek was next in order. Close by, too, were the remains of a recently deserted or vacated rebel camp, which afforded a stroll through and about it, as well as a general stir among the debris for relics, although our search was rewarded with very little for our efforts and curiosity. We evidently struck the former site of some rebel General's headquarters, as we found part of a muster-roll, containing the names of division and brigade officers thereon, specifying the Department of Northern Virginia, and also the names of Colonels of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia regiments. Also parts of a doughy biscuit, which seemed much worse and less pal-

atable than our own hard tack, upon which the heroes and sons of the "F. F. V's" had been, very undoubtedly, exercising and breaking their teeth. Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to our camp in time to pitch tents, were soon occupying our quarters, having our good cups of coffee with hard tack, and enjoying our much needed rest for the night.

REGULAR SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION, ETC.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1862.—This morning's dawn opened upon our camp brightly and warmly, besides finding the boys all in the best of spirits. Cleaning up for regular Sabbath inspection was then our next order and duty; after which we had Company drill upon the fine, grassy parade-ground in this vicinity, during which every member did so well that universal commendation was awarded. Announcements for the afternoon, as events, were the deaths of two Regimental comrades—those of Privates JOSEPH H. READMAN, of Company G, and BENJAMIN MCCOMSEY, of Company D, both of which occurred in hospital at Berlin, Md., the former expiring on the 3d and the latter on the 7th inst. In the afternoon, rather evening, dress-parade was the order in which every soldier appeared clean, neat, in trim, and refreshed. Without further event the day passed very pleasantly.

SCARCITY OF HARD TACK—REGIMENTAL INSPECTION.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1862.—The weather was still very fine. Having been short of regular rations for some days, a requisition of crackers was received to-day, and was then being divided. Oh, how we welcomed them! Many and varied, too, were the uses they were put to—some of the boys were soaking them, while others were cooking them in their cups, or frying them, as they said, "to stretch them out." They were, on this occasion, at least more relished, as well as tasted better by far, than all the slices of pound cake ever eaten at home.

Regimental inspection was then ordered, and conducted by General PLATT to his very evident and entire satisfaction, as all the officers and men looked their best, having uniforms, brasses, guns and equipments generally neat, clean, and in shining condition; after which dress-parade, where and when several orders were read for our information and instruction by Adjutant HEITSHU. After dress-parade we returned to camp, devoured our last ration of crackers at supper, and "filled in" with coffee. Company K Glee Club then enlivened the camp and cheered the spirits of all the boys with a few songs, when taps sent us to quarters for another night's rest.

WATERLOO AND INCIDENT—ON PICKET—COMPANY H BOYS CAPTURED—VISIT TO 99TH REGIMENT, P. V. V., AND
KEARNEY'S DIVISION.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1862.—The weather yet continued clear and warm, and at an early hour the order, "strike tents, pack up, and be ready to move forward at a moment's notice," was received and promptly obeyed. At 8 o'clock we were again on the move, southward, through a fertile valley, marching about eight miles, and arriving at the town of Waterloo about 2 o'clock P. M. This place, or rather village, was situated on the banks of the Rappahannock river, several miles distant from Warrenton Junction, and had been noted as a manufacturing town, on account of the industries there established and encouraged before, as well as during the earlier campaigns of the war, such as a large woolen factory, tannery, grist mill, blacksmith and machine shops, etc. The woolen factory had been in constant operation during this Spring and Summer, and had not been interrupted until General PORE came along; who, finding the operatives busily turning out blankets and furnishing the Southern army with them, gutted it out as well as the other establishments.

The Rappahannock, there, had the appearance of being

quite a little, narrow stream, and was only spanned by a small bridge. Company K was detailed for picket duty, and assigned to posts on the other side of the river, while the country roundabout was then thoroughly scoured on the hunt for MOSBY's guerillas, but the hunt did not prove successful. Very soon, however, advices reached us that several men of Company H, of our Regiment, had ventured too far beyond our lines while on a forage, wherein three of them, Sergeant LEVI N. HART, Privates DANIEL M. DUDLEY and ALMUS L. WATSON—if we were correctly informed—were captured. Here we met the 99th Regiment, P. V. V., Colonel ASHER S. LEIDY, commanding, of which two entire companies, Companies A and D were Lancaster (Pa.) boys, enlisted by and under the commands of Captains JAMES CROSS and J. ADAM SCHUH, besides one other entire, from Drumore and adjoining townships in the county, Company B, under command of Captain PETER FRITZ, JR., together with Companies C, E, and F, containing many representatives from other sections of the county, all of which were component parts—the members of which we were glad to see and interview. They were attached to the division which had been under the command of brave General PHIL. KEARNEY, who was instantly killed while gallantly leading the charge at the battle of Chantilly. We also enjoyed the pleasure of visiting, as well as being entertained by the other Regiments of that "fighting division," as the Army of the Potomac here made a halt, in order to allow our provisions and stores to arrive. The balance of the day was occupied by the Regiment very pleasantly, and without excitement, on picket duty. In the evening we were relieved by the 110th Regiment, P. V., when we returned to camp and bivouacked for the night.

GOOD LUCK IN OBTAINING HARD TACK.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862.—A very refreshing sleep we were all glad to report upon awakening this morn-

ing, and upon it congratulated each other; but were not so well pleased or satisfied after examination of our haversacks for something to eat, as we found them completely empty. Therefore, the boys made a partial breakfast upon hard corn and what little coffee was left on hand. However, Lieutenant JOHN P. WEISE, of Company A, passed our bunks with part of a box of hard tack, which he had the very good fortune to obtain at the headquarters of Colonel COLLIS, commanding 114th Regiment, P. V., when our boys ventured out also for a share, if possible, and secured enough to furnish four crackers to each man, which proved a grand treat on this occasion. We laid in and about camp all day affording the boys general strolls and visits to the various regiments encamped in the vicinity, which were appreciated and enjoyed. A strong picket-guard was then detailed and the posts assigned, while several batteries were also placed in position for the night.

SEVERAL OF JEB STUART'S CAVALRYMEN CAPTURED.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1862.—The fine weather of the past few days reigned superbly again to-day. According to orders received, we moved our camp behind the hill to the right, out of sight of the enemy, who were then reported in large force on our front, while our light artillery and cavalry were thrown out on the reconnoitre. Advices reached camp this afternoon that another regimental comrade, ARCHILLA REATH, of Company H, had been added to the rank of those who comprised the mortuary list of the Regiment. Poor fellow, he was one of the sick men who had been left behind, when the Regiment started on the grand move. His death occurred at Harper's Ferry, Va., on the 10th inst. Very soon, thereafter, a few cavalrymen, belonging to Confederate General JEB STUART'S command, were captured and brought into our lines as prisoners. We remained in camp all day, without other events to mention, save short of rations, and waiting orders to march.

VISIT FROM THE LANCASTER COUNTY COMPANIES, 99TH P. V. V.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1862.—We still remained in camp, and were provided with a few (*very few*) crackers to-day. Captain JOHN A. SCHUH and other members of the 99th Regiment P. V., visited our camp, returning that of our boys to their camp on the 11th inst., which was appreciated. We learned from them that they, too, experienced the same cause of complaint—lack or shortness of rations; besides there was general talk or rumor current, that preparations then being made, portended or indicated a movement upon the enemy near Warrenton, as every precaution was being observed and carried out toward strengthening our picket-lines, while scouting parties were being sent out in every direction in search of and to feel for the position of “the Johnnies.” However, the day, up to 9 o’clock, P. M., passed without any skirmish occurring, although anticipated and expected, after which the boys entered their bunks and were snugly at slumber.

STRONG PICKET-GUARD WITH STRICT ORDERS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.—The weather still continued very favorable this morning, when the Regiment was again ordered on the picket-line, with our posts across the Rappahannock river, in close proximity to an old log and weather-boarded house, then occupied by two old slaves, but which had been literally perforated with bullet-holes by the men of General FRANZ SIEGEL’s command during last Spring; however, it was made the extreme right of our line. Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER was then appointed Sergeant of the guard, with orders to report every two hours at relief station near the bridge. Our cavalry had been early posted in the front, but this day passed again without a brush with the enemy. To-day we also learned of the death of another sick comrade who had been left behind at Harper’s Ferry, Va.—that of Sergeant HENRY P. SKEEN, of Company G,

which occurred on the 13th inst. Night then came on; but, although cool, no fires were allowed along the line, as "a sharp look-out and every precaution to be observed as to the front," were our orders, and so the night passed without much rest.





CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL AT WARRENTON AND TENTS PITCHED—SAD AND IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS AT WARRENTON—STORE ROOMS, CHURCHES, ETC., AS HOSPITALS—VISIT TO CEMETERIES, AND SCENES OF THE VICINITY, ETC.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER, 16, 1862.—After a night of restless expectation, the day dawned bright and clear; at an early hour we received the order: "Pack up and be ready to move at once!" The Regiment was soon in line, on the move, and arrived at Warrenton, after a march of eight miles, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Our Division was then marched off the road to the right of the town, where we pitched tents for the day and night. There being no special duty assigned for us to-day, we were afforded a stroll to and through the town of Warrenton, already famous in the annals of the war, which we found, upon our entry to present a rather uninviting appearance, as it had been turned into and was then being used as a general hospital. The town, however, still gave marked evidences of having been, before the war, a pleasant place to live in, as well as one of business and enterprise, it being the county-seat of famous old Fauquier, always noted for the fertility of its soil, the hospitality of its inhabitants, besides the peace and good-will which had previously reigned within its borders; for, its streets were well laid out, it contained several fine store buildings and hotels, as well as attractive church edifices, while neat, cosy, and handsome dwellings were also numerous.

But, at this period, the great store-rooms on the principal streets were filled with the maimed and the wounded of the rebel army, as also the most serious cases in those respects of

the Union Army, which had been left upon and collected from the recent battle-field of Chantilly. The sights herein presented, can only be described, by stating the fact, that they left the impress upon our minds of the real—not ideal—pictures of the sad and true horrors of war, so forcibly, that neither life nor time can erase them from the tablets of our memories. On the one side of us we saw, here and there, many distressed, suffering veterans, with shattered limbs, which although carefully and softly bandaged together, were swinging above our heads suspended by means of the rope and the pulley from their cots to the ceiling, while upon all sides of us were many others, who more seriously wounded, although perfectly bolstered up, and snugly posed as possible, gave inexpressible evidences by countenance of the suffering and pain endured—all of which tended to prove how arduous, unpleasant and unappreciable were the ever pressive duties of the army surgeons; while, too, their improvised contrivances and inventions for the ease, comfort, and restoration of those poor victims formed subjects of deep study. The next, however, was one that could and merely did receive our gaze, and that alone for a moment; for, it not only incited our pity even unto heart-sickness, but even our extreme disgust—a rather mild expression by the way—as it was that of misery, almost torture, depicted and experienced by those other poor victims, thus wounded and pinioned, whose persons were then undergoing the deliverance from body vermin.

Yet this was not all, nor the worst; for we next passed along to the Presbyterian church, a large and commodious edifice, the vestibule of which, as we entered, we perceived to be piled to its fill on either side with rough coffins ready to enclose the remains of those who had expired, while the audience-chamber had been divested of its pews, filled to repletion with those who were about dying, as well as others so seriously wounded and suffering that for them there was no longer hope of recovery or life, and into which others were still being conveyed. How heart-rending and harrow-

ing to the feelings, must it have been to the poor, wounded, suffering, dying soldiers when they gazed upon those rough boxes as they were being carried by them! We were of the opinion, that it could be, with nothing less than abject horror, when, in their helplessness and prostration, the thought arose or the knowledge possessed their inmost beings that some of those unsightly yet indispensable receptacles were there provided only to await their turn to be conveyed to that bourne where the weariness and fatigues of the long, forced marches, as well as the pains, wounds and sufferings from the strife and conflicts of war would never be known—never more to be received or endured.

Still another, that of the comfortable dwellings which, only a few days since, had within their walls and furnished with shelter those contented residents, who, then returning from their business occupations and labors of the day to find and enjoy recreation as well as rest within the family circles of their happy homes, had fled at the approach of the enemy, but which were occupied by the Jew settlers and Yankee pie-bakers, all of whom were driving brisk trades with their well-known wares, commodities, and unhealthy pastry, at the same time, too, fleecing our poor soldiers out of their hard-earned wages.

To the northwest of the town we next proceeded and visited two new, large cemeteries—one of which we found to contain the graves of over 500 of the Confederates who had been killed on the Manassas and other recent battle-fields in the vicinity, whilst to the north of it was the other, containing numerous graves, too, of those who belonged to the Union army. Here we discerned, very readily and plainly, upon the rude head-boards the names of Pennsylvania's gallant sons, who fell while fighting under the commands of brave PHIL. KEARNEY, HOOKER, BURNSIDE, FRANKLIN, and other honored generals of the Army of the Potomac. The scenes around and about the town, also, were connected with sad interest and incident, in numbers

impossible for description and relation upon these pages; however, as we looked out before us from our present standpoint, our sight fell upon a beautiful, grassy plain below, and to the south of us, strewn with the carcasses of slaughtered beeves, which our enemy (the rebels), in their precipitate flight, left undressed and unfinished upon their late camp grounds, where it was affording feasts for the buzzards and the crows, while they had been driven away therefrom with empty, unappeased stomachs. Our curiosity having been satisfied as to sight-seeing, etc., we returned to camp filled with deep thought and retrospect. Upon our arrival, we were agreeably surprised to find a full ration (each) of crackers and coffee, which we enjoyed, and to which some of us added, by way of dessert, stale cheese purchased from the Jew sutler's quarters, at the extraordinary price or cost of 50 cents per pound—a precious luxury at this time. So much for Warrenton, and to rest for the night!

RICH FORAGING EXPEDITIONS WITH INCIDENTS—RAW VEGETABLE
DIET—COUNTERPART TO LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1862.—This morning, about 3 o'clock, we were aroused from a deep slumber with orders, "to again pack up, and be ready to move at once!" However, we laid about until after day-break before moving off, when we were marched about 10 miles distant from Warrenton, to the small town of Fayetteville. A halt was then made, after which the Regiment was marched into a field; where, after short delay, we were allowed to put up tents, etc. A forage was next in order, with the boys of Company K soon out on the hunt. Close by, but somewhat secluded, was found an attractive, pleasantly-located farm-house, with outbuildings, etc., which, together with the premises in general, JOHNNY WEIDLE, (who had become quite adept and expert in the foraging business) had ferreted out, inspected, and reported as offering special inducements for provisions for the inner man, in the way of a rich turnip patch, as well

as adventure and delicacy to be had from a lot of well-stocked bee-hives.

Well, that was hint and appraisal enough; for, in short order, the boys were off in search of the inviting spots—not only because good provisions or fare were the objects, but also that some fun was promised in the attack upon the bee-hives. They were not slow in either finding or capturing the coveted and boasted treasures, for several of the boys soon returned with an abundance from the turnip patch. etc., while JOHNNY KANE, and EDWARD BOOKMYER, rather hurriedly, put in their appearance, bringing as their trophies a quantity of honey-combs; but, oh, what spectacles presented—the former having only a few, with “a pair of well-bunged eyes and bugle” for his pains; while the latter, both arms laden with honey-combs, presented the certainly ludicrous, if not altogether ridiculous, appearance of having his arms and clothing all besmeared with the melligenous fluid—insomuch that they both incited, and were greeted with, uproars of hilarious laughter from those comrades who remained at quarters. Good-naturedly, NED said, by way of excuse, “that he never saw honey-combs before, never handled them, and thought they were so solid a mass that the honey would not run out, unless they were opened.”

Besides these, next came JOHNNY WILEY, JAKEY MILLER, JOE. RIDER, BILLY SHAY, with others, who, having had the good fortune to discover a bin of potatoes under a straw-shed, brought in a full supply of that desirable as well as essential vegetable, while some others found and gathered corn, onions, and persimmons, which proved even yet more acceptable. So, by the time of supper-hour, the larder of Company K was well stocked, with some to spare, when that was the hour reserved for the most exciting and interesting sight of all—that of “Dutchy” YOUNG, almost out of breath, running into camp and pulling from his haversack a huge, round cut of wheat bread, buttered and topped with preserves, which he had captured on a raid alone, about a mile from camp,

only escaping capture in return by being just a little too fleet of foot for the "rebel bushwhackers," who chased him clean into camp, and who had arrived at the farm-house too late, very luckily, for HENRY.

The persimmons and turnips then proved a very poor line of diet, especially when eaten raw, as the boys in general soon complained of experiencing sundry discomforts about the regions of their bellies and bowels. However, as the variety was sufficient to provide a change, Company K was by no means short of other field products with which to furnish a good supper as a remedy. The country thereabouts reminded us very much like that of our beloved county of Lancaster, Pa., presenting nearly the appearance of the counterpart to it, while many were they who wished that the stay there might not be too briefly cut short. It then began to cloud up, when all turned into roosts well satisfied for the night.

MARCH TO MORRISONVILLE—AGAIN SHORT OF RATIONS.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1862.—After a night of genuine repose, at least to those who had been discreet in their diet, we were again aroused with orders "to move at once!" At an early hour our column was in motion towards the South, passing through the towns of Rappahannock Station and Morrisonville, where we were received and welcomed by the colored population perched upon the fences as we marched along. We had then proceeded about 15 miles, when we were halted at Morrisonville, and marched into a field, where were still perceptible the marks of a recent, vacated rebel camp, adjoining an abandoned copper mine. The Regiment had been hardly more than located by our Colonel, before the rain poured down; but we made the best of circumstances by speedily putting up our shelter tents in the mud for the night. But then came the worst rub of the day—short of rations again; whereupon, of course, general dissatisfaction followed, and our good, kind Quartermaster was subjected to

censure—but only by those who had been indiscreet in their previous and late diets, as well as inconsiderate. It then being found impossible to get our supply trains along in proper time, peace and quiet soon reigned, and night put an end to our grievances in the efforts to obtain rest.

MARCH TO HARTWOOD CHURCH—SHORT OF SUPPLIES.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1862.—This morning was ushered in with the continuance of yesterday's rains and wants—short of rations, while many of the boys suffered greatly and were sick through their imprudence in eating raw vegetables. The Regiment again moved off, about 9 o'clock; the ambulances were full of sick men; the roads were soft and muddy, and the teams stuck fast in the mud and mire. Our progress was, therefore, necessarily slow, reaching Hartwood Church, a march of eight miles, about 5 o'clock, P. M., which the army, in advance, had made its halting place by reason of necessity, as the horses were very much jaded and had given out; supplies of all kinds were short, and there was no way of getting them up in a hurry, while many more of the men were taken ill through the want of food, as well as proper shelter—for the drenching rain still continued. Here we were assigned as guard to the Corps wagon train, the Commissary wagons of which had been ordered out to forage, but did not go far, on account of the mud and rain. Therefore, night closed upon our command in a very bad muddle of affairs and circumstances—leaving an entire, hungry, dejected army to seek the best rest and most comfortable ground they could possibly find for the night, amidst the pouring rain and deep mire.

MANY SICK MEN—BAD MUDDLE OF AFFAIRS.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1862.—Daylight brought with it more rain as also more misery; truly, we were in a bad fix, surrounded by an army anxious to move forward to some other location, either to form camp, or meet the enemy.

no matter which would have been the order—or to have some rations; in fact, for anything to change our present uncomfortable position. [Under the stress of circumstances to-day I was compelled to rob an army mule of an ear of corn, which I shelled and ate piece-meal; also raw turnips and persimmons, which seemed to abound in profusion thereabouts.] Many were then very ill from such line of diet, and the situation was deplorable indeed. Was, or could it be any wonder? Stuck fast in the mud; encamped and lying upon the ground in the midst of drenching rain; no food fit to eat or upon which to sustain themselves; and surrounded, on all sides of us, with starving, dejected, sick and suffering soldiers! Night again closed over us, as it had for two or three days past, leaving this whole large army in abject want of the necessities of life, with all its discomforts to boot!

DISCONTENT AND CENSURE—"GOD-SENDS," THOUGH MEAGRE—
"CAMP MUD, MISERY, AND STARVATION."

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1862.—Uncomfortable and deplorable were words utterly inexpressible of the condition in which the Regiment was kept during last night; for not even a particle of rest had been obtained. Every man was completely drenched to the skin, and still without any rations for our meals. The rumor then spread throughout camp that this situation or condition of affairs was alone due to the bungling, meddlesome operations and interference of those would-be wise-acres, but rather incompetent subalterns, at Washington, in presuming to control the army and dictate to its able, active, and faithful commanders—who alone knew how to regulate the movements of this great army, what indeed could be or were its pressing needs, wants, or privations, and how to relieve them—as well as producing reflections that were utterly discreditable, disgraceful, and condemnatory upon our governmental authorities.

Our first impulse was to build fires, dry our drenched clothing, at which all the boys were busily occupied, until

about 10 o'clock, when suddenly a shouting was heard at one end of the camp, which soon spread throughout—that of “God bless the adzvent!”—the hearty ejaculation which greeted glorious “Old Sol,” who, in all his radiancy, had then made his appearance, once again, to gladden the hearts as well as enliven the spirits of the discouraged and disheartened soldiers of the Army of the Potomac; for it proved really, at this moment, a perfect God-send, affecting happily all alike.

Our present improvised camp had been appropriately entitled “Camp Mud, Misery, and Starvation” by Company K; but how refreshing it was then, after such a strait of circumstances, can only be surmised or imagined, when, for the first time in six days, we received our first rations, and that in proportion of only three hard tack and a bit of fresh beef to the man. Experience here had most surely proved our teacher, as we applied this most meagre ration in the most economical way conceivable, in order that it might be stretched to hold out as long as possible. However, while under the re-invigorating influence of welcome and genial sunlight, all were again comparatively happy and cheerfully proceeded to dress-parade in the afternoon amidst the damp meadow-grass—being the first held since leaving Warrenton. Many and meagre were the reports from the Adjutant to the Colonel this day, as to the respective strength of each company for duty, by the Orderly, or acting Orderly Sergeants, after which all retired for the night with the hope and desire of at least obtaining some rest.

THE HORRIBLE CAMP DESERTED—SOME RATIONS RECEIVED.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.—We awoke this morning from a comparatively good rest with that obtained a few nights since, to find the weather bright, yet cool and damp, as well as our larder providing but a very scanty breakfast, after which we were ordered “to strike tents and fall in line?” We gladly hailed this announcement and fell very cheerfully

left that horrible, miserable camping-ground, about 9 o'clock, moving southward about nine miles, over wet and muddy roads, until 5 o'clock, P. M., when a short halt was made. We then moved off into a woods on the side of the road, to encamp for the night, and allow our teams to catch up to us. In the evening we received 20 hard tack to the man, besides some coffee and some candles—oh, how welcome! But, a few moments afterwards, some other companies of the Regiment, who had been on the lookout, discovered that there were beans about and, being so fortunate as to obtain a liberal share outside of our Regimental Commissary, therefore reported success; when Company K's boys soon found out where they were to be had, started off with their tin-cups, and in a short time returned well pleased with a fair portion of them. After which night suddenly fell upon us, when we laid down to rest, as early as usual, upon the cold, damp ground.

TOWARD THE RAPPAHANNOCK—STONEMAN STATION.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1862.—Having slept well last night, we were aroused this morning by the well-known bugle-call of a cavalry regiment in our neighborhood, when we found the army was again concentrating, and by 8 o'clock we were once more on the move, in the direction of Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock river. As we passed along we saw on all sides of us many encampments of troops, as also the former and vacated camps of the rebels who had preceded us on the way toward Fredericksburg. We halted at a railroad station, about four miles from Falmouth, which was then named and known as Stoneman Station, in honor of our temporary Corps Commander. After a very brief halt, we made a detour of some distance to the southwest, whereupon we were finally halted on the border of a woods, near a small stream, some distance from the railroad, and ordered to form Regimental camp.

How glad these tidings were to all the boys can be very

readily comprehended, as there the opportunity was afforded to wash our clothing and cleanse ourselves, as well as indicating, at least, that of a respite from the hardships, the discomforts, the misery—yea, even, the suffering ills—which had been endured along our already too prolonged, rugged, disagreeable, forced marches. After forming our company streets, the constructing of temporary shelter and gathering the dry grass for the comfort of our bunks, were the next orders of business and enterprise carried out for the day, whereupon, after a real good supper of coffee and hard tack, all were soon at rest, wrapped snugly and securely in the arms of Morpheus.

DELIGHTFUL CAMP—RIGID INSPECTION—NOVEL BUNKS.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1862.—This morning, after a sleep of solid comfort, we awoke to find our camp very favorably located, very pleasant, and well liked, indeed, by all the boys. Huge fires had been built, and our damp clothes were just hung out on temporary clothes-horses to dry, when the great king of day shone forth in all his splendor and munificence upon our new camp, to aid us, thus infusing new life, inspiring with renewed energy the weary, sick recruits, as well as the jaded, experienced and suffering veterans—indeed, once again instilling the spirits of patriotism and happiness throughout the Army of the Potomac. Regimental inspection was then the order for the day, which was very rigidly enforced, for many were the cases of rusty, unfit guns, and unclean accoutrements which were reported, thereby occasioning the issuing of a second and harsh order from the Colonel “to have all arms, etc., in first-class condition, for second inspection.”

After second inspection, which proved satisfactory, the company streets of camp were properly re-arranged, while the bunks of the boys were remodeled and rebuilt. As all the boys were busily engaged at the duties incumbent upon them on this occasion, a quite amusing sight was presented

to the view and inspection ; for, these bunks proved to be as manifold in kind and structure—consisting of cross-logs of every shape and cut, dug-outs, etc., on the level, as the designs, plans and skill displayed by the architect or builder were varied or peculiar. Supper on hard tack and coffee was then had, as night closed rapidly in upon us, when all went comfortably to rest in their new quarters.

OUT OF RATIONS AGAIN—SEVERE, INDISCRIMINATE CENSURE OF
GENERALS MEIGS AND HALLECK—DEATHS OF COMRADES.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1862.—Morn dawned beautifully upon us as we awoke from last night's slumbers, which was very gratifying, indeed ; but we were doomed to disappointment and great discontent immediately afterward, as we found our haversacks so bare or scant of even the regulation fare, besides our commissary stores and supplies so short, upon which we had to depend to replenish our general larder, that but little hope or prospect was entertained of getting another morsel with which to appease our hunger during the day—insomuch, too, that considerable sickness prevailed on that account. The weather continued fine and agreeable all day long, while we awaited in patience for the arrival of our supply trains, but none came. Severe censure then began to prevail, and was heard throughout camp against Quartermaster-General MONTGOMERY C. MIEGS, as the cause of all this inexcusable and unpardonable lack in the furnishing of supplies and provisions for this vast army, which had been sent forward on forced marches over almost impassable roads, amidst the heaviest storms of rain and wind, causing almost unendurable sufferings. It was justly deserved, too, as an abundance of supplies with the pontoons, as well as those in charge of them, were to have arrived long ere this date at Belle Plain Landing—the failure of which was altogether inexplicable, save by the general rumor then current throughout the army for some time, that General MIEGS' attention was too grossly occupied with the army contracts, (in all of

which he was pecuniarily interested and had been continually dabbling, for fear that his coffers would be somewhat shorn in their receipts, or fail in their anticipated fill,) to look after or forward in time the necessary supplies for the Army of the Potomac—a rumor, too, scarcely admitting of a doubt, for the ancient adage, “where there is so much smoke there is or must certainly be some fire,” applied very forcibly at this juncture of affairs.

It was a well-known fact, too, that it was the plan or intention of the army to cross the Rappahannock river at once, upon arrival, at or near Fredericksburg, with everything “on hand in time;” but, instead, the army was halted at this point, and only delayed on account of the want of supplies, etc., and at a time, too, when it should have been rapidly pushed forward in pursuit of the retreating rebel Army of Northern Virginia. It was also surmised, and more than likely the fact, that Major-General HALLECK, who had been brought all the way from California and lately made General-in-Chief, with head-quarters at Washington—at the same time that Major-General POPE had “headquarters in the saddle”—had been putting his foot into the direction of the plan and arrangements made and adopted by our illustrious (?) war council about the Capitol at Washington, instead of his mind: for, if it was the latter, the head was no better than the foot could be. It appeared, too, that our distinguished war ministers there were then exerting themselves more extraordinarily *in hesitation* over that more practical and vigorous prosecution of the war which they promised, or rather essayed, than in *the execution*—so amazingly remarkable that the *New York Herald*, (which displayed the ingenuity of ever being ahead in the ferreting out of the plans, intentions and movements of the army) was at last compelled from day to day to criticize their conduct, and demand “Why don’t the army move?” Then the boys, too, took up the cry; yet, was it to be wondered at? For here laid our vast army, utterly despondent and perfectly inac-

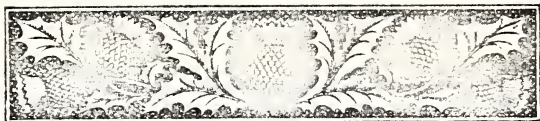
tive, from the fatigue and exhaustion of the prolonged, forced marches, as well as destitute in provisions; while the retreating enemy, of whom we had been in pursuit, (yet, impeded however,) were allowed to get *scot-free* with time sufficient to be on the defensive—for the Confederacy, too, had access to those papers, from which they gleaned the information of what was going on within our lines. Oh, what a shame—yea, even disgrace—this procrastination!

Evening now approached, and rain-fall again began, to add to our wretchedness “and winter of discontent”—to use a Shakespearism; and he who was “heralded by a great blast of trumpets as the conquering hero who approached to stamp out the rebellion” received a general cursing all around among the boys, who viewed him only as an imbecile and the hero of proclamations; which, had they been effective war measures, were indeed so numerous as to have wiped out and crushed the rebellion themselves, long since his assignment to the post for which he was unfit, and which he signed “H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief*,” but, rather more appropriate should it have been “General-incompetent!” In short, it was eagerly and emphatically desired that it were better he was in the far section of the West again, from which he hailed or came, or confined in the lower depths of that mysterious region from which no explorer had yet returned or reported, rather than at Washington. As to the campaign, instead of remarkable activity and practicability, it was denounced by the declaration of being that of the greatest piece of masterly inactivity conceivable, as well as the most egregious blundering commissible.

To add to the melancholy or gloomy depression pervading, we received the sad announcements of the deaths, to-day, of Comrades JOHN R. JOHNSON, of Company K, at Alexandria Hospital, and MICHAEL A. SHUKK, of Company D, at Harper's Ferry, Va. Notwithstanding all this dissatisfaction the boys went through their regular camp duties for the day, endeavored to make themselves as comfortable as

the situation afforded, wrote letters home to friends and families, as well as discussed the prospect of enjoying grand Christmas dinners in Richmond, and retired to rest for the night.





CHAPTER XII.

THE ARMY YET ENCAMPED NEAR FALMOUTH—WEATHER DELIGHTFUL, BUT ROADS MUDDY—GRAND REVIEW BY GENERAL HOOKER—BELLE PLAIN LANDING WITH INCIDENTS—RESULTS FROM CAMPING IN THE MARSHY MEADOW—CHANGE OF LOCATION, ETC.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1862.—After enjoying another sound sleep, we awoke refreshed, this A. M., to find the sun shining down upon us in all his glory and grandeur, but the roads were still very muddy. Orders were received “to clean up for inspection, and corps review.” At 1 o’clock, P. M., we were ordered into line and marched about 1½ miles to a level tract of country, where many troops had concentrated for the review. General markers were then planted in line; whereupon, according to numbers of division, we approached and formed into line; when, about 2½ o’clock, we were reviewed by that gallant corps commander, “Fighting General JOE HOOKER,”—the sobriquet by which he was known—as well as his staff. After which we broke “by companies into column,” and passed in review before the several other Generals, who all expressed satisfaction with the appearance as well as the seemingly reinvigorated condition of the men; whereupon, as we again returned to camp, many were the surmises and anticipations as to what would be the next important order or movement. With the foregone conclusion that, according to Micawber, “something would turn up,” the boys all went to their virtuous couches to dream upon what might be the realizations of the morrow.

TO BELLE PLAIN LANDING FOR COMMISSARY STORES—DIFFICULTIES
EXPERIENCED—INCIDENTS AT THE LANDING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1862.—This morning opened fine and warm. About 8 o'clock a detail of six privates from Company K, together with forty-two other privates and a Corporal from the balance of the Regiment, under charge of Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, was ordered "as Regimental wagon-guard, to proceed to Belle Plain Landing for Commissary stores, with instructions to report at First Brigade headquarters." They reported in due time, at the headquarters designated, where details from other regiments were found coming in to join the expedition. They were soon *en route*, with forty army wagons, taking a southerly course, through mud and swamp-land, until they reached a point eight miles from the camp, where they met the 50th United States Engineer Corps constructing a corduroy wagon-road through the meshy swamp-land. After a very-short stop, they were again on the move and over this corduroy road, whereupon the general ejaculation of all was: "Oh, kind heavens forbid, that we shall ever be obliged to go over another one!" Some of us had made the initiatory trips through the lodges of various societies, from time to time, both of brief and long duration; but, in all our experience in that line, this corduroy road gave us the worst shaking up we ever had, almost bouncing the "inner men out," as well as the bodies apart. Our greatest difficulty, however, was that of crossing the small streams which were spanned by improvised bridges, banked up with loose dirt, where many upsets and breakdowns occurred. We finally reached the landing about 4:30 P. M., when the teams were formed in corral, and fires were built, whilst the officers in command of the train proceeded to file their requisitions at the Quartermaster-General's headquarters.

While we were awaiting our turn a stroll through and about the premises was afforded for discoveries and amuse-

ment. Being somewhat or almost famished we were not slow or behind-hand in procuring some loose crackers and flitch to appease the craving hunger of our men, when we returned to our wagons for a proper detail to convey the same to our night quarters at the corral. At the same time, however, we had the good luck to discover the locality of a special lot of choice, sugar-cured hams, with pitched canvass coverings, in the store-tents belonging to the Army Purveyor, in the rear of which a few of our stout, dauntless, chary boys quickly and quietly took position unobserved, whence to await and watch their chance for a capture. The favorable opportunity soon presented itself, when the boys succeeded in securing not only several fine hams, but also a cask of nice pickles, which under cover of the darkness they conveyed to and secreted in our wagons. They then returned again, however, and speedily; while, in the meantime, another discovery had been made—that of a good supply of best Bourbon Commissary whiskey, of which, too, we soon secured a share, by gratifying the itching palm of a darkey stevedore's hand with a \$1 greenback and handing him four canteens, which the faithful son of Ham then promptly returned well-filled, through the hind end of the tent, to the boys there in waiting, who then went off on their way rejoicing.

After receiving all we desired in that line, as well as our number for loading, we returned to our wagons, made up a supper "fit for lords," of which we partook very freely, and enjoyed the same with a relish, especially after our late fast, besides a day of regular rough and tumble. We next turned into our wagons and wrapped ourselves in blankets for the night; when, with the consolation of having plenty of good fare as well as whiskey for the return trip to camp headquarters in the morning, we were quickly at rest, to dream of the ruggedness of the roads and the difficulties probably to be encountered on the morrow.

STOLEN RAILS PROVIDE A ROYAL BREAKFAST—SAD SIGHTS ON THE
RETURN TRIP—ATTRACTIVE AND INSPIRING SCENES.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1862.—We awoke this morning, from a very refreshing sleep, to find that our fires were almost burnt out, with no woodland close by, wherefrom to obtain the essential fuel to revive the dying embers. However, several teams on the road-side, whose drivers were absent, afforded the opportunity of a peep therein—the result of which was the discovery in one of the wagons, stowed away, of some broken fence-rails, which speedily rekindled our fires, while all then engaged in the busy preparations of a royal breakfast—a welcome and delicious one, indeed—partaking to us, on this occasion, rather somewhat of the order of a collation, of which it is well to mention, or give the

MENU, OR BILL OF FARE:

I.

Confiscated Sugar-Cured Ham:

Elegantly Sliced, Spitted and Toasted over the
Brisk Fire—Decidedly Luscious
and Palatable Morsels.

Fresh Hard-Tack Accompaniment:

Broiled Ham, Sandwiched, in Choice Cuts.

II.

Side-Dish Dessert:

Pickles in Variety, Specially Furnished to Order.

Relishes:

Solace-Providing Cups of Hot Coffee-Royal.

"A No. 1" Bourbon Commissary Whiskey.

After fully regaling "the inner men" with the good things provided as above, from our spreads upon the damp and muddy sward of Belle Plain, we received the order "to hitch up, proceed with our loading of supplies, etc., and be ready to return to camp." It was then about 11 o'clock, A. M., when we were at once in motion, homeward-bound.

As we left, we met with teams upon teams, as they were on their way to the landing, as also, farther on, the parked teams of all brigades which had arrived during the night,

awaiting their turn in order for the filing of their requisitions, whilst the small bay behind us could be plainly discerned, covered with the newly-arrived transports, laden with army supplies and commissary stores. Still farther on, and we found an uninviting, sorrowful spectacle—one, indeed, that fully taxed our faculties of comprehension; for, before us in our way were numerous upset army wagons, dead horses and mules lying in the mud, teams stuck fast in the mire up to the very wagon-beds, and thus deserted by the teamsters; whilst the others, who had arrived and remained, were busily engaged in "double-teaming" horses and mules together in the endeavor to extricate those which had stuck fast during the darkness of the night.

It was our good fortune, however, to possess experienced Lancaster county teamsters in care of our train, and we therefore escaped the extreme and serious difficulties there presented. Although our progress upland was very laborious, as well as much impeded, yet we managed to get out of the low lands before night was fully upon us, reaching a point directly to the left of and opposite Fredericksburg, where then a grand and interesting scene was presented to our view—that of the camps all around, illuminated with their brightly burning camp-fires, by means of which, as we plodded along and through them, many were the sights that caught the eye and sounds that greeted the ear—such as lively, genial, camp sports in various forms, the sweet, cheering strains of music from the brass bands, and the soul-inspiring martial airs from the drum and fife. It was then night, 10 o'clock the hour, as we arrived at Brigade headquarters, where each detail of guard was dismissed with instructions to report to their respective commands. Tired and sore of limb, yet deeply impressed, however, with the sights and hardships experienced on the expedition, it is needless to state that once again, comfortably fixed in our own bunks, but few moments were lost ere the boys were enjoying that welcome rest which served to restore the wonted energy to

the wearied body, or that felicitous slumber which soothed the troubled and depressed spirits of the soldier.

COMMISSARY STORES REPLETE—WHAT THE CAMP IN THE MARSHY MEADOW BROUGHT FORTH.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.—Day again appeared beautifully, with "Old Sol" shedding forth his lustre in profuse rays—insomuch, that their effect was then perceptible, for the first time, in drying off the damp grounds about our camps, and at the same moment infusing the boys with renewed cheer and vigor. They were happy, too, in the prospect next before them of receiving fresh and generous rations from our Commissary stores, which were replete with hard tack, mess pork, beans, sugar, coffee, compressed vegetable soup, candles, as well as new clothing, shoes, etc. Considerable sickness, however, prevailed throughout the Regiment, which was entirely due to the location of our camp, being very unhealthy, as it was situated in the midst of a marshy meadow, serving thus again to turn the cheerfulness and happiness of our boys into despondency and sorrow; for, Company K having eight men already confined in their bunks, Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER reported, this day, four more on the sick list, so increasing the quota of men to twelve for medicine at hospital tent, as also unfit for duty. Our surgeons then had their hands full, while our Colonel had made every effort to have the location of our camp changed. The cleaning up of guns, accoutrements, etc., being the order of the day, the attention of the boys was generally given thereto, until fatigued they retired to rest, when the day and night passed without further event.

SICK MEN REMOVED TO HOSPITAL TENT—PROMOTION—REPORTS ALARMINGLY MELANCHOLIC.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1862.—After a night of repose, such as the circumstances and condition of affairs afforded, we were aroused at an early hour of the morning—in time,

at least, to perceive that a heavy frost had fallen upon our camp during the night, thus refreshing the atmosphere to such a degree that the boys generally felt and enjoyed its bracing benefits. Our sick boys, too, felt much better, except the more serious cases, all of whom were then ordered to be removed from their bunks to the Regimental Hospital—among the number being our Orderly Sergeant, JOHN A. TRISSLER, Corporal WILLIAM SCHAUM, JACOB LUTZ, and several others. Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER was then promoted to the position of Orderly Sergeant, whose first duty in that capacity was the report of thirteen sick men for the day. Company inspection and drill were ordered for the balance of the day, which grew warmer and proved more cheerful to the drooping spirits of our sick men. At dress-parade, which was held in the evening, the reports from Orderly Sergeants to the Adjutant, and by the Adjutant to the Colonel, were alarmingly meagre as to the number of men fit for duty; for camp fever and dysentery seemed to have taken possession as well as to threaten full sway of the camps, judging from the extent to which illness through those maladies then prevailed—the opinion became universal that our location was unsuitable and decidedly unhealthy, when, without any further important event to record, the boys all sought their wonted rest for the night.

ORDERS THAT MEANT BUSINESS—THOROUGH INSPECTION—CLEVER TRICK—COMPANY K TAKES THE PALM.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1862.—The weather this morning was fine and warm, as we awoke, to find strict orders from Division headquarters for Regimental inspection at 2 P. M. At an early hour, all the men were active and industrious in the preparation therefor, during which further orders were received from Colonel FRANKLIN—to have all arms in best of condition; that barrel and breach of guns be perfectly clean, as well as clothing, accoutrements, etc.: Company streets of camp to be swept up, rubbage carried to the rear,

etc.”—in short, all to be in readiness for a rigid inspection. At 1 P. M., our Regiment was formed in line, marched to the north and rear of the camp, into an open field surrounded by woods, where Colonel FRANKLIN directed or conducted the Regiment through several intricate or complicated movements before the arrival of the Division inspecting officers, in which the Regiment excelled all similarly previous efforts.

At the appointed hour, 2 P. M. precisely, the inspecting officers were on hand, when the Regiment went through the drill, and then formed into column by companies, ready for inspection. The inspection was gone through with very rigidly, when Company K carried off the palm again, on this occasion, through the clever ruse of “one who was always on the alert, and never caught napping.” It appeared that, while the officers were inspecting the two companies on the right of our column, a certain friend, who had the good fortune and privilege of being close by, witnessed the test practiced by the inspecting officer—that of applying the butt of the ramrod to the light-colored gloves he wore, to see if the breeches were clean, or not. Having found the guns of these companies rather unclean, his remarks of severe censure were heard, and at once reported by this friend to the boys of Company K, who were in the rear, being the company on the extreme left of the Regiment. Therefore, being in dread fear of censure, in the meantime of awaiting their turn, our boys at once took the precaution to hurriedly go over their guns with the swabbing screw and rag, when they were soon in readiness again for inspection, without exciting the least suspicion of what they had been doing. Our turn then came, when the officer, after applying the butt of the ramrod to his buckskins, and perceiving no dirt therefrom or thereon, awarded the honor with special mention, “that the guns of Company K were the cleanest ones to be found in the Regiment,” the announcement of which produced much merriment among the boys. After inspection of arms, etc., we returned to camp, stacked

arms, and remained in line, while the officers made a tour of the camp and passed through each company street, expressing admiration of and satisfaction with the general cleanliness of the camp as well as condition of the men. Thus ended the duties of the day. The next event—mail arrived—some of us were fortunate enough to receive missives and news from home as well as friends, and therefore contented ourselves in their perusal, whilst the disappointed and unlucky ones wrote letters home, censuring those who had neglected or forgotten them. So thus closed another day well spent by the Regiment.

INCREASE OF SICK LIST—RAIN-FALL INTERFERES WITH CHANGE OF
LOCATION OF COMPANY STREETS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1862.—A change of weather was indicated, as the morning opened before us cloudy and damp, while the location of our company street was certainly very unhealthy, lying low and close to a small run. As a result of this situation, Sergeant SPRENGER reported, at Surgeon's call this morning, fourteen sick men in Company K, with others complaining. He reported to Colonel FRANKLIN, in person, who promptly ordered the company street to be moved farther up on the hill: but, as the rain then commenced to fall rather briskly, and as many of the men were unwell, it was postponed for another occasion. Fires then were built, but under disadvantages; however, by close attention, and the adding of dry wood from hour to hour they were kept burning, so that the shivering, half-sick boys were clinging to and around them, but got very little comfort. The rain still continued, in the midst of which, together with the discomfort of the damp and unpleasant situation, the whole day was devoted to quietude and thought. Evening was at hand, when, as our larder had been amply provided, our company cooks had prepared an abundant repast of bean-soup, bacon, and hard tack, besides good coffee, of which all partook heartily, and which was also enjoyed, save

by those who were too ill; after which, those of us well, were soon coiled up between blankets to obtain our usual and desired rest.

THE DREAD CAMP-FEVER—THE FUNERAL DIRGE RESOUNDS—
COLONEL FRANKLIN APPEALS IN VAIN.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1862.—The weather, this A. M., continued damp and disagreeable, with "Old Sol" occasionally peeping through the clouds, in the endeavor, apparently, to dispel them, as well as shed forth his lustrous, softening rays, which served, in a manner, to cheer our fallen spirits. Company K boys, as well as the rest of the Regiment, were busy at striking tents and moving farther up hill, away from the swamp-land. Quite numerous were the sick men already taken to the hospital since we had pitched our camp here, while several deaths had occurred around us—those of Privates DAVID W. RAMBO, of Company C, and JESSE S. WALTER, of Company E, on the 2d inst., and those of Private I. DAVIDSON, of Company H, and Corporal W. A. BITZER, of Company I, to-day. The funeral dirge, with muffled drums, had daily been heard, and was even then resounding in all directions, while many more became victims to the dread camp-fever. Our kind-hearted Colonel had been very active in the endeavor to have us removed from that death-dealing location, sparing no effort or opportunity whatever, but thus far to no avail: however, it was then very apparent that something would have to be done in that line, either to some other locality, or the "Onward, March!" for our mortality was greatly on the increase; and, that it was mainly due to the matchless inactivity displayed by those *would-be illustrious* wise-acres in the War Department at Washington, in compelling our army, while in condition to move forward, to lay encamped there through the non-forwarding of the necessary supplies, etc., was not a mere matter of conjecture; but, in general terms, Old HAL-LECK, with the others, then came in for another liberal share

of censure and cursing from the boys. With no events of further importance to record, we wound up the day by seeking solace and repose beneath the cover of our tents and the folds of our blankets.

BURIAL OF A REGIMENTAL COMRADE—CHANGE OF LOCATION.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1862.—We awoke this morning in the midst of a very heavy frost, which had fallen during the night, all around us, and immediately proceeded to the preparation of breakfast; after which the Regiment received orders to "strike tents, pack up, and be ready to move at once!" Before leaving our camp here, however, we had the sad duty of interring the body of Corporal W. A. BITZER, of Company I, whose spirit had, on Wednesday, the 3d inst., departed and fled to the regions from whence it came. Colonel FRANKLIN conducted the burial service on this occasion, and that, too, in a most impressive manner. Having been in line, in readiness, since 10 A. M., we marched off to a locality northeast of the camp just vacated, about three-fourths of a mile distant, arriving about noon, when we pitched our tents, and formed our company streets on the sloping grounds.

Our new camp was then west of Stoneman's Station, close by a pleasing brook of water, and not far from the line of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, while to the north and rear was a dense woodland, with a large level meadow, directly parallel, immediately in our front, and particularly adapted for a grand drill and parade ground. *The whole open space of the vicinity abounded in long, dry yellow grass, which the boys readily perceived the advantage of, as well as having improved the opportunity by carrying the same into bunks for soft and comfortable quarters. Our Regiment encamped, however, without the proper alignment, as the other regiments of the Brigade had not yet definitely

*Our camp here had been named Camp near Falmouth, owing to the fact that its location was but a very short distance from that town.

located themselves; but, just as the company cooks fired up for our evening meal, the dry grass took fire, creating a lively time among the boys, as well as considerable effort in fighting and extinguishing the flames. They succeeded, however, after which we then enjoyed a good supper, retired to our bunks, and were early at rest upon the downy beds of dry grass, without further events to record.

QUARTERS MORE COMFORTABLE—DISCOMFORTS OF THE SICK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1862.—Day appeared cool and cloudy. After breakfast, regimental camp was properly laid out by Colonel FRANKLIN, with company streets in better location than before, while the boys were busily putting up quarters, carrying logs from the woods in our rear, digging out holes in the ground, placing the logs at right angles, and banking them up with dirt, thus making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The atmosphere became very chilly, with the wind very raw and cutting, which caused the boys to hug the fires very affectionately. We still had a long list of sick in the Regiment, besides the several deaths mentioned during the week, with more expected to follow. The Regimental Hospital was erected on high ground, in the rear of the company streets; nevertheless, our poor, sick boys were decidedly uncomfortable, lying on iron cot-beds, whilst the wind had fair play underneath and about them—mighty poor accommodations for sick soldiers, indeed. To-day I made up some skil-jacks of dough, and pan-cakes of flour, which I fried in mess-pork fat, taking a few up to our sick boys in the hospital tent, who ate them with keen relish, as they proved to them quite a dainty dish outside of their regular line of diet—the poor fellows were suffering, and oh, how we pitied them! Dress parade was held in short order, when we got supper; after which we nestled together in our new-made bunks, and shivered ourselves to sleep for the night.

REMINDER OF VALLEY FORGE—VISITS TO SICK IN HOSPITALS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.—Our first appearance this morning, on the outside of our bunks, was greeted with a snow fall of several inches at our feet, and a severe northwest wind raging, making the day very disagreeable. The boys were building huge fires with the hope and object of making themselves comfortable, and were adding more logs to their bunks, from the woodland in our rear, with the same view. The surroundings here reminded us very forcibly of the numerous engravings and pictures of Valley Forge, with its scenes during the revolutionary war, which we had seen from time to time in the past—furnishing us, however, rather a realistic experience of the vexations, discomforts, privations, and sufferings endured by the veterans of that period, in that famous, historical region.

We were to-day afforded a visit to our sick in the hospital tents and found that several of the boys were severely frost-bitten during the cold snap which prevailed, it being impossible to perfectly shield them from the rough blasts in their rude, tented quarters. We also made an attempt to lead poor JOE WADE of our company, who was very delicate and feeble, from his bunk on the grass in company street to hospital quarters, but we found him so exhausted that he would have died in our arms, had we not called and obtained assistance. Being but a youth, he had been reduced by camp fever to a mere skeleton: yet, as we arrived with him at the tent, we found the hospital full to overflowing and were therefore obliged to lay our exhausted comrade up on a bed of boards and dry grass on the ground, to rest and find relief, if possible—a matter of great doubt in the minds of all, well as the medical staff, in whose charge we then left him, with the firm conviction that his demise was only the question of a day or two. Many cases were still being reported on the sick list; but, withal, the spirits of the boys on duty were as cheerful as could be desired or anticipated. Without

other events of interest the day went by, and night then found us seeking rest within the shelter of our bunks.

NEAT CAMP VILLAGE—NOTEWORTHY HOSPITAL QUARTERS—ENTER-
TAINED BY FRIENDS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1862.—This morning we had a change of weather for the better, as the sun was shining brightly, which served to somewhat enliven the boys, for they appeared more cheerful. There being no special order of duty assigned for to-day, a stroll to the neighboring camps was afforded; when, accordingly, a few of us visited Humphrey's Division of the Fifth Corps, which was located north of and to the rear of our camp, nestled among and about a dense pine or spruce forest. The soldier-boys of this division had erected for their comfort, etc., a number of neat, novel-looking booths out of the spruce limbs and boughs, which exhibited the taste and mechanism of the builders, as well as presented the appearance somewhat of a village. These booths, too, were handsome, as they were decorated with festooned archways and mottoes of evergreens. Attached to this division were a number of Pennsylvania Regiments—the 126th, 129th, 130th, 132d, and 133d—which had entered into the service about the same time that we had; they were from the interior sections of our State, were fine-looking troops, and had already undergone their baptismal shower of leaden hail at Antietam.

We were also afforded, very opportunely, the favor of a visit to and stroll through the general hospitals of the Fifth Corps, which were certainly very attractive to the spectators, presenting, as they did, a most pleasing, handsome, and home-like appearance. They were structures which clearly and quickly exhibited the engineering skill and mechanical ingenuity of the artificer, furnishing models of beauty, neatness, cleanliness, comfort, and convenience—in fact, unsurpassed by anything in the hospital line we had yet witnessed in the army—as they were divided off into spacious avenues,

each of which was decorated with an archway of evergreens made of cedar and spruce pine, having intervening festoons extending between each ward-tent. We were, indeed, highly gratified for the privilege of this inspection, and were greatly indebted for the same to the courtesy extended to us by the Post Surgeon of that division. That officer gave particular attention and interest to showing us the admirable arrangement and regulation for the care and comfort of the invalids, which the men belonging to that division had observed at all times in the hospital. There we were also shown the dainties, delicacies, and medical supplies which had been provided and forwarded, so very kindly and considerately, by the Ladies Sanitary Commission of Philadelphia, for the benefit and nourishment of the invalid soldiers.

Here, too, we had the pleasure, as well as agreeable surprise, of meeting friends and acquaintances in the 129th Regiment, Colonel JACOB G. FRICK commanding, from Schuylkill County, Pa., by whom we were kindly taken care of and hospitably entertained at their mess-boards, after which we returned to camp well contented and satisfied that another day had been profitably spent. We just arrived in time for dress-parade, as the echo of the drum-corps, beating the call to fall in, resounded throughout the camp, and were quickly at our posts on the color-line, where we found our left general guide, SAMMY STAPE, the giant, already at his post for alignment. After which, we were summarily dismissed, returned to quarters, prepared and partook of the usual evening meal, when all gladly retired for another night's rest, with no other events occurring worthy of record.

FULL SHARE OF COMPANY INSPECTION—ADDITIONS TO BUNKS—
DRESS-PARADE AND DRILL BY COLONEL BAILEY.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1862.—As we awoke this morning the weather was more agreeable, with the sky above us

bright and clear, while orders had been received from Captain DUNCAN to prepare for company inspection. Acting Orderly-Sergeant SPRENGER then made up the usual detail of men for commissary guard, as well as the other details for regimental and company duty, besides his report of the sick list at Regimental hospital, after which he formed the company for inspection—a routine of duty of which we then had, lately, rather more than the regulation share. After inspection, the boys, in general, proceeded to improve their quarters, so as to be more convenient and greatly to their comfort, by still gathering and adding logs to their bunks, constructing doorways or creep-holes of cracker-box boards, and tacking thereto their shelter tents—thus, in a manner, protecting themselves against the chill, piercing December blasts.

In the afternoon, we were again ordered out for drill and dress-parade. It happening, too, to be a similar duty exacted upon the part of the 86th N. Y. V., of our Brigade, both regiments were therefore drilled together, and the task or honor of the drill was conferred, on this joint occasion, on Colonel BAILEY, commanding 86th N. Y. V., who enjoyed the reputation of having been a hero and veteran from the war with Mexico. However, after the directing of a few movements, much to the amusement of our boys, it was well seen that he was not, in any respect, an adept at drilling. Parade was of short duration, when the Regiment quickly returned to quarters; where, after indulging the appetites with a fair supply of usual rations, the discussion of matters in general, the interchange of jokes, etc., the boys turned in with the hopes of having a night of good repose.

HINTS TO PACK UP, ETC.—ORDERS FROM GENERAL STONEMAN.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1862.—Cold, but clear, was the condition of the weather reported this morning; when, at an early hour, we were visited by several of the detailed teamsters of our Regiment, who apprised us of orders being issued

"to pack up all commissary stores, etc., and to be ready to move at any moment"—greatly to our surprise, as no orders or instructions to that effect had as yet been received at Regimental headquarters, and the usual *routine* of duty was still being enforced as well as progressing without any thought of further moment. It then became afternoon, and we had regimental as well as brigade drill, after which inspection of arms, etc., by Colonel FRANKLIN, and battalion drill, in which we were manœuvred in several intricate division and company movements. As we returned to quarters an orderly from General STONEMAN rode into camp, remained but a moment or two, and departed as suddenly as he came. Many then were the surmises among the boys as to the import of this hasty visit, but they were soon dispelled by several of Company K boys ascertaining from the Colonel, who soon reported, "that the Regiment had to await orders to move, and, in the meantime, be in readiness to move." With no further event nor incident of importance worthy of note, night was ushered in, when we all crept into our bunks at an early hour for rest, and to dream of what the morrow would bring forth.

PREPARATIONS FOR A MOVE—ADDRESS BY COLONEL FRANKLIN.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1862.—The weather to-day was clear and beautiful. Marching orders were countermanded, but yet held in reserve, with instructions given for the "Regiment to hold itself in readiness, to pack knapsacks, and receive 60 rounds of ammunition," while rations for five days were then being furnished. After ordinary camp duty, dress-parade was the order, during which Generals STONEMAN and WHIPPLE, with their respective staffs, paid us their compliments by a visit and review. After departure Colonel FRANKLIN addressed the Regiment, in a few, but pointed remarks, reminding the boys that there was work before them, dangers to be encountered, and risks to be run, as an immediate movement of the army upon Fredericks-

burg was contemplated ; at the same time, encouraging and inspiring them with words of eloquence to be ready for action and do their duty. In response the boys gave three hearty huzzas, by which they attested their love for the Colonel, and also assured him that they would follow wherever he would lead. During dress-parade a chilly, disagreeable, drizzling rain had begun, which still continued as we returned to our quarters, where we were at once dismissed, and then quickly turned into roost for the night, with a mist hanging around us.





CHAPTER XIII.

ONWARD! TO FREDERICKSBURG!—SCENE AND IMPRESSIONS—
BOMBARDING—DAY'S SIGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS—
FALMOUTH AND THE FIGHTS—SECOND DAY'S
OPERATIONS—AMUSING INCIDENTS—EVIDENCES OF
CARNAGE, SAD SIGHTS, AND HALLS OF
POSITION ACROSS THE RIVER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1862.—Last night's heavy mist had been dispelled by the appearance of morn dawning exceptionally bright and clear upon us; when we were aroused at an early hour for breakfast and to be in readiness to move! We were ordered to "break camp and fall into line!" Seven o'clock was the hour, and we were in line, for the march towards Fredericksburg! Our gallant Colonel again addressed us in the patriotic strain of yesterday, after which all felt eager for the fray, and in response, as well as appreciation, gave three times three cheers in compliment to him. We then immediately moved off upon the main wagon-road, becoming part and parcel of the immense army, which comprised artillery, cavalry, infantry, pioneer corps, telegraph corps, army teams, etc., thus constituting one of the most grand and imposing sights to be conceived, as all moved in the one and same direction. Farther on we saw troops, as it were, by streams, pouring in upon the main road from every direction, while "Old Sol" shone forth in all his radiant beauty, effusing his genial rays to cheer us on the march, as also his lustre to cap the scene—one that shall ever be an adorning chaplet upon the tablets of our memory; for, "Onward!" was then clearly depicted upon the counte-

nances of that moving mass of humanity, as the fixed motto to inspire to deeds of daring. Little did they think or care for the dangers and vicissitudes of life that awaited them. Just beyond that little stream of the Rappahannock before them—the placid waters of which, almost a century ago, afforded recreation and sport to WASHINGTON'S, LEES, CUSTISES, *et al.*, in the pleasures of angling. The retrospect from those days to those of this day, was as alike at variance as to-day from to-morrow, and as such we were deeply impressed.

We were soon halted, but for a few hours only, about one mile from Fredericksburg, in favorable position, behind woodland and glen, to await further orders. About 9 o'clock A. M., the bombardment of Fredericksburg commenced in all its fury, as the incessant booming of heavy ordnance and field batteries were deafening to the ears, as well as shaking the foundations of "Mother Earth" beneath our feet. The mortar battery on Falmouth Heights, in possession of the Union forces, had opened up, firing in full activity, hurling its shot and shell into the city of Fredericksburg, while divisions, brigades, and regiments, in regular succession, were rapidly forwarded to the river's edge, showing that the great siege was then fully inaugurated. General BURNSIDE having established his headquarters in the Phillips House, a fine Virginia residence upon an eminence, some distance back from the river's edge, thus commanded a fine panoramic view of the siege, as well as the operations of the enemy, then going on before him. Marye Heights, above and to the rear of Fredericksburg, in possession of the enemy, were so well fortified as to constitute the crown-crests of their defense against our siege, which, in return, quickly bellowed as well as belched forth their storm of fire, smoke, iron and leaden hail, as it were, adding greatly to the raging uproar.

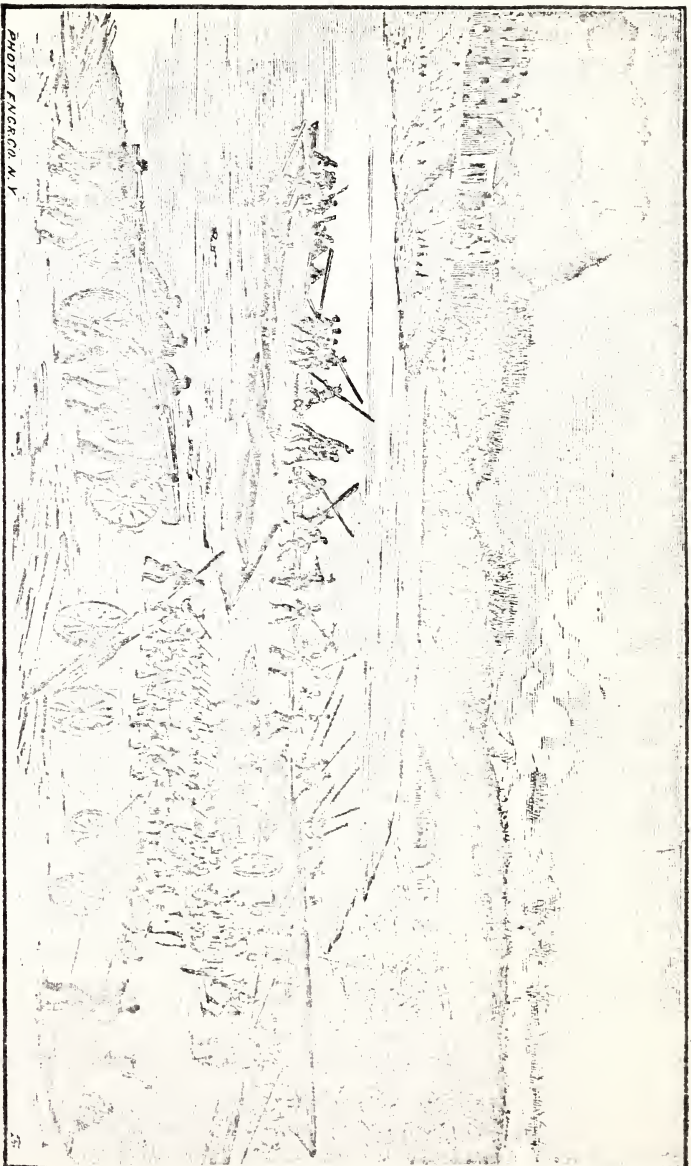


PHOTO ENCRON, N.Y.

PONTON CORPS LAUNCHING THEIR BOATS AT FREDERICKSBURG.

OPERATIONS OF GENERAL FRANKLIN, AND MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL
PLEASANTON'S CAVALRY—SITUATION OF THE PONTOON
CORPS IN LAUNCHING THEIR BOATS.

The distant booming of the artillery firing by General FRANKLIN'S Corps (if we were correctly informed,) on our left, was next very audibly heard, whilst General PLEASANTON'S cavalry forces could be distinctly discerned in engaging the rebel cavalry at the different river fordings above the city. Our men in charge of the pontoons were almost unable to launch their boats in front of the city, as they had been occupied thereat since day-break, with only partial success, and had sustained great loss of men in the attempt and effort. However, fortunately for them, a dense fog then descended and hung over the water, thus preventing the enemy's cannoniers on Marye Heights from the further diminution of their numbers, if not annihilation altogether, and enabling them to succeed in the launching of their boats.

Whilst all these events were transpiring, we were awaiting our turn to engage in the fray, and were therefore afforded a stroll in the direction of the fight that was then ushering in the grand conflict contemplated. We obtained favorable positions, from which we had splendid views of the city of Fredericksburg, the several heights and their surroundings, as well as the discernment, very distinctly, of the movements of the Confederate infantry and cavalry to the rear of the city—thus giving positive assurances that, being fully aware as well as apprised of our designs and movements, they were as fully prepared for our siege, as also to meet its accompanying charges, assaults, and conflicts.

DEMOLITION, ETC., OF F. F. V. HOMES.

At the same time, we viewed, with the deepest meditation, the demolition of the previous and once happy homes of the "F. F. V.'s" of the vicinity, by the solid shot from our batteries, or their destruction by conflagration through the

bursting bombs from our mortars. The sight was woefully great, presenting, as it did, the actual, horrible, and truthful scenes of war, at the same time stirring up pity for those upon whom this storm of devastation had to fall—at least, in some cases, upon those undeserving; but, however, unavoidable. As the day grew on, the firing increased and was kept up until darkness, intense for the time, set in, when cessation ensued; during which the army then concentrated on all sides for the re-opening of the conflict on the morrow, and the boys of the 122d Regiment, P. V. all bivouacked upon the sward and their arms, for that rest which the night's emergencies would allow.

SECOND DAY—TURN OF THE 122D REGIMENT TO CROSS—AMUSING INCIDENTS, FOLLOWED BY SAD SIGHTS AND DANGEROUS POSITIONS OVER THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1862.—Morn again dawned beautifully upon our vast contending army, with the steady tramp, at a somewhat early hour, of additional troops in the direction of Fredericksburg. Our turn then came to "Forward!" and about 10 o'clock A. M., the Regiment arrived on the bank of the river opposite Fredericksburg, having been moved off by a detour. As we approached the pontoon bridge we were hurried or forced down the bank as speedily as possible; for the heavy ordnance from Marye Heights had been trained on the crossing, and the batteries were continually hurling their destructive missiles toward and amongst us, with the effect, at least, of creating a desire for less hazardous situations, and furnishing several incidents, worthy of note, viz:

Along our river bank was stationed the brass band of the 12th N. H. Vols. of our Division, which was just regaling the boys in general, as they were crossing, with the well-known tune of "Bully for You," when a shell from Marye Heights fell in their midst, demolishing the bass drum, at the same moment scattering a pile of pontoon plank fragments over

and about them—so presenting a ludicrous and really amusing scene, as the result proved that they were more scared than hurt. Our regimental sutler, JOHN I. HARTMAN, who happened, too, to be on the river bank, and close by at the time this shell fell, considering discretion as well as distance the better parts of valor, lost not a moment in making a hasty exit to safer quarters. Then we marched upon the bridge, while the shot and shell were falling thick and rapid, all about and around us, from the well-directed range of the rebel artillery on Marye Heights; when, the dodging that was practiced by many of our command, afforded yet another amusing sight or incident—such an one at least that we never saw equaled or attempted before or since our boyhood sports at ball-playing, or a snow-balling melee. The bombs then fell promiscuously on either side of us, bursting in the water, creating some dismay in our ranks, and rather speeding our movements in getting over the bridge.

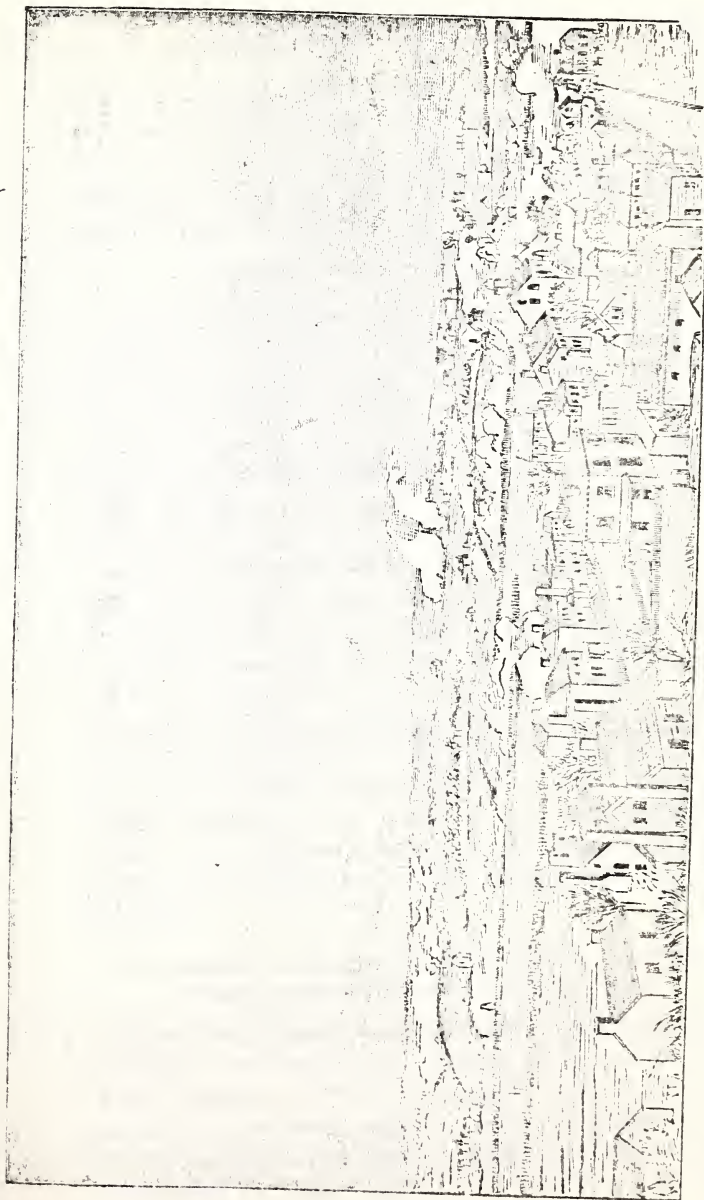
OVER THE BRIDGE—SAD SIGHTS—RETURN TO SAFER QUARTERS,
BUT UNPLEASANT LOCATION.

However, we crossed over the swinging bridge amidst a storm of flying missiles, with sights of carnage all about us; for, as we arrived on the opposite side, and in the city, the first views that greeted us were those of the newly-made graves of the brave boys belonging to the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, who while laying the pontoons, on the bank above the bridge, but a few hours before, were then stark and cold in death, underneath the sod; next, those of the Pioneer Corps, who had been so stealthily picked off, whilst at their posts of duty, by the rebel sharp-shooters, who were hidden in the cellars of the houses in close proximity. We were at once moved to the right, along and under the river banks, out of the range of the enemy's fire from Marye Heights, where we laid until about 4 P. M., when we were again moved up and over the embankment, formed in line and advanced some distance, until perceived by the enemy, we then be-

came the targets of their batteries. After some delay we received orders to return to the river bank, as no attack was then made upon our lines, and it would have been useless as also dangerous for us to lay exposed in so open a position. Under cover of night we recrossed the river, passing over the river bank on the opposite side into low ground, where we sank down upon the mud and wet grass—here and there kindling small fires, barely sufficient to cook a tin-cup of coffee, with which to recuperate some sick comrades as well as ourselves—at the same time in imminent risk of being espied and fired at by the enemy; however, fatigued and sleepy we soon were at rest for the night, realizing the fact that a day of exciting and important events was before us for the morrow.

THIRD DAY—REGIMENT RECROSSES INTO FREDERICKSBURG—RELIEF
TO 19TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS—ESPIED AND
BOMBARDED BY THE REBEL ARTILLERY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.—We awoke this morning, from our damp bunks on the ground, to find that a heavy frost had fallen upon and about us. Having soon made away with our scanty breakfast, the order to "fall in!" was next received; when, about 9 o'clock, A. M., we again recrossed the pontoon bridge, and were once more in our former position, to the right of the town, under the bank of the river, where a cavalry picket had been stationed during the night. We were not long there, however, before another order was brought for a detail of 100 men from the left of our Regiment, which took both Companies K and I, who were marched to the rear and left, thence up into the town, close in toward the houses to avoid detection; thence to the north of the city to Fauquier street, where we relieved the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, who, as hereinbefore noted, had borne the first brunt of the siege and had suffered so severely in killed and wounded whilst assisting to lay the pontoon bridges. We were then deployed in line, in rear of a garden picket fence, along a street running north and south,



BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG FROM MARVE HEIGHTS.

and were just in position, when the rebel artillery espied us, and opened their batteries upon us, momentarily, as occasions offered. However, Company K being on the extreme right and along the open interval, laid low, allowing the shot and shell to go over them.

HAZARDOUS POSTS AND NARROW ESCAPES.

The corner of Fauquier street formed the extreme right of our position, at which point were located, in front of a one-story frame house, Sergeant G. F. SPRENGER, Corporals HARRY HARTLEY, GEORGE WALLER and GEORGE DORWART, who were scarcely stationed before a shot fell close by, carrying away part of the picket-fence and almost taking with it JAKY MILLER, as well as several others who then were stationed on the left half of the Company. But an instant afterward, when a shell was sent crashing through the yellow frame house directly above the heads of GEORGE WALLER and GEORGE DORWART; after which, directly, another struck it higher up, followed by two others in quick succession upon the roof, scattering the shingles like chaff, with still another knocking the chimney helter-skelter all over us in fragments of brick-bats—good-sized ones of which struck us on the heads and shoulders so forcibly that they were felt for some hours. We then at once began to lay exceedingly low, as well as desire and glance about for a safer situation, as it was clearly evident to us that we were in imminent danger at that point.

THE GUNNERS ON THE HILL AT WORK—SUPPORT REMOVED— RAINFALL AT NIGHT—REBEL VIDETTES CAPTURED.

Being First Sergeant on extreme right, with several others, adventure was afforded for a sight up the hill of Fauquier street, from top of which were plainly seen the enemy's gunners at work, firing, reloading, and firing in the direction of the position we had been occupying, but which we had just vacated for one of safety. It was evident, that they

were securely posted as well as being at home, while we were strangers and considered unwelcome visitors; so, therefore, being fully aware of our movements, locations, etc., they were fully prepared to give us a much warmer and more inhospitable reception than we desired. At this juncture the 129th Regiment, P. V., were sent up our street as a support, but were soon again removed to the left to join in the general carnage then and there in operation; while we were kept in our unsafe and disagreeable situation until a late hour, when the balance of our Brigade was brought up from the river front, and every preparation was then made for a more desperate and general assault on the next day.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SHOTS FROM MARYE HEIGHTS.

Here, too, it became very apparent that the enemy's gunners on Marye Heights had quite a decided advantage over our cannoniers on Falmouth Heights in the effects of their shots, as they exhibited a much less waste of ammunition, etc.; for, their cannon, each one in response to the other, created havoc—yea, carnage—in the ranks of our adjacent *corps d'armee*. Once, again, were we compelled to exclaim: Oh, what a shame; what a disgrace and discredit, non-extenuating, to those incompetent, vacillating war ministers at Washington, who so recklessly and selfishly impeded the movements, progress, etc., of our army, as to afford the enemy ample time—need we mention the date—since the 20th of November, to fortify and extend so inhospitable and death-dealing a reception to our brave soldier-boys!

A slight rain then fell as we retired, upon our arms, for the night, but not to rest; for acting in a measure as videttes, our faithful vigils, about midnight, were rewarded by the detection of the near approach as well as capture of several of the rebel videttes, who proved to be members of the famous 2d Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A., or "Tigers," as they were commonly called or known, and whom we at once conveyed to the rear, as well as to Provost Marshal headquarters.

FOURTH DAY—KNAPSACKS NEEDED—THE SIEGE RENEWED WITH
GREATER DESPERATION AND VIGOR.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1862.—A cold northwester ushered in the morning, which made the boys keenly feel the lack of their knapsacks, which had been left behind with the teams before crossing the river, as they contained certain portions of clothing that were then very desirable and essential for comfort. The assault on the part of our left wing was then renewed at an early hour, with desperation and vehemence, but repulsed with fearful havoc in their ranks at each assault; while we on the right were not in the least neglected, as the batteries on the hills above and surrounding, kept us attentive and annoyed by frequent shots, at intervals, as feelers for our positions, and also to obtain accurate range and shift for the river crossings in close proximity.

WHAT A RECONNOITRE BROUGHT FORTH—FEAST OF DAINTIES, IN
PREPARATION, SUDDENLY SPOILED, WITH THE EX-
PECTANT DINERS PUT TO FLIGHT.

As we remained there, Company K boys, a set who were never idle, very soon furnished evidences of having made a profitable reconnoitre of the vicinity, thus preserving their well-earned reputation of always *being on the alert*, like Micawber, "for something to turn up"—no matter, whether it was duty, forage, adventure, difficulty, or scrimmage. Having just been on the ferret, in and about the houses there, for what constituted the good things of life, they were rewarded with the find of a full barrel of fine wheat flour in the frame house opposite to our position, when the baking of slap-jacks then became the general order, with cane-bottomed chairs furnishing the fuel for the old-style ten-plate wood-stove and the comforting hearth-fire, while the old, proverbial, broad-spider skillet was discovered and brought into use to bake the watered dough-cakes. This new enterprise of the boys, however, was very quickly suspected by

the enemy's gunners, as they perceived the volumes of smoke issuing from the chimney; for, just as suddenly they surprised us by firing a solid shot which entered the dwelling, knocking quite a large entrance therein and spoiling our dainty dishes—which, although said to be hard luck, could not help but be considered fair. But, the boys, only a little disheartened, yet not dismayed, were starting in anew for their feast of desired luxuries, (for such it would have proven on that occasion,) when next, Colonel POTTER, commanding 12th Regiment N. H. V., of our Brigade, also discovered the cause for the firing in that direction, and at once rushed into and through the house with drawn sword, slashing about from right to left with the broad sides of his sabre and ordering them to desist and depart, thus again disagreeably surprising and disturbing the boys in the perfection of their anticipated grand feast. It is needless to note that though their exit was very hasty, yet it resulted in their reaching a safe and more favorable location just at that moment.

ORDERS TO "ADVANCE LINE!"—THE SIEGE MORE VEHEMENT—
EVIDENCES OF DISASTER AND SLAUGHTER.

It was then growing late in the afternoon, when General WHIPPLE and staff, on foot, put in an appearance, and issued orders to "advance the line!" as soon as it became dusk. Heavy and constant had been the firing all day long on our left, while the fighting was waged with obduracy all along the lines. Many, very many, indeed, were the poor suffering, wounded, and maimed veterans that we saw, as they were being hurriedly conveyed toward the river and down the mill to places of greater security, as well as for proper care and attention. Thus the conflict waxed with so great obstinacy until, at 4 o'clock P. M., it seemed as though pandemonium itself had opened up its batteries of destruction: for the volumes of smoke, fire, shot, and shell, which were then belched forth, fell in and about the town, speeding on through the streets, apparently with volcano-like vehemence, creating

havoc and destruction on every hand. We also learned, truly and sadly, that thousands of our brave veterans and other soldier-boys of the Army of the Potomac were strewn upon the ground in front of the strongly entrenched and fortified positions of the enemy on Marye Heights, just above us, who had fallen as victims to the terrible and ever-memorable siege of Fredericksburg—sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

The general sentiment then prevailed, and was very remarkably expressed in many instances—not to be wondered at, too—that those in authority at Washington were alone to blame, and could be held responsible for the delay occasioned on his grand, forward movement, whereby we had been prevented from achieving the victory or triumph contemplated by us in the siege of Fredericksburg—in fact, that the wrong done and failure could not be charged to the inactivity or want of courage on the part of our brave veterans, nor to any negligence, incapacity, or misconduct on the part of their respective, gallant commanders.

OUR LINE ADVANCED AMID TERRIFIC FIRE—SUPPORT TO BATTERY
B, 11TH N. Y. A.—NOCTURNAL TUMULT—FIRES
INCESSANT AND WELL-DIRECTED.

Promptly at dusk our line was next advanced, pursuant to orders received earlier in the afternoon, when the firing from the enemy's guns appeared to come with terrific force, as the shot and shell pursued us down the street almost like showers of hail amid a storm of rain and wind, until we were posted along the garden terraces, hillocks, and mounds upon the premises of Judge CHEW, for the purpose of resisting any attack or sortie that might be attempted by the enemy during the night. Company K was selected and assigned the additional duty or rather honor of being deployed as a support to Battery B, 11th N. Y. Artillery. The firing soon became incessant and was kept up with vigor. The enemy's batteries were specially trained upon the re-

spective river fordings, as also upon the railroad bridge to the south and their right of the city, while occasional shots were exchanged between the heavy ordnance on (our) Falmouth Heights and that upon (their) Marye Heights, all of which, fortunately passed us overhead, showing the range of the guns to be remarkably well-directed. As an instance of this continuous and well-regulated fire between the heights, in proof of the direct range of the guns, we cite the fact of one special shot from a mortar battery on Falmouth Heights, which had the effect of knocking out the right main angle of the *abattis* on Marye Heights, so that a large force was distinctly observed in being hurried forward and promptly put to work on the necessary repairs. Amidst this nocturnal tumult we passed the entire night, lying upon the damp grass, anxiously awaiting dawn.

FIFTH DAY—SIEGE ABANDONED—ARMY FALLING BACK—FIRING
STILL CONTINUED—DANGERS OF DECAPITATION.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1862.—Daybreak was ushered in with a very heavy fog or mist hanging overhead and around us, while off on our front could be distinctly heard the noises emanating from the enemy's works, apprising us that they were up and prepared for any emergency. It was then 9 o'clock, A. M., before the fog was dispelled and clearness of day set in, when the firing was re-opened with renewed vigor on our left, or south of the city, while solid shot was again poured into and upon the city from the hill above us. By 10 o'clock the fighting seemed to have been waged with fury; for many were the casualties in killed and wounded, the latter of whom were then rapidly conveyed to the rear—to places of safety for proper surgical treatment. That the number of casualties was not greater was considered quite miraculous, as the shot and shell fell so thickly around and about us as though thrown broad-cast—insomuch that, at times, a head could not or dared not rise above the shoulders for fear of decapitation. Then the siege seemed

to have been abandoned ; for, the army was falling back—further and still further—and on every side the only sights which greeted the eye gave positive evidences of defeat and disaster, while the sounds which reached the ear were but the moans of the suffering and wounded, as well as expressions of discouragement and sadness, interspersed with the fearful noises through the air from the enemy's flying missiles of destruction, which were not by any means calculated to produce feelings of inspiration within the breasts of our brave soldier-boys.

OUR POST ON JUDGE CHEW'S PREMISES—ANOTHER RECONNOITRE—
AGREEABLE DISCOVERY—HOSPITABLE RECEPTION,
RARE FEAST, AND GIFTS RECEIVED.

Our position then being in and about the premises of Judge CHEW, all day long, some of the boys gained entrance to the mansion or residence of the Judge close by, where they quickly discovered, in addition to their present larder, by way of luxuries, a barrel of fine white sugar and some choice smoked hams underneath the kitchen floor. Here, too, were found, snugly stowed away, but soon brought out from the cellar-ways and pressed into service, the darkey domestics, with beds, stove, etc., in their apartment, who, after enjoining upon us secrecy and the pledge not to admit any more, promised to cook the hams as also provide us with a first-class entertainment during the Judge's involuntary absence from home. That there were only a few of us who enjoyed the comforts and delicacies at the house afforded, was proof sufficient that we kept the pledge and secret enjoined upon us by our colored hosts and hostesses. Besides this act of hospitality, the old colored women provided us with an Old Dominion coffee or tea-pot, having the capacity to hold about one-and-a-half quarts, and a neat, small frying pan, which we thankfully accepted and gratefully appreciated, fully realizing that they would prove of invaluable

able service to our mess in after days or the time to come, as we took our departure and returned to our posts.

COMRADES DRIVEN IN BY VIDETTES—BOYS WHO STICK TO THEIR POSTS!—HISTORICAL, HONORABLE, BUT DANGEROUS POSITION.

Night then ensued when our Regiment, under Colonel FRANKLIN, was advanced to an open field to the west and front of the position we held during the day, in conjunction with the Artillery; while the 86th N. Y. V., under Colonel BAILY, and the 124th N. Y. V., under Colonel ELLIS, were moved off to our left, all being in regimental column and lying down upon the ground. After which a detail of a few companies from the regiments of the Brigade was made for picket duty, and thrown out as an advance line of skirmishers, among whom was Company K of our Regiment. After being out several hours, a proportionate relief, consisting of a similar number of men, was furnished, where we reported to our Regiment, which was about 9 o'clock, P. M. We had hardly arrived at our former posts in line; when, in deploying, Company F, 124th N. Y. V., commanded by Captain BUSH, acting as skirmishers, and which carried the clinking Belgian bayonet scabbards, attracted the attention and received a furious volley from the enemy's videttes, causing the men to come into our main line on the skedaddle, which at first impulse was considered a rebel cavalry dash, and was being met by the preparation on our knees to resist cavalry charge, when to our mutual satisfaction, and fortunately for them, they proved to be our panic-stricken friends and comrades. Major-General WHIPPLE then immediately put in his appearance at Company K position, and ordered the Company out on the front picket-line, from where our New York friends had just been driven, at the same time complimenting us by christening Company K as "his boys, who always stick to their posts!" So they did, right loyally, on this occasion, all night long. It happened that our posts, having been assigned on the extreme right of the line, were

close by the tomb of the mother of our revered WASHINGTON, as well as so near the earthworks of the enemy that, as they spoke, even but slightly above whispers, in their discussions and conversations, their voices were then heard, so serenely quiet was the night during the preparations then making and operations going on for the supply of their ordnance stores—such as the use of the forge and anvil in the cutting off of slugs from railroad iron. All this, in a few hours subsequently, proved to be a fact, as heavy firing was begun about midnight and kept up at intervals, so that we were compelled to lie down and closely hug to mother earth for safety. To add to the discomforts of our dangerous position, rain commenced to fall as we laid down for the night, continuing with more or less severity during the early morning hours.

END OF THE SIEGE—THE ARMY IN RAPID RETREAT, AMID CONTINUOUS DRENCHING RAINS, AND MIRY MASSES OF MUD—
IMPRESSIVE, UNPLEASANT SIGHTS, AND SAD REFLECTIONS, AS THE RESULTS OF THE SIEGE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1862.—We were aroused this morning before dawn, amidst a drenching rain, to find our entire and previously grand, cheerful Army of the Potomac, but now dejected, worsted, and almost exhausted, in full, rapid retreat across the Rappahannock. It was about 4 o'clock A. M., when our line was drawn in greatly to the relief of the boys of Company K, as well as others of the Regiment, who were shivering and almost benumbed from exposure to the weather of the night, as well as their experience from the dangers and discomforts of their situation—one, too, never to be forgotten during life by those who did duty on that picket-line. As we were about falling back the enemy heard us, soon became aware of our intentions and movements as it were; whereupon they opened a rather vigorous fire of shot and shell all around us, the effects of

which could be plainly seen as they plowed and tore up the earth in front and behind us, as well as speeding their onward way through the city. Our lines were then drawn still farther back, until we were screened behind the terraced mounds upon the premises of Judge CHEW, whereupon the enemy immediately advanced and deployed their sharpshooters, whose bullets very audibly whistled the well-known "*zip, zip, couzzinn, couzzinn,*" as they cleft the air above our heads and lodged in the pale fences as well as houses of the street opposite our position. Next, and but a moment intervening, when an officer of General WHIPPLE'S staff appeared, rapidly riding along with orders to "fall back upon the street!" but which no sooner was being obeyed or executed, than it furnished the desirable opportunity for a general cannonading upon the town from Marye Heights, which became so incessant that the air all about us seemed to be almost prolific with shot and shell of every kind and size, as they were sped down the streets and through the houses—insomuch that we were obliged to seek safety and security in crouching down, at intervals, to avoid the storm of iron hail and leaden rain which was being poured down upon, over, and about us.

Then, again, we fell back, farther and still farther back, until we reached the river bank, on our left, amid the chilling winds and the rain still falling. Innumerable were the ambulances and stretcher-bearers, which we perceived, as they were conveying the wounded and dying across the bridge, while we were kept until daybreak covering the retreat, with the rain descending even more heavily. Next came our turn to cross; when, what a sight was presented, as also difficult to be overcome—mud formed and lying in one perfect miry mass, almost waist-deep on either side of the bridge, from the incessant stream of infantry, artillery, cavalry, and wagon-trains—all in confusion and great haste—which were wending their way back to former camps amidst the rain still falling heavily, and reluctantly compelled

to leave the enemy victorious and in possession of the hard-fought battle-fields in and about Fredericksburg.

Thus ended the siege of Fredericksburg, which will and must be recorded by all historians as one of the greatest failures and disasters of modern warfare, as well as campaigns most inglorious and exhibitiv of masterly incompetency ever projected—the result of which will and can only be summed up in these three words—SLAUGHTER, HAVOC, CARNAGE! Many were the missing messmates, and those who never more would share the comforts, associations, sports, etc., had with comrades beneath the folds of their bunks, who had been left behind as victims to the disastrous siege of Fredericksburg! The Regiment soon arrived at the old camp ground, near Falmouth, where the balance of the day kept us occupied in putting up our tents, after which we retired for the night with the hope of obtaining our much needed and desired repose.





CHAPTER XIV.

DRIZZLING RAIN—FIRES FOR COMFORT AND DRYING PURPOSES—
CAMP RE-ARRANGED—BRIGHT, CHEERFUL DAY—
DEATH OF COMRADE JOE WADE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1862.—We awoke before dawn, from our cold, damp bunks on the ground, amidst a drizzling rain, to find the army again occupying former camp grounds; upon which, all around, immense fires had been made, for the purpose of furnishing some little comfort to the boys, as well as for drying the garments which had been drenched with the rain during yesterday. Around these fires, too, were many who were glad to cluster and cling, at the same time recalling, one to another, the daily events of the terrible siege, the merits possessed by some missing, wounded, and slain comrade, as well as to ponder over the impressive lessons learned in and taught by the disastrous conflicts at Fredericksburg.

During the day the men of the Regiment were busily engaged in re-arranging camp, making quarters more comfortable for the time being, and putting things in general order. "Old Sol," too, had put in his appearance at an early hour, shedding forth genial rays which served to cheer the spirits of our fatigued boys, as well as those of the wearied, worsted veterans, and rendered the balance of the day bright and pleasant. However, the cheerful mood visible upon the countenances of Company K boys soon vanished; for, during the afternoon, Sergeant SPRENGER brought the sad announcement that, upon the 15th day of December, while at Fredericksburg, death had again entered their ranks and

claimed, as his victim, their late comrade, JOSEPH WADE, which was sorrowfully received, owing to the fact that he had always been quite a favorite with his comrades generally, on account of the genial disposition and other good traits of character which he possessed.

After the usual supply of rations for our evening meal had been stowed away to the satisfaction of "our inner men," the boys put in the night by writing letters home, descriptive of the sights, scenes, marches, and experiences incident to the great contest at Fredericksburg, as well as a speedy turn-in for rest.

FIXING UP CAMP—NOVELTY IN DRILL AND DRESS-PARADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1862.—The weather this morning was fine and clear. During the forenoon the boys were kept busy in fixing up camp, while the afternoon was devoted to Regimental skirmish drill—a novel feature in that line to us. It consisted of the Regiment advancing in deployed lines, firing successively, and then halting to reload; whilst the next line passed to the front, fired, and halted to reload, and so on—thus continuing to advance by lines and fire, and then, in the same manner, finally fall back by lines, fire, reload, and fire. It was, indeed, a very fine drill, in which the men of the Regiment took unusual interest and appeared to excel. After the drill a short dress-parade was had, during which was observed a marked decrease in number of men, as many were still sick and therefore absent from duty.

During the drill and parade a fresh and new supply of rations had been issued; which, having been received by the respective company cooks, were served in their best culinary styles and awaiting us when the parade dismissed. Our evening meal consisted of bean-soup, hard tack, etc., which was fully enjoyed; when, without other event to record, the boys laid down for a night's sleep within their tented quarters.

UNHEALTHY CHANGE OF WEATHER—VIGOROUS DRILL, ETC., THE
ORDERS OF THE DAY—THE REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1862.—Daybreak was ushered in with a col^d, damp, and raw wind blowing from the east, causing the boys to hug the camp-fires very closely to obtain warmth and comfort. At an early hour an order was received from Division Headquarters to keep the men at drill and the various exercises of the day, as a stimulus to their systems and precaution against any increasing sickness in the Regiment. In pursuance thereof, Colonel FRANKLIN ordered the Regiment to go through battalion drill during the afternoon, besides the regimental skirmish drill of the day preceding. No other event of importance occurred during the morning hours except a close observance of camp duty.

The afternoon passed away with the Regiment entirely engaged at drilling and dress-parade, and being put through manoeuvres similar to those of yesterday, as well as various others. The Regiment was very highly complimented to-day for fine appearance, as well as the remarkable progress displayed in the respective drills and movements, by all the spectators. Company K boys, too, received special praise, it being generally admitted by the other companies of the Regiment, that they bore off the palm for best line at company front, in marching, whilst in the manual of arms they stood pre-eminent to any other at the left end of the Third Corps. Thus the day may be said to have been very profitably put in: for, when the circumstances of our situation were considered—that is, the many discomforts experienced in and created by this exceedingly damp locality—the boys, in general, exhibited more cheerful spirits and healthy countenances, brought about, no doubt, by the recent drills and exercise. It was hoped then, too, that through the observance of rigorous discipline the sanitary condition of the Regiment would soon be more notably improved. After a hearty supper, the boys retired to rest for the night.

NO CHANGE OF WEATHER—PREPARATIONS FOR BRIGADE DRILL, ETC.—“GOLLY-MOLLY, BOYS,” COLONEL BAILEY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.—The weather continued cold, damp, and windy to-day. Since early in the morning a strong detail of men had been made from the Brigade, who were busily occupied in removing the underbrush and large tufts of grass from the plain at the foot of our respective camps, thus making a fine, level, brigade drill-ground, until mid-day, when all was beautiful and clear, and these pioneers were then dismissed to their respective regiments.

For the afternoon brigade drill was the order, with Colonel BAILEY, of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., assigned as Acting Brigadier-General to conduct the same. Colonel BAILEY hailed from Steuben county, N. Y., was about 60 years of age, and saw service in the United States Army during the war with Mexico, and was, therefore, considered to possess some extra qualifications for conducting the drill and movements. But, however, the boys of the Regiment remembered a former occasion when the distinguished Colonel officiated as drill-master, and therefore anticipated a treat of fun and amusement. By his many quaint and old-time commands, most of which he prefaced with a slang, comical expression “*Golly-Molly, Boys*,” much merriment was afforded and heartily enjoyed—on account of which he afterwards received the *sobriquet* of “Old Golly-Molly, Boys, BAILEY.” As before, he clearly showed no more aptitude for manœuvring the Brigade, but proved rather too old for the boys, who, after dismissal, returned to their quarters in the best of humor.

INSPECTION OF ARMS, ETC.—IMPROVEMENTS IN BUNKS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1862.—No change in the condition of the weather this morning. The first duty observed was that of the usual Sunday-morning inspection of arms, accoutrements, etc., as also of knapsacks and respective com-

pany quarters. After the latter part of the order was fulfilled, the company officers in general suggested some marked improvements for the comforts of the boys, attributing much of the sickness to the unhealthy condition of the bunks, which were merely holes or dug-outs in the ground, whereupon an order was promptly issued for the same to be filled up, altered, and raised. After which, in the afternoon, a short brigade drill was held, with dress-parade following. This proved to be another day without an important event occurring, and the boys enjoyed an evening or night of comparatively good rest and quietude.

ORDER FOR BRIGADE DRILL AND REVIEW FROM DIVISION HEAD-
QUARTERS—BATTALION DRILL BY COLONEL FRANKLIN—
REGIMENT AGAIN COMPLIMENTED.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1862.—The weather report, this morning, showed a slight variance from that of the past few days. An order was received at an early hour to "prepare for brigade drill with review," from Division headquarters, which indicated that something of unusual interest, exercise, and for criticism, was on hand for the day. The forenoon was therefore devoted to regular camp duty, and getting in readiness for the grand drill and review.

Promptly at 1 o'clock, P. M., the Regiment was ordered to the parade-ground, whither we marched and where we were thoroughly drilled in the various battalion movements, by Colonel FRANKLIN, until 2:30 P. M., when General STONEMAN and staff arrived. We were then put through brigade drill and review, the Regiment passing a very attentive and creditable examination, receiving special commendation and notice from Major-General STONEMAN and staff, as well as other officers. Company K again did splendidly, thus preserving their proud record already won in marching and other movements. Nothing further of interest to record to-day.

BRIGADE-DRILL AND DRESS-PARADE BY COLONEL FRANKLIN—
DEATH OF ANOTHER REGIMENTAL COMRADE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1862.—It gives us pleasure to record, as the condition of the weather, this morning, cold and clear, which seemed to be more invigorating to the spirits of the men. Orders for brigade drill were again received for the afternoon. The morning hours kept all busy in regular camp service, and at washing clothing, as well as cleaning guns, etc. At 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, the call was again beaten to fall in, when the Regiment was directly formed on color-line by Colonel FRANKLIN, with Company K at its post with left guide out, which together with the other regiments of the Brigade were drilled by the Colonel, who had been temporarily assigned to the command of the Brigade. The drill was thorough, in strict accordance with discipline, and admirably conducted. It was generally observed and remarked, to the credit of our gallant Colonel, that it was the best brigade drill which had yet been held, and that it was well directed, the Colonel exhibiting sufficiently good, strong voice, so as to be clearly heard all along the line of column. The Regiment sustained the loss to-day of another comrade, that of Private JAMES K. LEWIS, of Company E, who died as a victim to that dread camp fever which had prevailed for some time past. After drill a fine dress-parade was held, in which all the companies of the Regiment acquitted themselves so creditably that the men, generally, returned to quarters in cheerful mood, and passed the evening hours very profitably and pleasantly.

INVIGORATING WEATHER—COMPANY SKIRMISH DRILL—PREPARA-
TIONS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE—DISCIPLINE PRESERVED.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1862.—Day-break opened upon us very fine and clear, with the effect of re-enlivening the men, generally, as well as bestirring them for more active service and duty. After the usual routine of the early morn-

ing hours had been carried out, Company K was formed into line and marched to the parade-ground, where the boys were rigidly put through the skirmish drill, conducted by Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER, in which they deployed and rallied by group of fours, besides exercising in and proceeding with various other intricate movements. The Company exhibited excellent proficiency on this occasion, was much admired, and highly commended. As we returned to camp we found that liberal rations of fresh beef and bean-soup had been issued and were awaiting us already prepared, of which we all heartily partook, greatly to the refreshment of "the inner man."

During the afternoon all the Companies of the Regiment were busily engaged in arranging for a general observance, throughout the camps, of Christmas-tide, that ever-joyful and festive season of the year then at hand, in such manner as circumstances and situation would at that time afford, when contrasted with the facilities, luxuries, and dainties usually enjoyed, while at home, in comfortable, heated, well-lighted parlors and halls, where they were wont to entertain each other as guests, as well as

"With gentle deeds, and kindly thoughts,
And loving words withal;
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call."

While these preparations were going on, camp and other important duties were neither overlooked nor postponed, for they were then performed with celerity and strictness. Various details, under the regulations, had been made, and the respective reliefs furnished, at intervals, showing that discipline and precaution also reigned supreme. When evening hours approached, the detail from Company K, for guard duty at Brigade headquarters, returned to company quarters, bringing along a liberal supply of the ardent beverage, for the occasion of commemorating

but,

"The night that erst no name had worn;"

"To it a happy name since given."

So, after indulging their appetites with what their larders contained, and moistening their throats with the enlivening draughts provided, they proceeded—no doubt, inspired by the stanza from Scott's poem :

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year"—

to have a joyful time of it, by making merry and filling all about them with good cheer, as they caused the very air to resound with their jolly camp songs during that ever-to-be-remembered Christmas eve. Appropriately, too, was it celebrated ; for, they remembered the declaration of Holland :

"There was song in the air ; a star in the sky ;
A mother's deep prayer, and a babe's low cry ;
The star rained its fire as the beautiful did sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem cradl'd a King !"

Thus the glorious eve was observed, amid song, rejoicing, etc., until a late hour, when all retired for a short slumber, and in anticipation of having a better and happier time on the morrow.

ALL HAIL CHRISTMAS DAY!—SUMPTUOUS DINNER ON ROAST BEEF
INSTEAD OF TURKEY—COMPLIMENTS FROM OFFICERS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1862.—All hail, Christmas Day ! was the general exclamation heard, as we awoke this morning, notwithstanding dawn appeared rather foggy as well as slightly unpleasant : but, as day grew on, the fog was dispelled by bright, warm, mellow sunshine, which rendered this most glorious and ever-welcome day of the year one of beauty, filling the hearts of the men with good will and fraternal feeling. There being no strictly defined order or line of duty for the day, owing to the great event it commemorated, all gave way to jollity, as also the determination to celebrate this grand festival of the season in a manner due and pertaining to the occasion, circumstances, situation, etc.

Imbued with the inspiration which possessed the poet Wither, when he wrote :

“So now has come our joyful’st feast,
Let every one be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves be drest,
And every post with holly;”

details from the respective companies hurriedly wended their way to and from our Quartermaster’s Department with an ample supply of fresh beef and the other articles of diet there to be had and desired ; when, in short order, all were busily engaged in the preparation of their Christmas dinners, however not to be served in “rooms with ivy leaves, and where posts with holly drest,” but in the humble “dug-out” soldier bunks and army tents throughout those camps.

The boys of Company K generally fared well, but several had the good fortune of obtaining their respective shares combined in one large lump together, and therefore resolved upon having a royal, sumptuous Christmas repast on roast beef, instead of the proverbial Lancaster County turkey they would expect and enjoy were they there at home. So, therefore, knowing full well the qualifications of Acting Orderly-Sergeant SPRENGER, who had learned considerable of, as well as having been an adept in, the culinary art while at home, they immediately invoked his services in their behalf, and to their great delight prevailed. Sergeant SPRENGER then appeared, amply provided with the kitchen utensils, consisting of roasting pan, tea-kettle, plates, etc., so kindly presented to him by those in charge of the culinary department at Judge CHEW’s residence in Fredericksburg, during the siege thereof, as also a few of the other essentials which he had secured, such as fitch, onions, spices, etc., and was soon busily occupied in the preparation of the anticipated grand Christmas roast, approximating the *mode a la Delmonico* as possibly could be ; for the aroma which ascended from their “dug-out” chimney soon had a keen, attracting effect upon the nostrils of the commissioned officers, who arrived quickly upon the scene, exclaiming “oh,

how delicious; how savory the fragrance of your cooking Christmas roast!" Ever mindful of Christmas-tide, with their souls filled with gratitude and generosity, they observed Tusser's advice:

"At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors—the great with the small,"

tendering their hospitality and sharing with them the excellent Christmas dinner provided; which, although but morsels as a taste, however, were highly and gladly appreciated by the officers, who were by no means slow, but ready with praise and commendation of Sergeant SPRENGER'S superior skill in the art *cuisine*. It was pronounced and admitted by all who enjoyed the privilege of being participants, that it was really the grandest treat of all their epicurean experience during army life—especially, that the onion and fitch dressing, properly spiced and seasoned, together with the broken crackers therein, far surpassed anything for richness of flavor ever before tasted or eaten by them.

After partaking very heartily and cheerfully of their several repasts, the boys of Company K seemed to agree in sentiment with Thomas Miller, which was:

"The poor will many a care forget;
The debtor think not of his debts;
But, as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year;"

for, they at once proceeded to indulge, with the greatest merriment, in all manner of camp sports during the afternoon, such as acrobatic feats, etc., to the amusement and entertainment of all spectators. The hours of the evening and night were devoted to singing by the glee club, under the leadership of Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, who had his musical department in superb condition for the occasion, until wearied from the enjoyments of the day, yet filled with the mirth and luxury of their festival, they retired for repose, deeply inspired, appropriately, too, with the thoughts as expressed by Charles Kingsley:

"Who taught mankind on that first Christmas-Day
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live."

Thus ended, very commemorably Christmas-Day, in the camp of the 122d Regiment, P. V., near Falmouth, Va., December 25th, 1862.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM HOME—INVIGORATING BRIGADE DRILL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1862.—Day dawned bright and clear, with temperature moderately warm. The members of the Regiment, in general, appeared to be in excellent spirits, especially Company K boys, notwithstanding their full indulgence in the Christmas festivities afforded yesterday, and while some were already complaining of not feeling so usually well. During the morning hours, we received the order for brigade drill again, and directly after there was some little excitement in the camp, as many of the men were recipients of boxes of dainties, etc., as Christmas gifts from friends at home, while those not so lucky appeared interested and were glad to congratulate the more fortunate recipients.

Promptly, at the hour specified, the Regiment was formed into line for brigade drill, for which, too, all seemed eager and delighted, as it had been having quite an influence upon the *morale* of us soldier-boys, both as regards our physical development and as a sanitary measure—indeed, it had proven of inestimable value, and had therefore been a pleasant duty. We were thoroughly drilled for several hours when all returned to camp fully cheered and feeling benefited by the health-giving exercises, etc., and were soon passing opinion upon the merits of what the respective company cooks had prepared and provided during their absence for the refreshment of "the inner man." Finding the evening meal palatable and acceptable, and somewhat tired, all were soon reposing in the arms of Morpheus, within bunks for the night.

CLEANING UP CAMP THE ORDERS—MORE CHRISTMAS BOXES RECEIVED—CHAGRIN AND MIRTH AT THE OPENING.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.—The weather to-day was again passably fine, as some would express it. We found, as the first order for morning duty, that company streets were to be policed, all rubbish carried to the rear, etc., all of which were speedily and energetically carried out, thus affording ample opportunity for the opening of the Christmas boxes. Many more arrived from home to-day and were received, creating general gladness among all, as they perceived the dainties, such as cakes, preserves, soft, home-made bread, potted turkey, other choice meats, etc., spread in profusion before them, knowing and appreciating full well that a liberal divide was in the order of affairs.

But the opening of the boxes furnished another occasion for merriment, for a short time, as the contents were brought out, apparently mashed together, or rather in one conglomerated mass, much to the chagrin of the owners, as well as affording considerable mirth to the bystanders, as they were exposed to view; for, they had not been any too carefully regarded, or handled, in the hauling of them over those rough, almost impassable, Virginia roads, and especially when the only means of conveyance were the non-elastic army wagons. However, nothing was allowed to go to waste; for every morsel was used up with *gusto*, while the native, apple-butter-besmeared faces, of some of the boys, served the more to remind all of the homes and luxuries left behind in good, old Lancaster County, Pa.—“the land where milk and honey ever continued to flow.” After gormandizing to the heart's content upon the dainties, etc., provided us, all retired to rest for the night at an early hour, and were soon, but only in dreams, at home among kind friends sharing the pleasures of the festive holiday season.

CREDITABLE SUNDAY INSPECTION—SICK LIST INCREASED—DAINTIES,
ETC., FROM THE "PATRIOT DAUGHTERS"—DEATH REPORTS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1862.—Morn dawned brightly and beautifully, and at an early hour the entire camp was all in bustle and activity, for regular Sunday-morning inspection was the order; and, as it was rigidly observed, resulted greatly to the credit of the Regiment in general, as well as the boys of Company K especially. But, soon afterwards, a sort of sadness seemed to prevail, owing to the fact that the report of the sick exhibited the addition of several new recruits to the list, who were then escorted to hospital tent at Surgeon's call by Sergeant HENRY SCHAUM. However, the men refused to take their prescriptions, when they were ordered back to report for duty. As they returned more boxes were received, some of them very timely and favorably, as they contained many dainties for the sick in hospital and camp from the *Patriot Daughters* of our native Lancaster, Pa. Also, there were received several packages of fine liquors, such as brandies, wines, etc., of invaluable benefit and very essential at that time in the hospital department, as numerous were and had been the cases of camp fever, dysentery, etc., from day to day, which required those kinds of medicine. The illness had then prevailed throughout the camps for several days, to such an extent that deaths were reported as daily occurrences—announcements which were only productive of sorrowful reflections, as our comrades were being rapidly removed from amongst us by the rude hand of death—two of which were members of our own Regiment—those of Privates ISAAC H. BRABSON, of Company B, and JONATHAN DAGUE, of Company F, who expired at hospital quarters in Camp Falmouth, while we enjoyed the festivities of Christmas-Day, December 25, 1862. Without any further event worthy of note, another night's repose was sought and hoped for within tent and bunk.

A HEALTHY CHANGE OF WEATHER—SPECIAL REVIEW AND INSPECTION—REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED, ETC.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1862.—We had the pleasure of recording a decidedly healthy change of weather this morning, as we were aroused from our slumbers; for we found it bright and clear above us, as well as the air so cold and bracing, that it caused the boys to build fires and hug them with the closest affection. While the morning meal was in preparation, an order was received to prepare for review and inspection to be held in the afternoon. Accordingly, the men were fully occupied during the hours of the forenoon in cleaning up arms, accoutrements, etc.

At 1 o'clock, P. M., the Regiment was ordered out to the parade-ground, where the entire Brigade also promptly arrived, together with Major-General WHIPPLE and staff. A special view and inspection was observed, General WHIPPLE and staff giving critical and very careful attention to the appearance, discipline, and movements of each brigade, regiment, and company of the Division. The Regiment again received high commendation from General WHIPPLE and staff, on account of marked military bearing exhibited, as also for proficiency in the several movements and manual of arms. The condition of arms, accoutrements, etc., was also considered worthy of praise, whilst Company K. boys won another special encomium from General WHIPPLE for fine marching kept up by them when moving in company front. Owing to the direct and very considerate attention given to this review and inspection, as well as the circumstance or fact that a conference of the Regimental, Brigade, Division, and Staff officers was held immediately afterward, it was surmised by all that there was quite an unusual significance to be attached to it—that some important movement was to be expected for the near future. Dress-parade followed for an hour, when all returned to camp, elated with the credit awarded to them for the manner in which they acquitted themselves, as well

as to satiate their empty stomachs with the best camp-larder could and would provide.

ANOTHER SAD ANNOUNCEMENT—DEATH OF JACOB LUTZ.

While Company K boys were quietly ranged within their bunks and tented quarters, enjoying, or rather engaged in passing the evening hours, they received very sorrowfully, through Sergeant SPRENGER, the sudden and unexpected announcement of the death of another fellow-comrade—that of Private JACOB LUTZ, who expired while afflicted with camp typhoid fever at hospital quarters at 6 o'clock P. M. He was well liked throughout the Regiment, as well as by the members of the Company, and had the reputation of being a good, brave soldier. The next thing in order was the preparation of his body for interment, in as proper and respectful a manner as the time, place, and circumstances would afford. Comrade FRANKLIN GALBRAITH had been assigned to take charge of the corpse, and at the hour when the moon was high up and bright, and all was clear in the heavens, the body had been washed, neatly dressed, and was lying in state in the centre of company streets, with his feet toward the moon and his head elevated to face the same direction, as was said to be the regulation rule. Comrade GALBRAITH next proceeded to construct a coffin out of cracker-box boards which though somewhat rough in appearance was, nevertheless, well and neatly done; and for which he received in return the hearty good-will and thanks of all the men.

RATHER EFFECTIVE ENDING TO A NOISY CAROUSAL AND WAKE.

The next rite of observance was that of the watch over the corpse during the night, which was readily participated in by the comrades in turn, and during which an incident occurred worth relating. When the turn of JACK DONNELLY, our generally wayward comrade, came about, it seemed that he

got possession, by some means, of a canteen of Commissary whiskey, and, after imbibing rather too freely, immediately undertook to have an old-fashioned Irish wake on his own account; when, about midnight, the liquor getting the best of him, he attempted to raise a row around the corpse, but his noisy carousal was quickly settled by a well-directed blow with the fist from Comrade GEORGE WALLER, which rendered it necessary to carry him into his dog-hut to sleep off his stupor.

BURIAL OF COMRADE JACOB LUTZ.—POST OF EXPOSURE ON PICKET—
VISIT FROM GENERAL PIATT AND COLONEL FRANKLIN.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1862.—The weather continued favorable, but cool, as we turned out this morning, prepared to perform our first duty, yet the last and saddest rite to be observed—that of interring the remains of Comrade JACOB LUTZ, he who had shared our hardships, mishaps, and adventures, as well as having endeared himself to all by acts of kindness, friendship, and geniality. That task, however, was left in charge of a few members of the Company, owing to the fact that the Regiment had been ordered “to be in line at an early hour, to go on picket.” An order was also received “to send Commissary Sergeants to Regimental Commissary for respective company rations,” which were then issued as rapidly as possible; when, by 9 o'clock, A. M., the Regiment had been hurried into line, together with the rest of the Brigade, and were quickly on the march, in a roundabout way, about eight miles, toward Rock Run, to locations among the hills, to relieve the First Division of the Third Corps, which had just been on the picket-line for three consecutive days and nights.

The Regiment was next marched along the line towards the northwest and detailed in relief to the posts there located: a reserve station was established some distance in the rear and in a secluded spot, where, just as we were settling down in anticipation of enjoying the comforts of a small bivouac

fire, word was brought that General PIATT and Colonel FRANKLIN were coming along the line, when the fire was immediately extinguished with the reserve standing "at attention!" to receive those officers. After General PIATT came up he halted and ordered the line to be advanced some distance farther forward, and to be posted higher up in a woodland. It was not long time before we were in our new position, though somewhat more exposed to danger than the one just vacated, with strict orders not to have any large fires at reserve stations. However, after General PIATT returned to headquarters, the boys were again busy at work trying to make themselves contented and at home, by constructing cedar-branch huts and building fires for comfort, as well as boiling coffee and preparing a good meal to warm up for the night, which was ushered in with a decidedly cold nor'wester and a slight drift of snow. Close by stood a small house, just outside of our lines, upon which our eyes were constantly kept, as a woman was seen passing over the hill in an off-direction, thereby creating some suspicion among the boys. However, the videttes were regularly relieved during the night, and no reports were made of any importance.

OUTPOSTS ADVANCED—VISITS FROM AN OLD FARMER AND WIFE—
MUTUALLY DESIRABLE AND FAVORABLE TRADES.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1862.—After a cold, uneventful night, we awoke early, to find an order "to prepare breakfast at once, and be ready to take the post of the first relief of our Regiment," then doing duty on the main picket line. This was all arranged and perfected by 8 o'clock, A. M., when the reserve was sent to the rear. Our posts being then located more closely in proximity to the little old log house, we were afforded opportunities of venturing within hailing distance, when we soon attracted the attention of the aged farmer himself—a man, who had already passed through and by the generally allotted time of life's sojourn—

with whom a pleasant chat was also enjoyed to mutual benefit and profit.

The old farmer had no salt with which to season his diet, and having shown, as well as expressed, great anxiety for the same, as we had plenty just then in our haversacks, we were enabled to effect a fair trade with him. He provided us with some excellent corn-cakes, nicely and brownly baked, which proved decided luxuries to us; whilst, on the other hand, he almost cried for joy, so grateful did he appear, when he received in exchange a few handfuls of salt and Commissary coffee. The old lady, too, who had returned, quickly put in her appearance among us with more corn-cakes for another trade: so, we here had found a favorable and good post on the picket-line for the boys, who continued to fare well while on duty at this point. To-day the Regiment was apprised that the rude hand of death had again been laid upon a comrade—upon Private FRANK G. WENGER, of Company C, making still another to be added to the mortuary list of Camp Falmouth.

Thus the day passed without further event to record, save that night quickly came on with its only half moon-light and fleeting snow-clouds, whilst naught was heard but the sighing of the whining, wintry winds, as they raged through the forest trees and their branches, thus driving out the eventful and ever-memorable old year of 1862, and ushering in that of the new, 1863. At intervals, the steady tramp of our trusty, faithful sentinels, were also distinctly heard, showing that the lonely yet required vigils of the night were then strictly kept.



CHAPTER XV.

NEW-YEAR DAY, COLD BUT DELIGHTFUL—EVENTFUL DAY FOR THE
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—REGIMENT ON PICKET AMID
DISCOMFORTS—GENERAL BURNSIDE REVIEWS THE
ARMY—SEVEN FELLOW-COMRADES DIE
WITHIN TWO WEEKS—ALARMING
REDUCTION OF ACTIVE LIST.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1863.—Cold, bleak, and very stormy was the state of the weather from early morn until an hour or so after dawn of day, when the sun suddenly shown forth in radiant beauty, shedding lustre around and about us—in fact, everything upon the earth below, as though congratulatory to this ever-happy day throughout the civilized and Christian world—the birth of the New Year! It was, too, the eventful day, (or rather so to be.) designated by President LINCOLN as the occasion when the General Emancipation Proclamation, issued September 22d, 1862, should go into effect—a day of universal thanksgiving throughout the Northern States, as it guaranteed liberty and freedom to every person within the extensive confines of the United States, white or colored, but a day accursed throughout the South, because it gave to slavery a death-blow throughout the civilized world, particularly wherever the news had found its way, or the enforcement was having its effects within its boundaries.

However, as we were kept at our posts, we spent this beautiful, though bleak and wintry, New-Year Day on the picket-line, some writing letters home under disadvantages, etc., while nearly all were toasting their shins before the fires, in the vain endeavor to keep warm and comfortable. Night

again put in her appearance, cold and clear, with the moon shining forth beautifully, but all silent as the grave, save the regular, steady tread of the men of the Regiment, who, as sentinels, continued their lonely and faithful vigils of the previous night.

GENERAL SYKES COMMAND—DEATH OF A REGIMENTAL COMRADE.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1863.—Day dawned fine and clear this morning, while all the men of the Regiment were busy at preparing an early breakfast, which was soon ready and freely partaken of—coffee, hard tack, and salt pork constituting the *menu*, after which all proceeded to pack up and be ready for the relief to arrive. However, it was almost mid-day before the relief did appear, which consisted of a Brigade, with General SYKES' Regulars attached, when we were at once moved off toward camp. During the march to camp, the weather became quite warm, insomuch as to cause the men to perspire very freely under the burden of their overcoats and knapsacks. We arrived at camp about dusk, when we made and partook of supper; after which we were advised of the death, at hospital headquarters to-day, of Private LEVI M. GROFF, of Company E, another Regimental comrade to fall as a victim to the dread fever which prevailed at Camp Falmouth. With this sad announcement, all turned in early for whatever repose they could obtain.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE ENEMY—TWO MORE COMRADES DIE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.—The weather this morning was clear again and warm. First Sergeants were ordered to make out their respective company muster and pay-rolls, while the day was generally spent in washing clothing, as well as watching and searching for that old, irrepressible enemy of the soldier; the proverbial gray-backs, which had taken advantage of a stealthy march and attack upon us while engaged at picket duty. Our prompt attention, careful and diligent scrutiny, as well as vigorous energy and ac-

tivity in the good cause, were soon rewarded, however, with victory; for we, too, caught them unawares and dispatched them on the spot. During the day advices reached the Regiment of the death of two other comrades, who had to succumb to the results of that dread camp disease, the typhoid fever, which had been contracted during our Camp near Falmouth. The comrades here referred to, were: Corporal EDWARD HAVERSTICK, of Company H, and Private WILLIAM A. KEFFER, of Company I, both of whom expired in hospital, at Washington, D. C., January 1st, 1863. After this day's duties and the stowing away of the usual evening meal, all were soon at rest and asleep, from the fatigues and sadness which the past two days had brought in their train.

MORNING INSPECTION—ORDERS AT DRESS-PARADE.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1863.—No change in the weather to record to-day. The usual and regular Sunday-morning inspection of the companies was rigidly gone through with, as also the general cleaning up of company streets throughout the camp, airing blankets, clothing, etc. As the day was fine and warm, Regimental divine service was held in the afternoon, after which came dress-parade, and the reading of several orders by Adjutant HEITSHU. One of them was from General BURNSIDE's headquarters, ordering a grand review for the morrow, when expectation and surmise, as to some important move of the army having been in contemplation, seemed to be the prevailing thoughts of all, as they retired at an early hour to sleep, without anything further of importance to record for the day.

GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY BY GENERAL BURNSIDE AND OTHERS
—DEATH OF COMRADE PHARES PENCE.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1863.—Day-break again appeared exceptionally fine, with everything in bustle and general activity about camp, for preparations were then in progress for the grand review ordered yesterday by General BURN-

SIDE. The company cooks succeeded in getting an early breakfast, which was speedily devoured—finding all in readiness for the signal or order to form line or column. At 8 o'clock sharp, the drum corps beat the assembly, when all the companies were promptly on Regimental line, with officers on their saddles, riding from point to point, hastening the formation of the entire army for the grand review.

The main army was soon in motion, with which we fell in, all *en route* toward an open plain, south of camp, and in full view over the fully open country fronting and around Fredericksburg; wherefrom, as we were manœuvred, could be plainly seen the rebels, across the river, moving about, as well as their guns glistening in the sunlight. However, we quickly came to a halt, when markers were thrown out, and at a given signal, our Division moved out upon the line; so division after division moved out to their respective places in line, making a fine display. There were about 50,000 men in line, when, again upon signal, the bands of music struck up in unison, "Hail to the Chief!" as General BURNSIDE and staff, accompanied by the respective commanders of corps and divisions passed along in front of the line, presenting an imposing appearance; after which, they passed to our rear, and galloped again to the position whence they had started: but soon again was heard the bugle-call, when the command was given, "By division of companies, right into line, halt!" which, being executed, the call was repeated, followed by the command all along the line: "Forward, guide left, march!" when off we moved and passed in review before General BURNSIDE and the other commanding officers of the Army of the Potomac. The review consisted chiefly of marching movements, which were all that could be desired, and were executed in a manner that seemed to please and receive the commendation of all interested.

After which the call was again sounded, when the command "to disperse to our respective camps," was given, and executed with quite a willingness. Having quickly arrived at

camp, we found our cooks busily preparing for us an abundant supper of bean soup and pork, which was eaten with keen relish, as we were a hungry set at that time.

As the boys were getting ready to turn into bunks Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Company K, brought the report of the death of Comrade PHARES PENCE, who had just expired at Regimental hospital, from camp or typhoid fever, which proved very sorrowful tidings to his fellow-comrades, owing to the fact that he had endeared himself to all by his generous, open-hearted traits of character, and had been one of the liveliest boys about camp, or in the service—in short, he was always on hand. In sadness and reflection, therefore, all retired for the night.

BURIAL OF THE YOUTHFUL COMRADE, PHARES PENCE—HEAVY
RAIN DRIVES ALL TO QUARTERS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1863—This morning opened raw and blustry, rendering a rather gloomy aspect to the condition of affairs, without the fact that, upon awaking and arising from our hard couches furnished by the surface of Mother Earth, the reflections of the night, before retiring, occasioned by the already noted occurrence and announcement of the death of a fellow-comrade, though sad and sorrowful, still clung with almost pertinacity to the minds or thoughts of many—most especially, to those of the boys of Company K, of which he had been one, in every particularity. Therefore, it is needless to state, we may say, that our first duty of the day was almost considerate, sad, and unpleasant one—that of the preparation of the corpse of our deceased comrade, for burial, as well as the interment of the same.

As worthy of record, we note, that PHARES PENCE was cut down by that dread destroyer of human life in the military service, *camp fever*, while in the full bloom of youth, as he was but 16 years of age, and had been, previous to the attack of the direful malady which seemed for a time to prevail throughout our camps, one of the stoutest, most

hardy, and robust of boys to be found within the ranks of Company K—boys, they are termed, because there were but four members of that Company who were not, and they ranked but little over the number of 24 in years of age. Again, the efficient and valuable services of another, but willing and ever-ready comrade, FRANK GALBRAITH, (who had already received and won the cognomen of "Company K's undertaker,") were brought into requisition. He did his work well, as heretofore, though under adverse circumstances; for, out of cracker-box slats was constructed the rude coffin for the enclosure of the remains, which, in the place of a shroud, were neatly and tenderly wrapped up in the soldier's garb—the folds of his own army blanket. His corpse then ready for interment, his comrades, one and all, were permitted the opportunity of a parting look at the then inanimate form of him, who previously known and respected as PHARES PENCE, had been a fellow-soldier, sharing alike with all the vicissitudes of army life; which anewed the thought and reflection in each and every one: how sad and what a pity, to put beneath the sword the form of so youthful a comrade, so suddenly and rudely removed from their midst by a messenger of death; when, perhaps, a bright and more promising future might have been his lot, had it been cast elsewhere. But it was a duty, nevertheless, and as such his remains were returned to the earth from whence they came, with the due observance of those last tributes of respect, *in memoriam*, according to military tactics and rites—that of the farewell shot over a fellow-soldier's grave and the silent, yet expressive, prayer: "Rest in Peace!"

It was then almost noon, when rain began to fall, so heavily and so rapidly, that all were forced to return to quarters, wherein the balance of the day was devoted, (among his fellow-comrades,) to topics of conversation which dwelt principally, in monotonous, upon the numerous good traits of character our late, deceased comrade possessed, the reference to which occasioned many an eye to dim and

many a cheek to trinkle with the irrepressible tear of compassion and silent affection that fell, spontaneously as it were, for the moment. With no other event to record, thus ended the duties of this day.

COMPANY AND BATTALION DRILLS—HARD-TACK INCIDENT—DEATH OF CORPORAL ANDREW MCFARLAN, COMPANY E.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1863.—Morn was ushered in cold and very windy, causing the men, generally, to hunt up wood, build, and keep up camp-fires, for warmth and comfort. The special duties announced for the day, were: "company drills in the forenoon, and battalion drill in the afternoon." About 9 o'clock, A. M., all the companies of the Regiment were then thoroughly and rigidly drilled in the usual and general tactics, which served to act as a healthful stimulus, as well as no mean appetizer for the proverbial dinner—"sow-belly and hard tack," as Private SAMUEL LUTZ then so aptly called it; the latter delicacy, however, he declared, most emphatically, must have been left over from the war with Mexico, because they were so tough and hard, that in test of his assertion he placed two of the biscuits under his heels to demonstrate and prove their durability, succeeding so well in his efforts that his heels left no impress whatever upon the face of the biscuits, and they had to undergo a thorough soaking before they could be eaten.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Regiment was ordered out for battalion drill, thus affording a very proper and judicious exercise—really, a highly sanitary measure of duty; for, there were still a great number of sick in the Regiment, and there had been heard, almost daily, the low, dull thuds of the muffled drums, throughout the camps, *in requiem*, as one after another, the comrades from some portion of the army, then deceased, were conveyed for burial to the hastily prepared graves along the base of the hill near our camp at Falmouth. Yet this was not all that furnished food for reflection amongst the men of the Regiment; for, advices

from Washington, D. C., had been received at Regimental headquarters, announcing the demise of another fellow-comrade, Corporal ANDREW MCFARLAN, of Company E, in that city, on the 5th inst. But, with full knowledge that such was one of the inevitable results of the soldier's life, it was accepted in its full reality; and, after the usual observance of the essential duties of the evening, all retired for repose and slumber.

ALARMING REDUCTION OF ACTIVE LIST—DEATH OF SERGEANT
JAMES HOPKINS—DRILLING FOR HEALTH.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1863.—All hail, this beautiful day—the anniversary-day of the Battle of New Orleans!—was the ejaculation heard this morning as we were aroused; for, it was ushered in by bright, beautiful sunshine, although accompanied by cool, yet bracing winds. We found our first duty this morning, to be the report of the sick list, and it proved an unpleasant one; for, the list of Company K comprised sixteen sick men, which together with the detailed men, and those absent and ill at convalescent camp from all the companies, had reduced the active list of the Regiment to an alarming extent. It had been freely and fully discussed, *pro* and *con*, that Camp Falmouth was far from being a healthy location, until the fact was generally admitted or acknowledged, but all to no avail; for, as soldiers, we had to submit to the condition or state of affairs, as we were sworn to obey and suffer, and our only alternative was “to live in hope, even if we died in despair.”

Another sad announcement was received at Regimental headquarters to-day, that of the death at Washington, D. C., of Sergeant JAMES HOPKINS, of Company F, which occurred but yesterday, thus depriving the Regiment of the services of another genial fellow-comrade.

Company and battalion drills were again the orders of the day, and every available man was forced into ranks to participate in the health-imparting exercise—for such it proved to

be—a rather decided and fortunate boon for the soldier in an unhealthy portion of country like the disagreeable location of this camp. After which, good, hot coffee was furnished as delicious draughts to revive our otherwise disheartened spirits, of which all partook freely, and retired for the night.

THOROUGH SKIRMISH DRILL, ETC.—DETAILS FOR WOOD-CUTTING—
DRESS-PARADE.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1863.—Day again dawned beautiful and clear, with cold, strong, bracing winds prevailing—just such a day that inspired every one to action. Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER, of Company K, then suggested exercise in the skirmish drill—the proposition was not more quickly made than it was accepted by the boys, with cheer and hurrah! So, immediately after guard-mount was over, which was the first duty of the morning, Company K was promptly in line, marched to the parade-ground, and drawn up there in line; whereupon, after imperative orders by the Lieutenant, as to strict attention to the word of command, etc., the men were at once deployed as skirmishers, and by the tap of the drum in the hands of Lieutenant SPRINGER, they were advanced step by step; then, by a succession of rapid taps, rallied by fours; again, advanced for practice and exercise in the various parrying or guard movements, springing back and forth at the given signal; then again rallying by fours and changing front, etc., as well as going through all the various and intricate manoeuvres of the Zouave drill greatly to the interest of the other companies of the Regiment, which did not have the advantage and privilege of tuition in that favorite, practical, and beautiful drill, prior to their entering the service. It was also commended by the officers of the Regiment, but proved, especially, more satisfactory to those of Company K and the men themselves, who felt and took just pride in their acquired skill in the use of the musket; and, therefore, never grew tired of practice on all occasions afforded.

After a thorough drill of two and a half hours they were marched back to camp and company street; where, by way of *finale*, they executed the manual of arms to the tap of the drum, and that, too, as accurately and satisfactorily as could be desired by any West Point officer from word of command. The short roll of the drum served as the signal for dismissal, as dinner was ready, which consisted of fresh beef and bean soup, and was readily partaken of, with a keen appetite and decided relish, after the vigorous drill, exercise, and manœuvres in which they were engaged during the entire forenoon.

After dinner a detail was made to go for wood for the cooks of the Regiment, when about sixteen of the boys with axes and hatchets, fell quickly into line and marched off to the north and rear of the camp, where were found many others of our own as well as other regiments, who had preceded us and were already busy at felling trees and lugging of wood. After diligent work for two-hours time there had been enough cut and piled to return to camp, when each man took up a load, returned to camp, and made a second trip for the same purpose, whereby he cleaned up his pile, when the supply provided was found sufficiently ample for one week. At 4:30 P. M., the call, "to fall in for dress-parade," was beat, when all were promptly on time and out on parade-ground with our left general guide, SAMMY STAPE, (surnamed by the boys "*Little Virtue*,") out on the line. Dress-parade was soon over, however, when supper was next in order and readily disposed of; after which all turned into bunks with the satisfaction of having put in another well-spent day.

HEAVY RAIN CONFINES ALL WITHIN TENTS—THE SHIFTLESSNESS OF SOME, AND THE PASTIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.—We awoke this morning to find it raining, which began at an early hour, and caused us to cling to our bunks quite closely, as it continued to fall

rather heavily ; but many, we observed, were compelled to weather it, as they had to dig trenches around their rude huts or stop up leaks, which latter little matters of precaution or necessary attention never disturbed them until it once rained, as was the case or circumstance with the shiftlessness of the "Arkansaw Traveler." Truly, this was one of those days when there could be observed very readily, how the carelessness of a soldier cropped out ; for, as we looked out from our rude "dug-outs," and cast our eyes hither and thither, upon the scene, we saw those, who when at leisure, were usually shiftless and had, of course, not properly provided for their comfort in such predicaments, sitting under their shelter tents in the wet and mud, and shivering from the cold and dampness surrounding them. It creates indeed, a study upon the shiftlessness of certain humanity ; for, while we all pitied them indeed, we could not better their present condition and had to admit that it was but the reward of their thoughtlessness as well as one cause for most of the sickness.

While the rain kept up we were penned in all day, which afforded many, who were enjoying comfortable quarters, the privileges of reading, letter-writing, and that other favorite pastime of the soldier on such dull days—the little game of cards, which proved to be an important feature to-day. However, we flattered ourselves that it was not our turn to be out on picket duty in this disagreeable weather, and therefore envied not those who had been detailed for and were doing that duty. However, to put in the time, we worried the cooks, whose duties were always arduous on such days ; and, therefore, it was not to be wondered at, that they were in a somewhat surly mood ; but, having an ample supply of wood on hand, they were soon again exhibiting comparatively good spirits, which were often heightened and enlivened by the addition of alcoholic ones when chances afforded. As there was no duty for us, nor dress-parade to-day, we partook very heartily of the suppers provided, and

afterwards retired to rest for the night, as comfortably as possible under the circumstances.

SUNDAY-MORNING INSPECTION—DIVINE SERVICE.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1863.—A more agreeable state of the weather greeted us this morning as we were aroused, and one, too, that was decidedly more healthy; for, a heavy frost had fallen around us. So, gladly and eagerly, we gathered around the freshly lit camp-fires in company street for the purpose of drying our clothing, yet damp from yesterday's rainy spell, as well as to dispel the chills thereby occasioned. However, as day advanced, it became milder, warmer and clearer, for "Old Sol" had crept out to cheer up, whereupon all hailed his appearance with joy. It was then 10 A. M., when the respective companies were ordered out for the usual Sunday-morning inspection, which, on this occasion, included the condition of the knapsacks, as well as the men, for general marching trim, and proved satisfactory.

There being no extra duty to-day, we were afforded a stroll about camp this afternoon, which was enjoyed and appreciated; for, as we arrived at the right post of Regimental camp we were entertained with the reading of a chapter from the New Testament, as well as an exhortation thereupon, by Chaplain KIRKE, for a time—at least, until several members from the left end had, apparently, exhibited some feeling as to the proper moral effects occasioned thereby, when all returned to quarters in time for dress-parade, which was of short duration. To supper upon the rarest and best that our larder afforded, and to rest for the night, ended the events of the day.

ANOTHER COMRADE DEAD—GENERAL POLICING OF CAMP, ETC.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1863.—This morning opened finely, the weather being clear and warm, drying up the mud and dampness, and adding much to our general comfort. After attending sick-call, guard-mount, etc., the res-

idue of all companies of the Regiment, fit for duty, were ordered out for the purpose of cleaning and policing of camp. Again the Regiment received information of sorrowful nature—that of the entry of death among its ranks removing therefrom Private JOSEPH T. WINDLE, of Company E, who expired at Washington, D. C., January 9th, in convalescent hospital.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more, on life's parade, shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, or screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of the grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marbled minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how he fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

The carrying of all dirt and rubbish to the rear, as well as the general clearing of company streets and camp, was next in full progress—in other words, “putting their houses in

order," for unforeseen events. Next, in order, was the parade-ground, a long, level plain, facing or fronting along the Brigade headquarters, which, too, was to be policed; therefore, the entire force of the three regiments composing our Brigade was actively at work, cutting away the underbrush and conveying the same to out-of-way places, so that the ground would afford greater facilities and prove more adaptable for special wheeling and other intricate manoeuvres at remote ends, as well as through and over the plain in general. Thus we were engaged until night-fall, when, indeed, our general camp, with its surroundings, then presented a most inviting and highly improved appearance—insomuch, that it was no less a source of gratification to those who had the duty of thus arranging the same, as it had been one which received the highest commendation of the superior officers throughout our Division, and its chief merit was derived from the fact, that it would, in a high degree, add to and promote a more satisfactory condition of health throughout the camp.

FAVORABLE WEATHER—NO SPECIAL DUTY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1863.—The weather continued fine, and afforded favorable opportunity for company drills, which were the orders for the morning hours, and in which all engaged with zeal and delight, for an hour or two. During the balance of the forenoon all were at leisure, when the usual pleasures, pastimes, etc., to be had at such times were freely indulged. For the afternoon, there being no extra or special duty, passes were obtained, which, of course, the boys highly appreciated and used for the purpose of visits to friends and relatives in neighboring camps, as well as inspection thereof, with a view to mutual profit, advantage and improvement thereby, and thus ended the day without any other interesting event to record.

IMPROVEMENTS OF BUNKS—PREPARATIONS FOR PAYMASTER—IMPOSING STRUCTURE BLOWN IN BY THE WIND.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14. 1863.—The weather was still fine to-day. The hours of leisure, which the boys were so fortunate to have had the privilege of enjoying, within the past day or two, had been used to good purpose; for their bunks had been overhauled and vastly improved, both as regards health and comfort—by the addition of logs, in such manner as to give more height to the quarters, afford freer ventilation, and elevate the bunks of the men—thus making the quarters more cosy and neat in appearance. Our appreciation, admiration and reflections upon the well-done service rendered during these leisure hours, however, were suddenly cut short; for the rumor became current that the paymaster was coming; therefore, the making out of the necessary pay-rolls became the order the day—a matter in which all were to some degree, more or less interested. So, repairing to Company K headquarters for the purpose, we happened to find other work going on—that of the erection of a novel, imposing sort of a structure for the special convenience and comfort of company officers, designed and then being executed by Captain DUNCAN and Lieutenant DORWART, which greatly incommoded us, affording scarcely elbow-room in the proper preparation of the rolls. However, by night-fall, we were enabled to complete them, when we returned to our own quarters with the satisfaction and gladness that our task was done.

In connection therewith an incident, or rather accident, occurred during the night, worth relating, to the surprise of our Captain and 2d Lieutenant, who had been busily engaged at improving their quarters. As above specified, a novel and imposing structure was designed and erected, which consisted of layers of stout logs, one upon another, arranged in an oblong-square shape, and built about four feet high above the ground. To the top thereof were at-

tached the respective shelter-tents of those officers, buttoned together, all of which progressed favorably and presented an attractive and inviting appearance. The finishing of the structure was next in order—that of a board front with doorway; lumber generally adapted for such purposes was out of the question and not to be had, so the only material at hand for use was that of cracker-box boards which had been accumulated for the purpose, and in a short time the domicile was completed, with the rudely-made door fastened on by leather-hinges, and a strap-bolt serving for the latch. However, the structure proved rather frail; for, just after taps, and as they became comfortably ensconced therein, a rude blast of wind struck the front, causing it to fall in upon them, greatly to their chagrin and disappointment as well as discomfort and inconvenience, which soon created a commotion thereabouts, ending in discussion and some criticism upon the skill and mechanism of the builders that reflected but little credit. Those who had built more substantially, with the view of combining health with comfort, rather than ease with display, could not help but sympathize with the Captain and Lieutenant in their nocturnal dilemma of reconstructing the ruins, as they drew themselves within their own neat and cosy quarters for a night of real rest and tranquility.





CHAPTER XVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DISASTROUS MUD-CAMPAIGN!—DETAILS FOR
BRIGADE COMMISSARY GUARD—PLEDGE GIVEN—MORE VICTIMS
TO CAMP FEVER—BRIGADE INSPECTION AND REVIEW—
MARKED DISTINCTION FOR COMMENDABLE APPEAR-
ANCE AWARDED TO COMPANY K, BY GENERAL
WHIPPLE—IMPORTANT RUMORS CURRENT—
RESULTS OF THE GREAT MUD-MARCH.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1883.—Day did not appear so auspiciously as yesterday, for the sky was overcast with fleeting clouds, and raw, chilling winds prevailed. The first duties of the morning hours were details for Brigade Commissary Guard, when Company K furnished four men, with Sergeant KILLIAN; who, in accordance therewith, for the privilege, made promise of procuring a very essential and desirable article in camp at that time—that of a canteen of Commissary Bourbon—and presenting the same as a gift to the men; but, as this could only be obtained at Brigade Commissary headquarters tent, and then only by clear strategy, we concluded to await future developments before exhibiting signs of pleasure or rejoicing; however, as the boys of Company K had never been known to make miscalculations in their undertakings or appraisals, we relied rather strongly on their promise and wished them success. The next duties were those of guard-mount and attention to sick-calls, which took up the early hours of the forenoon; whereupon, too, it was learned that the Regiment had again sustained the loss of two members by death—those of Corporal HENRY MEESER and Private DANIEL G. BOOK, of Company D, two fellow-comrades who had to fall as other victims to the fearful camp fever which raged at Camp Fal-

mouth. They expired yesterday at Regimental Hospital in camp.

Just as these duties were over, Sergeant-Major W. H. H. BUCKIUS put in an appearance at company headquarters, respectively, with orders "to clean up arms and accoutrements for Brigade inspection during the afternoon;" whereupon, at once, all became bustle and activity in camp. Cleaning up, surely, was the order of things in general; so, therefore, the cooks were early at their fires preparing the early dinner, for they, too, had to turn out, as none but the really sick were excused.

At 2 o'clock P. M., all was clear, and the Brigade was in line, with Major-General WHIPPLE and staff upon the parade-ground; where, upon signal, regiment by regiment formed into open order, while the General and his staff rode leisurely along the front, as well as the rear, to the right of the line. Next were received the commands—"close order, march!" and "form columns, by company!" which were obeyed and executed, when the inspection of arms, etc., proceeded with credit to all and special satisfaction to General WHIPPLE, as also the other officers in command. Inspection over, we were marched off in columns by company to pass in review, wherein Company K, although the extreme left of the Regiment, presented a splendid and commendable appearance—the lines in rank being as straight or direct as a rule—attracting not only the attention of the inspecting and reviewing officers, but also receiving from Major-General WHIPPLE his special marked recognition in gratifying smile as well as by the raising of his chapeau, and at the same time turning to Colonel FRANKLIN with words of praise in regard to our appearance, demeanor, and discipline;* for.

* It had been noted and remarked, that General WHIPPLE had held the boys of Company K in high esteem ever since the better acquaintance formed through means of close observance of their demeanor in the city of Fredericksburg, just a month previous, and therefore it was a matter of great distinction to be thus specially complimented by the commanding officer of a division—an unusual and very rare mark of respect and recognition, in which any company could or would indulge extraordinary pride and gratification.

immediately after dismissal from review, we were again highly complimented by both Regimental as also Company officers.

A hastily prepared supper was then provided and heartily partaken of, after which a drizzling rain immediately began and continued to fall more heavily during the night; however, as we had then provided against inundation, we rolled into our blankets, caring little how long or hard it rained, when we were about to enjoy the comforts of a dry berth and a good night's rest, meditatively with the poet's prayer:

"Let angels guard us while we sleep—
At dawn of day their time is up—
Mortals now have their watch to keep."

RUMORS OF A MARCH—A PROMISE KEPT.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1863.—We awoke this morning to find our bunks surrounded by mud, mire, and water, with the weather, though not so inclement, yet unfavorable. Great fires were then in general order, to which all closely clung, while rumors of an important march were current in and about camp—not a pleasing and welcome state of circumstances by any means, when the condition of the roads for a great march was taken into consideration. But, to obey orders, was the first duty of the soldier, always; however, we were soon gratified to find that, owing to the weather, roads, etc., we were permitted to remain idle all day long, with no duties to perform worthy of record. Before closing up our notes for the day, acknowledgment is due to the fact that Sergeant KILLIAN, true to his promise, succeeded in procuring the canteen of Commissary Bourbon, which was forwarded and received, as well as generously and beneficially divided among those to whom it proved an article in time of need. Without anything else of event all retired for the night.

MARCHING ORDERS COUNTERMANDED, ETC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.—Day opened somewhat

brighter than for the past day or two, though the weather was still unsettled. At an early hour orders were received from the Colonel: "To have three-days rations packed in haversacks; all the sick, unable to march ten miles, to be sent to the hospital in charge of the surgeons; sixty rounds of ammunition to be immediately furnished: tents to be struck; to pack up, and be ready to move at a moment's notice"—in fact, everything indicative of a sudden, rough, and important march. However, we laid about in readiness, awaiting the order to move, until 5 o'clock, P. M., when we were advised that marching orders had been countermanded for twenty-four hours, with instructions to return into quarters.

After reconstructing bunks, quarters, etc., and partaking of a good supper on beef, coffee, and hard-tack, all once more turned in for a night's repose, amidst unfavorable circumstances and in an unpleasant predicament.

THE USUAL SUNDAY-MORNING INSPECTION.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1863.—We were aroused this morning, to find the same condition of circumstances and uncertainty of things, as when we laid down on the previous night, except that we were under marching orders. Our regular Sunday-morning inspection, however, was observed as usual, while the remainder of the day was devoted to reading, letter-writing, etc., until dress-parade for the evening; after which, orders "to march," were again delayed "for twenty-four hours, but to keep in readiness for a move." No other event to record, and thus all retired for the night.

REGIMENT STILL UNDER MARCHING ORDERS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1863.—The weather this morning continued unsettled, and our marching orders were still further delayed. In order to put in the time, as well as for exercise, the respective companies of the Regiment were out drilling for the day, which closed with no event to record, and leaving us yet under marching orders.

GENERAL PIATT ANNOUNCES A DEATH-BLOW TO REBELLION.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1863.—This day opened fine, and promised a change for better weather. Orders were issued to form Regiment at 12 M., on parade-ground, whereupon at once all was surmise and anticipation as to the importance of this order. Promptly at the hour named the different regiments were in line, when General PIATT and staff appeared upon the scene, forming the Brigade, etc., *en masse*, and addressing them as to the great importance of the contemplated movement, indicating that the purpose of the same was to be the death-blow to the rebellion, and entreating the different organizations to make a determined stand with a view to that end, whose remarks were greeted with cheer upon cheer that made the welkin ring. Orders were then issued and received, "to be in readiness to fall in again at a moment's notice." About 4 P. M. rain commenced to fall, which increased in severity until taps, and continued to pour down during the night.

MUD-MARCH BEGINS—TEAMS STUCK IN THE MIRE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1863.—The heavy rain of the previous night continued all morning. Orders had been issued "to fall in at 12 M. in full marching trim," which were complied with at the hour named, when the Regiment immediately marched off in the direction of the proposed seat of engagement, with the roads full of water and the mud knee-deep—almost impassable. The teams, also, could barely pull through; although the ammunition wagons were drawn by eight horses, or mules, yet progress was, indeed, very slow. As we drudged along the roads became worse and worse; the wagons and artillery very soon sticking fast—in short, all manner of teams had at last become stuck in the mud and mire: and, as a consequence, we only made about three miles, whereupon the Regiment was turned off from the road into a pine woods, wherein we camped for the

night, nearly dead with the fatigue occasioned by being under heavy marching trim, and carrying extra rations, together with 60 to 80 rounds of ammunition, through such a mass of mud and bad state of weather. However, I spread my gum blanket in a furrow in the cornfield close to the pine woods already occupied, and then nestled my tired body therein, in wrappings, to secure a night of rest under the circumstances, if possible, and was soon sound asleep, lost to all cares and troubles, while it rained and snowed all night long.

MISERABLE SITUATIONS AND DISHEARTENING SPECTACLE—THE N.
J. LANCERS—GROSS INSULTS FROM THE REBELS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1863.—The Regiment was awakened this morning under a heavy fog, so dense that you could not see an object 20 feet away from you, while a drizzling rain was yet falling, making all about us miserably uncomfortable, with the fog very slowly dispelling. To convey some idea of our disagreeable, uncomfortable, and miserable situation, I will here relate my experience, which was but one of the many other sad plights occasioned by this projected movement. I had anticipated to have a feeling of being, in a manner, regaled or refreshed when daylight came; but, having selected sloping ground for my bunk, the snow water had found its way upon the top of my gum blanket and within my wraps, so that I had become soaking wet, and so chilled through the system and along the back of the body as to cause so great a shivering that my teeth chattered together until fears were entertained of losing them. However, ever ready for emergencies, we soon had fires built; whereupon, hugging them closely, all those who were in like unpleasant plights were in a short time dried out, and their conditions rendered more comfortable and agreeable.

As the fog dispelled, and it became clearer, we saw other troops pouring in from all directions, the mud running in a stream as it were, with the pontoon-boat teams, as well as



THE DISASTROUS MUD-MARCH BY MAJOR GENERAL BURNSIDE.

the artillery and army wagons, sticking fast all around us, while stragglers were coming in from all sides—presenting a sight, though awful and uninviting, yet impressive—one beyond a perfect description on our part. Indeed, there was certainly no longer any semblance of organization, for everything movable seemed to move according to its own volition or desire. As the day waned on, orderlies and couriers were plodding their way along to and from the front; attempts were next made, by double-teaming, to pull the light artillery and pontoon-boat teams through the miry mass of mud which had then accumulated, but all in vain and without success.

Next, we had a more sickening and disheartening spectacle before us—that of the light artillery and pontoon-boat teams being dragged along through the straggling, struggling Army of the Potomac, which required the hitching of as many as eighteen horses to a single gun or wagon to force it through the muddy streams, while rain and sleet set in and continued for the rest of the day. So discouraged were the beweighted, straggling infantry, that, as RUSH's Lancers, from New Jersey, rode along on their gayly caparisoned steeds with pomposity—their long spears glistening and adorned with the red tri-cornered flannel pennants—they were greeted with incessant and universal slurs, such as: "Did you ever see a Johnny?" "Were you ever near enough to be shot at?" and "gobble, gobble, gobble!" "What are you doing with that red rag on that stick?" besides many others, which so incensed the Lancers that they swore, cursed, and almost frothed at the mouth with rage.

Next, we received from a passing courier the information that the advance of the army was ignominiously stuck in the mud and mire on the banks of the Rappahannock, almost within pistol and rifle-range of the enemy on the opposite side, who were continually shouting to our men, "Come along" or "shall we come over and help you pull through?" As we were then pushed toward the river fording, we be-

held large placards posted by the "Johnnies" on the other side, bearing such insults as "Burnside stuck in the mud!" "Why did you pick out such fine weather to come and see us?" etc., etc.; whereupon many were the remarks of censure and condemnation against General BURNSIDE from the older soldiers or veterans as they passed along, besides the shouts of many more, "Give us back our old commander"—our "LITTLE MAC!"

Thus, our situation remained until night arrived, which found us still floundering, as it were, in the mire, with numerous additions to the sick-rolls, caused by those days of misery and exposure, when we again laid down for the night, in the mud, to make the best of our unpleasant surroundings and to seek relief in the hope that to morrow would bring a change for the better.

AGAIN AT CAMP FALMOUTH—DEATH OF TWO MORE COMRADES.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1863.—The Regiment arose this morning to find the weather still cloudy and disagreeable. General BURNSIDE seemed to have had enough of his experiment, for a change of base was next ordered, having been forced upon him by the state of the elements; so, accordingly, all faces were turned, and that tide of humanity was again on the return towards former camps to await new and further developments. Sadness, demoralization and disappointment was depicted on every countenance, while such a sight—one for contemplation! Everything movable and immovable was mud-bespattered and in confusion; the observance of regulation, discipline, or the formation of proper lines, or keeping the roads were utterly out of the question; for again the troops constituted but a struggling, straggling mass of humanity wending their way back to former camps, where they arrived with somewhat lighter hearts about 4 o'clock P. M., when all hands were at once busily engaged in putting up their shelter-tents.

Our former bunks or dug-outs had become filled with

water and mud during our terrible mud-march, but we soon got them all cleaned out, and instead spread them well with fresh grass and boughs of trees to lay down upon for the night. Fortunately, too, some found their ridge-poles and uprights *in statu quo*, whereupon they lost no time to speak of in readily becoming domiciled.

Sad announcements were next made at Regimental headquarters—those of the deaths of two other comrades, Corporals ADAM HUNSECKER of Company C, and JACOB COONLEY, of Company H. The latter had expired during the day in camp, while the former died just two days previously—January 21st, 1863, while the Regiment was struggling through the mud-march. Preparations were then begun for as bountiful a supper as our remnants of rations would allow, for the teams had not yet arrived, and were not expected to come ere a day or two, especially if the weather did not clear; however, our mess still had something in their larder, could stand it yet awhile, and therefore dined somewhat more sumptuously than others. After which all turned into the newly provided quarters for the night, when, oh! how gladly they welcomed the opportunity for their much-needed rest and were quickly wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of more pleasant days to come.

ARRIVAL OF THE PAYMASTER, SUTLER, GAMBLERS, ETC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.—As day began to dawn the clouds dispersed, when great fires were started and kept up for the drying of wet clothing. Next, a general cleaning up of dirty clothes, rusty guns, and accoutrements were the orders for the forenoon—in fact, the entire camp was full of life and bustle, for Regimental inspection had been ordered for the afternoon. But, best event of all to note, the Paymaster had arrived and was disbursing three-months pay to the boys, whereupon many were the vouchers that were drawn off by our sutler from their pay, while also many were the devices resorted to with the view of capturing the

money then in circulation. The three-card-monte men, and even the professional camp-following gamblers, had their hands full, for the boys came up like lambs to the slaughter. Among others the Army Purveyor, too, reaped quite a harvest with his stores for the commissioned officers, comprising prepared gin cock-tails, brandy-peaches, and smuggled whiskey, besides other wares, and which sold at exorbitant prices—in fact, with the Paymaster, came a host of so-called birds of prey, so that by night-fall many a fool and his money had parted company.

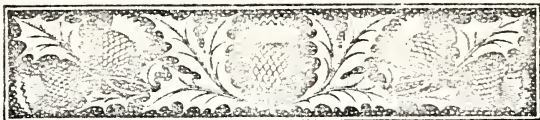
At 2 o'clock P. M. the Regiment formed line for inspection, which was speedily and readily conducted, which redounded very creditably to the Regiment, proving the same to be in excellent condition, considering the miserable state of circumstances of the previous days, when all and everything had been naught but mud and rust. Of course, the guns did not pass the proper regulation inspection, but such as were in very bad condition were ordered to be put in as good trim as possible and at once. So, after returning to quarters, we found that our teams had come up off the march, when a requisition of fresh beef was drawn and cooked, thus giving us a good supper, of which all partook with zest. After supper the boys formed around the camp-fires, when Company K's glee club enlivened their end of camp with lively songs and merry-making—to show that nothing could dampen their ardor, no matter how adverse the surroundings and circumstances were or had been—until the hour of taps came around, and summoned them to retire for slumber.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY MEN UNFIT FOR DUTY.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25, 1863.—We awoke this morning to find that it had rained during the night, thus again making our camp damp and chilly; but, by the aid of our fires and the clearing of the weather during the morning, we were again in the usual and proper spirits. The usual and regular

company inspections for Sunday mornings were next in order, during which several more guns were found unclean and condemned by the Captains thereof, respectively, and returned with the orders "to be put in proper condition," and *sotto voce*, "Orderly, see that he cleans his gun properly," etc. After partaking of dinner, strolls about the camp were in order, during which we were grieved to find, that more of the men were reported sick by the different companies, but somewhat consoling was the fact to us, however, that Company K stood third lowest on the list with its number at sixteen, while twenty-two was the average out of a total number of 220 men reported unfit for regular duty. The location of this camp near Falmouth had long since been considered very unhealthy, and, owing to the woodland being all cut away, had caused a demand for a change thereof, which was strongly advocated by all. During the evening we had dress-parade, after which all turned in early to rest for the night.

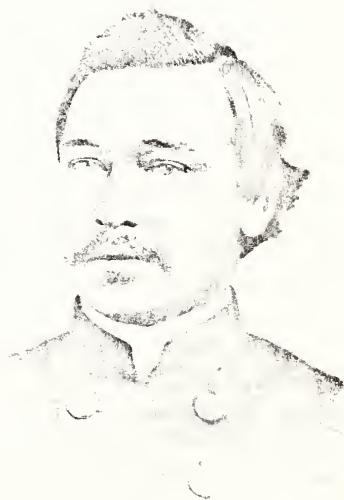




CHAPTER XVII.

LOCATION OF CAMP CHANGED BY ORDER OF GENERAL STONEMAN—
DEMOLITION OF HUTS, ETC.—BRIGADE CAMP FORMED AS—
CAMP FRANKLIN—DILIGENT WORK FOR NEW HUTS—
RAIN-FALL AND DISCOMFORT—AN INCIDENT
FURNISHED BY SMOULDERING FIRE.

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1883.—Morning opened fine and clear, promising a pleasant and beautiful day. We were occupied at usual morning duties until 10 o'clock, when all the companies of the Regiment were ordered "to break camp, pull stakes, and be ready to move at a moment's notice;" at the same time our entire Brigade was engaged in the same pleasant enterprise, for such it proved to be. We were advised that, by order of General STONEMAN, at last, the location of our camp was to be changed—glad tidings, indeed, to all the boys. The work of demolition therefore went on among our former habitations, until all rapidly disappeared—the scene of past joys and sorrows then becoming one vast scene of desolation—the spots and places whereon we encamped looking as deserted as a country graveyard. However, all was not bare and desolate; there was one spot we did not despoil—that which was dotted, as it were, here and there by the clay mounds that contained the remains of those poor, brave comrades, who then slept the sleep that knows no waking—those rude mounds their final resting-places, marked and recognized alone by the improvised headboards constructed of cracker-box slats, which then greeted our sight; yet all about was surrounded with gloom, which served to create reflections, though generally sad, yet somewhat agreeable—in reviving pleasant reminiscences of



COL. EMLÉN FRANKLIN.

the enjoyments, sports, and trials mutually shared upon the march, in camp, and around the bivouac-fire, with the meditation of how sad to depart and leave them behind—but such was the life and career of the soldier-boy.

It was mid-day when the entire Brigade, loaded down like pack-mules, was in line and marched off in the direction of Stoneman Station; we were moved about one mile to the north-east of the station and halted on high ground, surrounded by a dense pine forest, which furnished plenty of wood and water. In short order, Brigade camp was formed in right angular shape—the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., and the 122d Regiment, P. V., occupying the northern angle, and the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., occupying the eastern—which was then named CAMP FRANKLIN, as a mark of respect and honor to our gallant Colonel. Before night-fall many were the noble pine trees that had yielded their lofty and stately places to the sturdy strokes of the army axes, while their trunks had been cut up and split into planks and slabs, notched at the ends, to form timbers for our new abodes—in the construction of which the styles displayed were as numerous and varied as the builders. Thus all had been engaged until night-fall, when a drizzling rain fell, making it very uncomfortable, for tents were not up; and withal, fires had been made, early in the evening, they then had proved naught but smouldering embers. So, as the hour for taps was at hand, all of the men were wrapped up in blankets and other coverings, to keep as dry as possible under the circumstances, and after the hard day's work, upon the timbers for the newly contrived huts, were fast asleep and enjoying partial repose.

ARMY BOOTS RENDERED BOOTEES—MAIL AND LUXURIES RECEIVED.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1863.—We awoke this morning from a refreshing sleep to find it still raining, and myself to be a victim of misfortune, which furnished an incident worth relating. Before retiring last night, I had removed my new,

long-legged boots, (which I had but recently received in a box from home,) and had wrapped myself up in regular army blanket, covering at the same time with gum-blanket, and placing the boots near the fire, with my feet next thereto; so, judge of my surprise and mortification, when, after sitting up and rubbing my eyes, the first sight presented was that of *my boots having been rendered bootees*, as they had fallen into the smouldering embers of the fire and become so shriveled up as to make it necessary to lop off the legs—of course, filling me with no little degree of disgust at the situation, for it was one not by any means suited to my choice or taste.

The rain of the previous night continued during the morning, and in fact all day; nevertheless, the new camp presented an unusual amount of activity, for every one had been engaged in building huts, felling trees, etc. Our dense forest of yesterday then gave decided evidences of rapid diminution, with further progress in that direction, with each successive night to come, for our quarters had not yet been completed. Quite a large mail had also arrived for the Regiment during the day, bringing news from home and friends. Sergeant SCHAUM, of our mess, too, received a large box filled with luxuries from home, such as roast-turkey stuffed, elegant home-made bread, cakes, apple-butter, butter, cottage cheese, etc., in the edible line of diet, besides other articles for the comfort of the soldier in camp or on the field. Of course, these luxuries, besides onions, dried fruits, and other articles of equally high appreciation, were not to be sneezed at and were liberally shared, insomuch that we dined in a manner "fit only for lords," sumptuously and with keen relish, occasioned by our laborious and incessant work upon the huts. After which the labor of completing the huts was again in progress, until night was ushered in; when, with a royal supper from the best that our then diminishing larder could provide, we quickly sought and found repose for the night within our new habitations, and to

dream of friends, etc., at our own old Lancaster County homes.

ANOTHER LONG-LEGGED BOOT INCIDENT—DETAILS FOR DUTY.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1863.—The weather this morning indicated a general clearing up. During the morning hours another incident occurred, that is worth relating. Company K's Quartermaster, Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, had also been the recipient of a big box of good things from home, when "his smile was as bland and as broad as a barn-door," so to speak; for, among the contents, he also discovered a fine, new pair of long-legged boots, which he immediately pulled on and strutted about therein, with peculiar gratification and pride. But, it seemed that, through some unforeseen power, it was predestined, we of the infantry were not to enjoy the use of these fine, long-legged cavalry boots; for Sergeant WHITE had not had them on his feet an hour, when, in the act of cutting a log for his hut, the axe glanced off it and cut through the new boot into the foot, making quite a serious and painful wound, as well as destroying the boot.

Camp duties, since our arrival here, had thus far been in a manner suspended, until this evening, when Sergeant-Major BUCKIUS brought a list for details from Company K for duty—one of four men and a Corporal for Brigade headquarters; another of one man, Private JOHN F. WILEY, for Division Hospital; and that of two men for the Pioneer Corps in the morning, and two for brigade teamsters, consisting of EDWARD BOOKMYER and WILLIAM DREPPERD for the Pioneer Corps, and GEORGE CLINTON and JACOB HILL for teamsters, after which all turned in early for rest and slumber.

REGULAR ROUTINE OF CAMP DUTIES—COSY, COMFORTABLE, AND
CONVENIENT HABITATION ERECTED.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1863.—The weather was again fine and clear this morning. The details were made and

proceeded to duty at an early hour, thus again reducing our active roll, much to the dissatisfaction of the balance of the Company. The Regiment then received orders "to make out requisitions for clothing, to draw three-days rations, and be ready to go on Brigade picket." So, by way of preparing for our trip on the morrow, the day was spent in cleaning up camp, removing stumps and rubbish to the rear of camp, when by night-fall everything presented a brighter and more orderly appearance.

Here, it will not be amiss to provide our readers with a brief sketch of our own habitation, then finished, and which, for style with comfort, could hardly be excelled. In the first place, we dug out a hole in the ground about 10 feet long by nearly 6 feet wide, and 18 inches deep. Over and about this we erected a hut four feet high, composed of notched slabs, making a doorway, or rather sort of creep-hole, in the gable ends, and plastering the holes and cracks with mud and grass. We next put up a ridge-pole, over which we stretched our shelter-tents, to the height of about three feet above the walls, thus giving ample pitch and forming a neatly-proportioned hut; after this work we scooped out a tunnel, four feet long, through the ground, with an opening on the surface; whereupon, through the acquisition of four mess-pork barrels and the addition of a stout sapling to brace the same, we were soon provided with an excellent flue or chimney, and then making the mouth of the oven, thus formed, wide and spacious, we were afforded a fine fire-hearth, as well as very comfortable and convenient abode, as it were, for our labor, efforts and trouble; for it was not the work of one day alone, but that of the leisure hours allotted to us during several days.

Our mess consisted of three youths, Sergeant HENRY SCHAU, Private WILLIAM GOMPE, and the writer; so, therefore, in order to establish a mess on business principles, it became necessary to divide the duties, when it fell to my lot to be caterer, whilst the duties of bringing water, wood, and

rations devolved upon the other two; when, with the exception of an occasional growl or flare-up, matters moved on as "smoothly as a marriage-bell." Our bunks for the night also possessed accommodations which were not to be sneezed at, or despised; for, having neither casters nor rollers, they were rather a sort of permanent fixture, being constructed of forked poles, driven into the ground, so as to form a square, with each fork about one foot apart and directly opposite to each other. Upon these poles we laid good stout saplings, cross-wise, to serve the purpose or stead of a good springy mattress; then upon them we spread boughs and twigs of the cedar and pine, over which we arranged our gum and woolen blankets for more downy bedding, our knapsacks for pillows, while the residue of blankets and overcoats served the purpose of "comforts," when, kind reader, we considered ourselves truly happy and blessed as we contrasted our situation then at CAMP FRANKLIN, with that we were forced to endure at Camp Fal-mouth. In fact, the interior of our cosy quarters presented a spectacle which was a marvel of neatness and order; for there was a suitable place for everything and everything in its proper place, besides a strict observance of cleanliness as the sure promoter of good health. However, this was but a part of the discipline adopted and carried out by our mess.

So, after the enjoyment of usual evening meal, and night had shed her sombre hue upon and around us, all, wearied of the incessant work in and about camp, sought rest and quietude within their then complete and comfortable habitations, to dream of what was next in store; for, just as we had everything in order, with our situation pleasant and comfortable, rumors were floating about that "something had been cooked up for us at Washington," where our Generals had been in council, and whence they had just returned; in other words, a move was anticipated, but what cared we! So, let it come, "it was our duty to obey!" seemed to be

the only consoling thought which reigned within every breast as they laid down to sleep.

BRIGADE-PICKET-DAY—GUARD DETAIL—VISIT TO PREMISES OF
FARMER HONEY.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1863.—At an early hour, this morning, we were aroused to find all bustle and activity in CAMP FRANKLIN, owing to the fact that it was "Brigade-Picket-Day," whereupon all the company cooks were at their fires briskly engaged at finishing their cooking of three-days rations of pork and beef for the expedition, while the sick-call :

"Come, and get your quinine,
Come, and get your pills—"

never before so familiar and observant as then—was sounded a few hours earlier than usual, when the Sergeants, in charge of the sick, were seen hastily coming in from all sides with their respective quotas to report as unfit for duty. Such as had been excused by the Doctors or Surgeons were assigned the charge of camp during our temporary absence on the main picket-line.

At 8 o'clock sharp, breakfast was over, when we were formed into company lines, and each man was furnished with three-days rations, consisting of coffee, sugar, pork, beef and hard tack, after which followed the call from the drum corps to form regiments on parade-ground. It was responded to in short order, when we were moved off to Brigade rendezvous, where one regiment after the other arrived on the ground and formed into line. Acting Adjutant-General WORTHINGTON, of General PLATT's staff, then inspected the line for the purpose of ascertaining the numerical strength of the entire detail, which he quickly perceived and reported to General PLATT, who promptly put in his appearance and demanded to know the cause of several of the regiments being so sparsely represented, in point of numbers. Immediately the non-commissioned officers were despatched for

camp to hurry along any of the men who could be found therein that were attempting to shirk picket-duty, which resulted in bringing quite a number out on the line; whereupon the Brigade, in short order, was marched off westwardly to the north, to and on the Hartwood road; thence, by a detour west by south, to the Rappahannock, and soon arrived at picket-station behind the river hills, where we relieved the Irish Brigade of the 2d Division of our 3d Corps. And, oh! what a relief it was to all comrades, at last, to reach our destination after our weary march; for the sun had been shining forth so bright and warm as to draw the frost out of the ground, making it very tedious to drag through the tough, muddy roads, and almost pulling our shoes from our feet; so, when the halt was called, all gladly and readily dropped down upon the sward and laid back upon their knapsacks to snatch a few minutes rest; but its enjoyment was quickly disturbed, as we were again aroused and moved on to relieve our part of the picket-line, while the rest returned to picket-station, which was located on low ground in rear of the main line. All the men then fell to work at building fires to cook a cup of coffee, as well as to serve some comfort for the night's bivouac.

The left of our line extended down to the river's edge, and the station of Company K was fixed at the intersection of Rock Run, (a small stream several miles above Falmouth,) upon the premises of a farmer named Honey. The male portion of the household were all absent, except one old darkey, who had been left to attend to the wants of "the missus" during the voluntary or involuntary (as the case might be) absence of "the massa." For the protection of the ladies a guard had been ordered to be stationed about the house—a pleasant Virginia homestead, with barn and outbuildings complete: whereupon, it fell to the lot of Company K to furnish the guard. There was then detailed, accordingly, Corporal G. W. SMITH and Privates GEORGE WALLER, JOHN WEIDLE, TAYLOR WALTZ, and HENRY YOUNG for that important duty.

who had the pleasure of being invited and spending part of their time in the house, partaking of the hospitalities offered by the ladies, which consisted of such luxuries as fine Virginia corn-bread and apple-pie. Well, this was rather good information for us; therefore, we made a visit to the mansion at once, where we found the old lady sitting in her rocking chair busily occupied at needle-work, and soon engaged her in conversation. She informed us (confidentially) that "the males of the household were just across the river in the Southern army, and that close by her lived a neighbor, a cripple, who had a bad reputation, owned a pair of black ponies and a wagon, which he kept hidden in a woods some distance off, and that with the same he was in the habit of carrying on a clandestine business, which was very suspicious," at the same time enjoining upon us secrecy. She also told us that a former guard had committed a theft, by getting into her sleeping room, going to her bureau, and stealing some valuable family plate, etc.; and also entreated that we should "keep good men on guard at her house during our turn," which we promised her, of course, and in return was rewarded with a good hot supper at her table. After partaking right heartily thereof, and thanking her kindly, we presented her with some salt and ground coffee which proved very acceptable to her. We then returned to reserve station, feeling much improved and delighted with our visit, and after attending to the proper details were soon at rest upon our bunks of greens.

PICKET-LINE—RAPPAHANNOCK FORDABLE—REBEL SHEET—EXTRA
DUTY FOR BUILDING A FIRE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.—Day dawned rather unpromising; for the atmosphere was raw and chilling, as it still found us at duty on the main picket-line, and about the premises of clever, good-natured FARMER HONEY—how *sweet, delicious a name*, that was!

Well, as stated before, our picket-line, extending to the

edge of the Rappahannock, very near to its junction with Rock Run, soon provided us with the knowledge, (as trusty sentinels,) that the Rappahannock at this point was fordable, although very rocky and uneven in the grade; however, we managed to ascertain, that "the Johnnies" (as they were familiarly termed) were in full possession and occupation of the opposite banks, a description of which will be proper and perhaps interesting.

The opposite banks were there skirted by a woodland, yet somewhat bare, extending almost to the river's edge, which, at this time—mid-winter, indeed—when the earth was covered with dry, brown, and gray leaves, and the "butternut suits" of our foes presented so exact a counterpart in color with the surroundings and situation, that they were decidedly synonyms, causing us great difficulty to even discern a rebel vidette at any considerable distance; for it was only when he moved about through the open vacant spaces of the woodland that we could be sure that he was there! These banks, too, had a steep descent, varying from 100 to 150 feet to their summits, densely covered with woodland, towards the west; so that, through the means of this greater darkness, it was far more difficult to distinguish the enemy's videttes, while they had the advantage of more readily perceiving those on our picket-lines.

However, as the positions of videttes on picket along the Rappahannock during that time, when both armies were in winter quarters, were not quite so hazardous as they would have been at any other time, the opportunity was afforded to some of the parties to become more neighborly, especially when agreeable meetings could be had for exchanges to mutual benefit and advantage. For instance, to-day, one of our brave boys met a "Johnny" on the half-way in the river, making the very desirable exchanges of coffee for tobacco, and newspaper for newspaper. It was then that we were afforded the pleasure for the first time, of seeing a copy of that famous rebel sheet, *The Richmond Whig*, which was

only a brown sheet of paper, about the size of a 12 by 14 window-pane of glass; and, if its dingy and depressing appearance would warrant the judgment that it merely reflected the deplorable situation of affairs, then it was but a fair illustration of the real and general condition of the Southern Confederacy at that moment—when, too, the condition of the poor rebel soldier was taken into consideration, as his lot just then was one not to be envied; for, he looked lean, lank, and hungry, with his “toes, knees and elbows well able to be out,” and as a rule dirty and unkempt, yet (to be wondered at) withal content.

Now, then, as evening approached it began to snow and grow colder, when some of our boys from reserve station found egress to the out-house occupied by the old colored folks of the plantation, where they were happily enjoying the hospitality of “Uncle Mose and Aunty,” to whom they had presented some coffee, and which she was busily cooking for them—the fumes of which pervaded the atmosphere without as well as the house within, throwing out so real a home-like aroma as to attract the attention of Lieutenant SPRINGER who was just passing that way, insomuch that he stepped in also and partook of a cup of this coffee-royal. These comforts, however, were soon rudely cut short, for we were ordered off the premises to our reserve station on the picket-line, with night upon us and snowing in good earnest.

All moved along in its usual order around reserve station, until about 9 o'clock, when advices were received by Captain DUNCAN that a fire was burning on the main line of our picket-detail. Accordingly, Sergeant SPRENGER, with four men, were detailed to investigate and report; whereupon, as they ~~sau~~ntered out upon the venture through the raging snow-storm—“the wind blowing a perfect gale,” with the snow fleeing in such drifts as to almost blind us, as we trudged along—challenged, too, at every post by the watchful sentinels for the proper countersign, “Saratoga,” we eventually arrived at the point of the fire, which had greatly increased

in extent. It proved to be at the post of Private HENRY MULLEN, of Company K, who had started the fire in an old, hollow tree, with a view to obtain some comfort, when the wind gave it such headway that he was utterly unable to control it; however, through the aid of the snow gathered, and a few stout sticks, we quickly had the fire quenched, when we returned to headquarters to report. After report was received and acted upon, with Private MULLEN assigned to extra duty for his disobedience of orders, we, wearied from the night's labor, duties, and sauntering, sought such rest and repose as was needed and could be had upon the bare sward, underneath our cedar-bough huts, with only rudely, hastily-gathered bundles of spruce twigs for our bunks.





CHAPTER XVIII.

SNOW DISAPPEARED—BAD NIGHT ON PICKET-LINE—COURT-MARTIAL
AVOIDED—ESCAPE FROM BEING SHOT—RELIEF BY FIRST
DIVISION—ROUGH MARCH ON THE RETURN TO
CAMP—EXTERMINATING THE GRAYBACK.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1863.—Day again appeared bright and clear, the sun having been up very early, besides the snow disappearing as rapidly and suddenly as it came. The boys about reserve station quickly reported that they had had a very bad night of it on the picket-line, with various and sundry experiences. As hereinbefore related, "Dutchy MULLEN" was detected in direct violation of orders, by having started a fire on the main line, for which he escaped rigid court-martial only through the interposition of the Captain and others. Another narrow and fortunate escape with life was that of JOHN WEIDLE, whose post on picket was next beyond that of ANDREW SHAY, who reported that WEIDLE came sauntering through the cedar underbrush toward his post, whereupon he called to WEIDLE to halt; WEIDLE appeared to be reckless—indeed, was altogether *incognito*—and nevertheless continued to advance, then more heedless, seemingly, of the repeated challenge, when SHAY then raised his gun, again called halt, which WEIDLE did just in time, as he was about to fire. WEIDLE then stated that he was so uncomfortable and rather lonesome upon his post below, that he determined upon coming to see SHAY, when he then observed that this piece of indiscretion nearly cost him his life. So on, could many other incidents be related; but, being too numerous, as well as not exhibiting quite so risky situations or so fortunate escapades from death and punishment, we will not specify them.

It was just about mid-day when our relief arrived—which then proved to be those boys who wore the red badges and belonged to the First Division of our Corps. We were soon *en route* for camp, but again through the mud and slush; besides, there were numerous small streams to cross on our way, when it became necessary for us to get into them very frequently, as they were too much swollen to jump across or to bridge; but, withal these hinderances, we were the first to reach camp, and in a manner to astonish the best known and most famous pedestrians as well as to wager largely, that, although it was the rear of the Regiment, Company K would, nevertheless, be the first also in camp—so they were, promptly, and all in perspiration, too, and owing to the fatigue of this muddy march, all were next engaged in the change of underclothing and vigorous search for our other enemy, the grayback, which was exterminated as speedily as it was discovered; after which our regular evening meal, consisting of coffee, pork, and hard-tack, was eagerly and heartily partaken of, when we soon nestled down for rest, with the unanimous exclamation: Oh, how glad, how welcome this hour of repose!

DETAILED FOR WOOD-CUTTING—INCIDENTS OF CAMP SPORTS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1863.—Day again dawned as auspiciously and favorably as yesterday. The first duties of the morning hours—guard-mount and sick-call—were next duly attended to by those in charge of the same while the balance of the Regiment was detailed to the forests, with orders “to take all axes at hand and cut wood for the cooks—the same to be hauled by the Regimental teams.” Absence from camp, about half the day, showed that sufficient had been cut by every company to last quite a time for the purpose desired, and, as we gazed upon the piles stacked about the respective cook-quarters, we plainly perceived and observed that our forests were fast disappearing in extent and from view.

In the afternoon camp sports were the orders of the day,

when the army blanket was brought into requisition for tossing up the boys into the air, which was very fine amusement so long as it went well; for MASSEY CAMPBELL soon yelled there was enough of that game, when the blanket slipped from the hands, and MASSEY got a rather harder bump than was intended or he expected. Another was that of a contest between LEWIS FINEFROCK and WILLIAM SHAY, of Company K, the latter of whom wore No. 11 brogans and boasted that he could roll out dough enough upon the soles of his shoes to make a mess of slap-jacks, which proved really amusing. FINEFROCK having offered to match him, or else forfeit his position as captain of the cook's shanty, BILLY SHAY undertook the task and succeeded—to show *how big a soul* he was himself. However, the day having been well observed, we received our customary details for Commissary guard, etc., which being as promptly accepted as they were announced, in order as they came upon the roll-books, we quickly turned in for another night's repose.

A COLD NOR'-WESTER CAUSES DISCOMFORT.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1863.—The Regiment was aroused at a very early hour this morning, because a cold nor'-wester had visited us directly after yester midnight, and raged so fiercely as to compel us to crawl out at once, build fires for comfort, and around which we gladly and closely clung for several hours, as we found the wind raw and biting cold. The day passed without any special event to record, except the arrival of a good, heavy Regimental mail, the distribution of which served to gladden the hearts of those who proved to be the lucky recipients of welcome and interesting missives from fond relatives and true friends at home. After the usual routine of rations, etc., rest was sought at an early hour for the night.

STROLL TO CAMP FALMOUTH AND REFLECTIONS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1863.—To-day the weather

was somewhat milder, but withal unpleasant. As there were no special duties in order for to-day, together with a comrade a stroll was made toward Falmouth—the site of our previous camp. Upon entering this ancient, but now dilapidated village, we found it guarded and occupied by a portion of General PLEASANTON'S cavalry forces; which, indeed, afforded quite a different and peculiar aspect of affairs to that which existed or presented itself when we were there, a short time before the siege of Fredericksburg, it being but a short distance below and on the opposite side of the Rappahannock. One of the unpleasant sights then was obviated by the fact that we did not find so many Jew fakirs occupying the houses, to ply their nefarious trades; only the army sutlers, and then in a small way, seemed to hold out, though under adverse circumstances. We pondered and contrasted this situation of an important emissary with that, when we, upon the march, were short of funds, out of tobacco, and all seemingly in need of other desirable articles of comfort, conveniences, etc., and naturally observed that they must, too, find their lot, sometimes, a rather hard one. After a stroll through and about the town, we returned to Camp FRANKLIN, just in time for dress-parade. Parade was quickly over, when the usual routine of necessary business was transacted, when all again turned in for the night, fully satisfied with the sights and events of the day.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. E. SICKLES TO COMMAND THIRD CORPS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1863.—Morning was ushered in with the accompaniment of a slight snow-storm, which soon turned to rain and continued all day long, rendering the weather *rather unpleasant out of doors*, so to speak; for we (that is our mess) were snugly ensconced in our comfortable, commodious house, as it were, the description of which has already been given in a previous chapter—and therefore had not a care or a thought. Many others, though, being somewhat shiftless and therefore not so well provided for, then

felt their discomforts, perceived the misfortune following their negligence, and thought the condition of affairs sadly and decidedly disagreeable.

The most note-worthy event of the day—was that of the official information of the assignment of General DANIEL E. SICKLES to the command of our Corps—"The Noble Third!" His appointment was well-received for he had already won the reputation of being a gallant General, and therefore possessed the confidence of the troops comprising our Corps.

The usual occupations, enjoyments, etc., to be had within bunks in such a state of weather, such as letter-writing, singing, relating experiences, incidents, etc., were the orders of business for the day, in a general way, among the boys.

Knowing, full-well, that it was our turn, again, on the picket-line, with all prospects in view of a heavy, wearisome, muddy march, we turned in early for the purpose of obtaining a refreshing slumber and our much needed rest.

LOST SECTION OF DIARY—BRIEF RECORD OF INCIDENTS, EVENTS,
CAMP AND FIELD LIFE.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1863.—Owing to the misfortune of having lost a portion of my diary, the usual daily account of weather, special duties, etc., between this date and that of February 25th, both days inclusive, must consequently be omitted. Therefore, too, our readers will have to be content with the necessarily brief mention of but one incident, as well as mere allusions to events, that transpired during that interval of the Regiment's service. The snow-ball fight, which occurred between the right and left halves of the Regiment, and which contributed so greatly to the amusement and jollification of those therein engaged, was the incident that never ought nor will be forgotten so long as there can be found one survivor of the Regiment, who either witnessed or participated in the melee. It was during this interval that the rough, muddy marches to and from the picket-lines were

so frequent and attended with varied interest and experiences; besides there were many and very successful foraging adventures both inside and outside of our lines, when we lived upon dainties, luxuries, and substantials not comprised within the larder of army regulations. During this interval, also, there occurred two mournful events, which we deem proper to chronicle within this volume. The Regiment had again received advices of the entry of death within the ranks, as follows: On February 6th, 1863, in hospital at Harper's Ferry, Va., THOMAS MCCOY, musician of Company H, and February 20th, 1863, in hospital at Falmouth, Va., Private GEORGE W. TANGERT, of Company D.

Then, again, there were the pleasant, enlivening, and interesting conversations, as well as mutual comparing of notes, which were so heartily enjoyed after days of trial and trouble, now gone forever—days especially, when, on the returns from picket, after a heavy rain-fall, or snow-thaw, so varied and ludicrous were the misfortunes to the boys in their endeavor to cross a rivulet or other small streams, that they would slip or fall in, by or through the breaking of some rudely constructed rail-bridge—all these would constitute agreeable reminiscences of those soldier-boy days along and about the Rappahannock River, which can never be erased from the tablets of the memories of those survivors who were comprised within the ranks of the 122d Regiment, P. V.

AGAIN ON PICKET—RECONNOISSANCE AT KELLY'S FORD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1863.—We were aroused this morning to find that a snow-fall, to the depth of several inches, had occurred during the night previous, with the atmosphere very raw and damp. At an early hour the Regiment received orders "to go on picket;" whereupon at 8:30 the Regiment was again in line and on the march through mud and slush, making the tramp very tedious and disagreeable, as it was almost 2 P. M. when the main line was reached. However, we had some little gratification in the

fact that we again relieved the "Irish Brigade" of our Corps who had put up for their convenience, comfortable huts composed of cedar and spruce boughs, which we quickly and eagerly occupied, so as to obtain some shelter from the disagreeable condition of affairs which then prevailed.

As evening approached, quite a strong force of our cavalry, accompanied by a section of Rhode Island Light Artillery (the entire detachment under command of General W. W. AVERILL,) passed through our lines on its way to the river fording—Kelly's Ford by name reported to us and very close to our posts here on the picket-line. This information was soon corroborated by the receiving of strict orders from Colonel FRANKLIN, "Keep a sharp look-out toward the front, as an important reconnoissance is in operation!" So affairs existed until night fell upon us, with no improvement in the condition of the weather, when we were obliged to rest upon our arms and shiver all night long until our teeth, at times, chattered together. No lights of any kind being permitted, the secluded bivouac-fire was not started and, therefore, ceased to furnish the delightful comfort to which the trusty sentinel had been accustomed, for an interval just then past—so, a long, cheerless, wretched night was the result.

INCIDENTS OF LUCKY FORAGE—CAPTURE OF GENERAL FITZ-HUGH
LEE AND FOUR HUNDRED PRISONERS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1863.—After a night of misery the Regiment turned out to find a worse condition of slush and mud, owing to the fact that a fall of rain had set in, sufficient to wash away every vestige of snow that covered the ground about us yesterday, presenting, indeed, a very gloomy aspect. However, our spirits were not to be depressed, or rather our ardor to be dampened; for, having noticed on our way to picket-stations what seemed to be auspicious sites, foraging expeditions were soon in order. One location, in particular, that of a little log-house, but a short distance from the road, furnished evidences that there

were poultry penned up under the same; which, when communicated to our mess, afforded favorable and gratifying information for an early call or visit. So, after our regular routine of duty this morning, mess-mate BILLY GOMPF and self started out at a later hour for the premises, then in rear of our lines, for the purpose of barter and adventure.

After a steady and brief tramp we arrived at the little log-house to find it occupied by one elderly white lady and two colored servants; whereupon, in short order, our plan of forage was laid and speedily acted upon: I, with salt and coffee in my haversack in abundance to spare, called upon and soon struck a bargain with the women of the house, while comrade BILLY GOMPF repaired to the rear in quest of the poultry. Our adventure soon proved successful, the result being—I captured a very generous share of nice, warm corn-bread, while BILLY captured the pet chick, which was named Biddy.

As we stole away, however, by a circuitous route on our way back to picket-line, our readers can judge of our further good luck and agreeable surprise in finding that *some one had been in the vicinity before us* ("not since we had been gone,") who had foresight enough (though involuntarily, most likely,) to leave, sticking upright amidst the mud and slush, an army canteen with the string torn, and having inscribed thereon, in plain letters, the name of "J. A. BLAKE, 1st N. Y. Cavalry." However, our good luck did not end here; for, upon inspection, it contained "full up" good, pure whiskey—whereupon, it is needless to say, that we, consequently, did not seek to find J. A. BLAKE, because that also, of course, was entirely out of the question—for certain, he was "out upon the reconnoitre," and to us under such discomforts, while upon the picket-line, how refreshing, and what a souvenir, so gladly acceptable it would be! Speedily plodding our way, we arrived at reserve station with our trophies, promptly to time, when we immediately called upon Colonel FRANKLIN, then somewhat indisposed, and

provided him with a generous share of corn-bread and old rye, which served to greatly revive and benefit him.

Directly after mid-day, information was received that there was a cavalry skirmish in progress at Kelly's Fording, which was soon corroborated by the frequent firing then distinctly heard from that direction; that General FITZ-HUGH LEE, with a strong force, had made an attack upon General PLEASANTON's cavalry pickets at the fording; and, in driving them in, had captured some thirty odd prisoners, while our cavalry troops had succeeded in securing a less number. Just as we were advised to hold ourselves in readiness for an attack upon our picket-line, an additional force of cavalry passed again to the front; whereupon, soon after, several couriers *en route* to headquarters reported a lively skirmish and fight then raging at the fording—but, as yet, could give no definite details. However, we were still kept in suspense, and on the look-out for something to turn up, unexpectedly, at any moment, until night approached, when the bad state of the weather prevented any further advance movement. In the meanwhile the stringent order was received and obeyed: "No fires allowed along the picket-line!"

The clouds then began to break, and as it blew up colder, the firing had ceased in the direction of the fording, where our cavalry was again reported as withdrawing, with the rebels continuing in chase, until they came suddenly in sight of the 124th N. Y. Volunteers, then constituting the left of our Brigade, drawn up in line of battle—whereupon they as suddenly "about-faced" and sought cover. At once, and very effectively, four thousand of our cavalry, *vice versa*, were started in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing 400 prisoners, together with General FITZ-HUGH LEE, their commander. As the couriers arrived and reported direct at the headquarters of Major-General WHIPPLE, mid-night closed the scene of tumult, excitement, and suspense, affording a few hours for such quiet, rest, and comfort as were possibly to be sought and obtained.

MORNING DRINK FROM THE LUCKY CANTEEN—RELIEF ARRIVED—
MARCH IMPEDED.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.—Another night of discomfort had again been our experience, as we gladly and cheerfully hailed the dawn of day, when the building of new fires to warm up and cook our scanty meals were soon in progress, which, together with a good morning drink from the lucky canteen, regulated our system and filled us with good cheer. About 9 A. M., all the cavalry had been withdrawn from our front, when the Regiment settled down to ordinary duty, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the relief, but which came very late. However, we quickly started for CAMP FRANKLIN; but, on the way, made slow progress, on account of the bad roads and swollen streams, which impeded our passage over them, and arrived at a very late hour, fatigued and glad to turn into bunks for a good night's rest, once more, in comfortable quarters. But, then again, there was the usual routine of necessary camp duties, which must and did receive due attention, whereupon, in short order, all were soon found snugly and firmly slumbering in the arms of Morpheus.





CHAPTER XIX.

GENERAL CLEANING UP—INSPECTION AND PROMOTION—A ROYAL
FEAST—BRIGADE DRILL—PICKET DUTY—HEAVY RAIN AND
SNOW-STORMS—DEATH OF COMRADE LYTLE—COURT-
MARTIAL OF ANOTHER—INJUSTICE TO A SER-
GEANT BY A CAPTAIN PRODUCES DISRESPECT.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1863.—The weather this morning still continued unsettled; whereupon, owing to the frequent spells of fine, drizzling rain which occurred, the usual Sunday morning inspection had been dispensed with, thus affording the boys an opportunity to wash and cleanse themselves, as well as their clothing, arms, and accoutrements. In fact, everything presented a bad and dirty appearance after our recent muddy march and severe wet spell—therefore sadly needed attention. In the meanwhile, our pet hen Biddy had laid us an egg this morning—one whole egg among a mess of three was not much—but it was so utilized in the culinary line that it became fairly divided and was highly relished.

All hands then proceeded to a general clean up about camp, after which all were busy writing letters to distant friends at home and elsewhere, and so the day passed without further events worthy of note, excepting dress-parade and the reading of general orders from army headquarters during the afternoon, when the Regiment turned into bunks early for the night.

APPLICATION FOR PROMOTION TO FIRST SERGEANT.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1863.—Day appeared fine and clear this morning. Guard-mount was the first order of duty, the

details of which were fully attended to; whereupon, immediately afterward, the Regiment was ordered to "prepare for inspection by companies." All guns were then promptly and thoroughly overhauled, for sadly they needed the same, as they had become very rusty during the wet spell just gone. The next duties assigned to Sergeants were the making out of the respective company pay-rolls—tasks to them more pleasant or agreeable, and which kept them employed all day.

Having performed the duties of Orderly, or 1st Sergeant, since October 10th, 1862, and only receiving 2d Sergeant's pay therefor, application was made to-day for the promotion of GEORGE F. SPRENGER to the rank of 1st Sergeant, being so favorably and creditably endorsed as to promise a fair hope of receiving the same—which also could not be said to be undeserving or unmerited, or that of vain ambition, for numerous company, clerical, and other duties had fallen to his lot, and were readily as well as cheerfully performed. Without any further events to record, thus closed the day.

FRESH BEEF AND POTATOES—ROYAL FEAST, ETC.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1863.—We awoke this morning to find that, during the previous night, we had again been visited by a storm of rain and snow, making us all feel uncomfortable, indeed; yet, being on light duty about camp, we were able and better prepared to remedy matters. Having received rations of fresh beef and potatoes, all were engaged in arranging for extra meals. Our mess, having the good luck to have some onions in our quarters, with the aid of cracker-dust pounded out of army hard tack, were enabled to make a rich dressing, and have a royal roast through the means of our underground oven. That it would be good and something extraordinary in the culinary line, may be fairly demonstrated by the statement, that the savory flavor, arising from its cooking, quickly struck the nostrils of our Company officers so forcibly and delightfully that they

promptly put in an appearance, and were, of course, allowed to partake of our meal. Although our culinary department was not replete—lacking a supply of platter—we managed, however, without inconvenience or difficulty, and very gracefully, too, to transfer the dainty morsels from the roasting pan to the eager mouths; when the repast was finished, it was pronounced a feast *par excellence* in our present situation of affairs, and was truly and heartily enjoyed.

After the grand and elegant repast had been stowed away to the comfort and welfare of the inner man, and the cook of the mess had performed his final task—that of clearing up the *debris*, a visit to Quartermaster-Sergeant DEXTER WHITE's quarters was next in order, where a few social songs were indulged in by Company K's glee club, by which an afternoon was delightfully occupied, serving to drive dull care away, as well as to enliven and cheer the depressed spirits of the soldier, thus at times rendering his varied and hard career, withal, a happy and pleasant one. There being no dress parade ordered for the day, the Regiment was allowed to turn in early for repose.

ANOTHER RE-INVIGORATING BRIGADE DRILL.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1863.—This morning was ushered in clear, cold, and blustry. After the usual duties of early hours, orders were received for “brigade drill and an early dinner;” whereupon, at once, all was activity and bustle in and about camp. After dinner we were marched off toward Brigade headquarters, where we were then formed into column of companies and division of companies; moved through various evolutions; then drawn up in line of brigade; next, right and left general guides were thrown out, and then moved off by regiments changing front, making various oblique manœuvres greatly to the satisfaction of Major-General WHIPPLE and his staff officers. It was dark before we returned to camp; however, the exercise was re-invigorating and gave us all keen appetites for our

evening rations, after which we again sought rest and repose for the night.

CUTTING OF WOOD—DRESS-PARADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1863.—The weather, this morning, was raw and cold. Company drills were the duties of the morning hours to-day. After dinner, extra details were despatched from the companies, respectively, to the forest to cut wood for the supply of the cook-houses—for the piles stacked up in front and rear were very diminutive, and were rapidly disappearing from view—in fact, too, so scarce was the timber that the boys were only enabled to obtain and bring in stumps and roots.

During the afternoon a very fine brigade-drill was had, which received the commendation of the Division as well as the Brigade General officers, after which we had Regimental dress-parade, and whereat Adjutant HEITSHU read several orders. As there was nothing further of note to record for the day, all retired at an early hour within bunks for slumber and rest.

PICKET-DUTY NEAR STAFFORD C. H.—TELESCOPIC VIEW INTO THE REBEL CAMP—STRAINS OF "DIXIE'S LAND."

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1863.—This morning was again clear and cold; at an early hour we were ordered out for picket-duty, and at 9 o'clock were moved off in the direction of Stafford Court-House. Then, after a tedious march, we arrived at the telegraph road and station leading thereto, where we relieved the 105th Regiment, P. V., on picket at that point. Having a dense woods around and about us our line of picket extended through the forest to the river banks, on our southwest, and toward Stafford C. H., on the north by east, along the telegraph road—a range of about two miles—where, posted upon high ground, we were in full view and range of the enemy, as well as in close proximity to their videttes on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock.

Directly northwest of our line, we espied a signal station, which had been established, for the time being, up among the trees, to which curiosity had caused us to stroll, when and where, through the kindness and courtesy of a young Cavalry Sergeant belonging to the 8th Pennsylvania Volunteers, we were afforded a sight through the telescope, from a platform close by, at the movements of the Confederates on the opposite side of the river, at least two miles distant. We could look direct into their camps; could plainly discern their General and other mounted officers, riding to and fro, conducting their drills and battalion movements—their forces exhibiting a motley assemblage of troops, judging from the rather great variety of uniforms displayed, which consisted of all kinds and styles of hats or head-gear, as well as the colors of suits ranging from a regulation gray to a butternut yellow; and also, as the wind occasionally grew stronger, we could distinctly hear the strains of “Dixie’s Land” as played by their bands, when wafted upon the breezes toward us.

The shades of evening had then rapidly approached when orders were received “to put out all fires before dark, and keep a strict, close watch for the night!” The grand rounds began about 11 o’clock; and, as the night was intensely dark, frequent, profane, and emphatic were the mutterings and curses from those following in the train of the rounds as they fell over logs, and stumbled among the tangle-wood, so profusely scattered about their tedious circuit. Then again, oh, how glad and different were their expressions, when they were over the way, and those unpleasant trains of rounds were ended!

STILL ON PICKET-DUTY AMIDST A HEAVY STORM OF RAIN.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.—This morning found the Regiment still on picket amidst a heavy shower of rain, which had started directly after yester-midnight, and continuing until dawn, when it then really burst forth into a storm of vehemence, accompanied by vivid lightning and

heavy thunder. As this storm raged all day long, our sojourn on the picket-line in an unprotected situation, rendered our condition very unpleasant and undesirable; however, all the details were properly made and conducted. As night fell upon and about us, a sudden and most decidedly gratifying interruption occurred in the reign of the disturbing elements, which made the balance of the night more favorable and pleasant during our duty on picket-line.

STORM RENEWAL—YET ON PICKET—STORM SUBSIDES.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1863.—With the Regiment yet on picket, daylight greeted us again with a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, as if the elements were not yet satisfied in rendering affairs uncomfortable and turbulent. However, after a short reign, it finally cleared up, when the day continued more brightly and delightfully, affording all inviting opportunities to build fires, around which they hurriedly and actively clustered to dry their damp and saturated clothing. After attending to the other general routine of duties, thus ended another uneventful day.

ANOTHER THUNDER-STORM—ARRIVAL OF RELIEF—PLODDING THROUGH MUD AND SLUSH TO CAMP.

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1863.—About morning again we had another of those visitations, which appeared rather frequent of late—more thunder, etc., in the air; however, not of so serious or alarming nature as those preceding, as that of to-day quickly and quietly passed away, whereupon day became bright and clear. Our immediate surroundings, though, were less cheerful and desirable than heretofore, as mud and slush were found to be in superabundance. The morning hours were devoted to building the usual bivouac-fires for warmth, comfort, and the drying of damp clothing, so that it was a late hour when we were relieved, and then by the First (the Red Badge) Division of our Third Corps. Among other regiments *en route* to relieve our line, was the 99th P. V., to

which were attached several companies likewise enlisted in our own county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whom we were glad to meet and recognize.

In short order, we were packed up and ready to *return home*—CAMP FRANKLIN—which then really seemed like home, to be ensconced in comfortable quarters; for, without exaggeration, none could have been more like a home than our own, especially where so much careful and proper attention had been given to its construction. Accordingly we plodded our way through mud and splatter to our camp, near Stoneman's Station, where we arrived at about 5 P. M., bespattered with mire, tired, wearied, and almost exhausted. However, there were some who, being of a more active turn of mind, were soon at work re-arranging their respective quarters and making fires to dry their slummy garments; which, of course, were suggestive after a return from a tedious, wearisome picket-march. Night then came on apace, gently reminding tired mortals that there was some rest in store, if they proceeded to obtain it.

RAIN AND SNOW—DEATH OF COMRADE T. A. LYTLE, COMPANY G.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1863.—We were summoned from our cosy bunks this morning, to find that more rain and snow had fallen in and about CAMP FRANKLIN, again making the situation of affairs far from agreeable or comfortable; for, many were the boys who reported at hospital tent upon Surgeon's call. Among other reports, there was one announcement—more sad and sorrowful to relate—that of the death of Private T. A. LYTLE, Company G, of our Regiment. Comrade LYTLE was well-known, and was respected among his fellow-comrades, to whom he had endeared himself through good qualities and traits of character which we are unable to portray in this volume. Suffice it to say, they delighted to do honor to his memory, and spared no effort in paying the last tribute of respect that could be required of the soldier when demanded—that of properly preparing his remains for

interment and conveyance to that home from which he could never more depart—that pleasant, quiet, ancient, beloved, little village of Strasburg, Lancaster County, Pa., where his boyhood days had passed in a more blissful and less troublous a career than that of the soldier. As the train left Stoneman Station with the remains, few were the eyes not dimmed with the softly gathering tears that dropped to his memory. The bad weather interfered with dress-parade, and the day ended without other event to record.

INCREASE IN THE SICK LIST—BOYS OF COMPANY K REFUSE THEIR
DOSES AND ARE ORDERED TO DUTY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1863.—Day appeared bright and clear once again to cheer the soul; nevertheless, many were the cases of sickness prevailing in the Regiment, as shown by the reports of the respective First Sergeants in response to Surgeon's call. Company K's quota to be sent up under Sergeant SCHAU, this A. M., was 11 men—a duty that we truly regretted. Several of the boys refused to accept the nauseating doses prescribed, on account of which refusal the Doctor was compelled to order them back for duty. Of course, the members of Company K were rather more self-willed than those of any other company in the Regiment; so, therefore, rather than yield, they were decidedly headstrong, and positively determined not to swallow their doses. However, as Orderly Sergeant, I reserved the right to be stringent as well as lenient in imposing special duties upon the refractory spirits, in accordance with the nature of their obstinacy or as the circumstances had demanded. So, without any other event to record, the day went fleeting by, save the usual, quiet observance of ordinary camp duties, after which all turned into quarters at an early hour of the evening for a night of rest and sleep.

ANOTHER SNOW-STORM—INCIDENT OF SHOE-REPAIRS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1863.—We awoke this morning in

time to see the advent of another snow-storm, which appeared to be rather hailed with joy than displeasure by the more youthful comrades of the Regiment, who accepted and looked upon it as a contribution to their chances for sport and amusement. Therefore, of course, the usual observance or imposing of duties was, in a manner, dispensed with; however, too, there was very little pleasure for those who were unfortunate enough to feel the lack of rations, as well as to learn that the Regimental Commissary was but scantily supplied with the necessary articles of diet, and to have their army brogans very badly torn and worn. So, suffice it to say, that the devices to overcome these deficiencies and predicaments were as varied as they were numerous. One instance, we will note, that of LEWIS FINEFROCK, better known and more familiarly called among the boys by the nickname, "Fivy," who cut up an old gum-blanket into soles and inlays for his brogans, which were very badly torn and worn, as well as being of the largest size known to the shoetrade, therefore required and bore considerable filling up. As "Fivy" boasted of having already pulled on three pairs of socks, it was currently reported as no matter of wonder that "Fivy" always desired "number elevens," and that they burst when so overcrowded; thus it was that the unwelcome and disagreeable course of the elements were often frustrated and debarred in their results. With duty light and no events of importance to record, another day closed with all the men snugly at rest within their quarters.

RIGID INSPECTION OF ARMS—FIVE-DAYS RATIONS ISSUED.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1863.—The Regiment, this morning, turned out to observe that another snow-storm had occurred during the night, besides that the atmosphere was biting cold during early morning hours. Toward noon, however, it cleared off somewhat; and, as an inspection of arms had been decided upon for some days, it occurred to Colonel FRANKLIN that now was the accepted time and very suitable.

So, all readily and promptly turned out into company streets, when and where, under the circumstances, a rigid inspection was made and held. Indeed, many of the guns were found wanting in the generally necessary requirements, for they were in any condition but that fit to meet the enemy. After sharp reproves from all the officers, the boys agreed, (however, not unanimously,) "to put their fowling-pieces in better condish," as Private GEORGE W. WALLER termed it in his motion, and at once proceeded to carry out their resolves and determination.

[In common and *social parlance*, so to say, GEORGE W. WALLER, though a private, was the fellow among fellows, wherever they might be, and as brave as he was ready; for, wherever despondency seemed disposed to take hold, he was on hand to break-up and cut-off its reign, by way of "snap-retort," when he then fully displayed the full fund of mirth and jocularly which he possessed, and in that peculiar, droll manner, which characterized him. So, therefore, instead of dejection and moroseness, among the boys of Company K, cheerfulness and readiness soon assumed the sway.]

Directly after mid day the Quartermaster-Sergeants of the respective companies were ordered to receive five-days rations for each man, when it was very quickly surmised (naturally, too,) that this order bore with it some significance; for, when such preparations were in vogue, the boys, like Micawber, were always on the *qui vive*, anticipating something to turn up—no matter what—only let it come! After inspection of arms, etc., and having them in proper condition, which were the special duties of the day, without any further event worthy of note or of importance, all retired within quarters to obtain that repose, rest, and comfort for the night, which would serve to revive their drooping spirits and fill them with good cheer for the morrow.

DIVISION DRILL, ETC.—REGIMENT WINS HIGH ENCOMIUMS—COURT-MARTIALED—INJUSTICE TO A SERGEANT ENDS IN DIS-
RESPECT FOR THE CAPTAIN.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.—Dawn of day, this morning, ushered in the weather clear, but cold and windy, for our record. Directly after the routine of the morning hours, the Regiment received orders to prepare for another Division drill; when, accordingly, an early dinner was prepared and readily disposed of—one repast greatly desired and very satisfactorily to the boys in general. Accordingly after dinner, the Regiment formed promptly and arrived at an early hour upon the parade-ground; when, about 1:30 o'clock, we were moved off, a distance of a mile, to the southeast, where we were then thoroughly exercised and manœuvred in the various and intricate division movements, by Major-General WHIPPLE. Upon this occasion, the 122d Regiment acquitted itself very creditably, as usual, and received very high encomiums for martial bearing, condition of arms, accoutrements, etc., as well as for the adeptness and excellence which the men invariably exhibited at drill and in manœuvre, besides a due and very fair observance of discipline. After division drill the Regiment marched quickly to camp, arriving in time for dress-parade, which was very precise, and resulted very satisfactorily to the Regimental Officers as well as spectators. After the reading of general orders by Adjutant HERTSHU dress-parade ended, when the companies were dismissed to their respective quarters for the usual camp duties yet to be rendered, all of which received due attention.

Apparently this day had been predestined for one of events—three of which, however, though not of very great importance, yet (as they occurred) are worthy of note or mention: After dress-parade, a court-martial was held, and summarily disposed of, upon a comrade of Company K, (the name of whom is withheld out of commiseration and true fraternal friendship therefor,) for having committed an

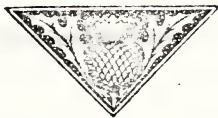
offence violative of orders and discipline; which, though considered and decided to be inexcusable, was not so flagrant, or of so serious a nature, as to demand capital or extreme punishment. The culprit, however, after conviction, suffice it to say, was ordered to forfeit a full month's pay, as well as to render certain extra duties as the penalty.

Immediately afterward, EDGAR C. REED, clerk to Colonel FRANKLIN, appeared at the quarters of Company K and presented to Captain DUNCAN a First Sergeant's warrant in favor of Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, of said Company, issued "March 6, 1863," for his (the Captain's) signature and approval, but the same was never turned over, as in the due, established, or even ordinary course of regulations was to be anticipated, expected, or should have been, to its rightful and worthy claimant, when the warrant was subsequently declared approved, as far as the promotion in rank, for merit and efficient services rendered.

As there did exist, and always had been exhibited, soon after Captain DUNCAN received the command of the Company—during army life or service, especially—a lack of that respect which was due from, and invariably to be given by, the private soldier to his superior officer, it was then—pretty generally, too—surmised that Sergeant SPRENGER had been selected by Captain DUNCAN as the "bug-bear" upon whom should be visited his dire vengeance; because, the boys, observing his inefficiency, as well as some peculiar eccentric habits which characterized Captain DUNCAN, had been, for some time, very free in their show of disrespect to and for him.

However, this little event—rather, an affair of insignificance to many—finally terminated in quite an eruption between the Company and Captain DUNCAN, the particulars of which it is needless here to relate, or dwell upon, as the recalling of unpleasant memories, or the reviving of slights, enmity, or known injustice done, to some comrade or other in arms, is far from the design or purpose of the writer, who

has endeavored to furnish a plain, unpretentious volume, that will serve to register—as closely and as fully as can be portrayed—the daily life, and the various duties and services rendered, as also the important events and numerous incidents, as they occurred, within the respective camps of that gallant Regiment, the 122d Pennsylvania Volunteers, to whom this volume has been respectfully dedicated and faithfully devoted by the author.





CHAPTER XX.

ON PICKET AMID RAIN, SLEET AND THUNDER—MOVEMENT TOWARDS
KELLY'S FORD—CAVALRY SKIRMISH AND CAPTURE OF PRIS-
ONERS—REVIEW AND INSPECTION BY MAJOR-GENERAL
SICKLES—EQUINOCTIAL STORMS—SCARE IN A DUG-
OUT—DIVISION HOSPITAL—COLLIS ZOUAVES—
IRISH REGIMENT—ANOTHER "SLAP-JACK"
FEAST SPOILED—VARIABLE WEATHER—
MORE DEATHS OF COMRADES.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1863.—Day-break appeared, this morning, with atmosphere very disagreeable, and the weather threatening a condition of affairs rather more unfavorable. At an early hour the cooks were at their fires, with every detail and preparation being duly and hurriedly attended to—for, it was our turn to again go on picket; therefore, by 9 o'clock, the Regiment moved off to the northwest and arrived at picket-station about 1 o'clock, P. M., pretty well fatigued. Upon this occasion, we relieved the Second Division (the White Badges) of our own (the Third) Corps; whereupon, shortly afterward, we were visited (as heretofore usual in our turn upon picket) with a storm of rain, sleet, and thunder, which raged with fury until night-fall, causing all to huddle around the smoking embers that remained from poorly-made and vacated bivouac-fires, in the hollow grounds about reserve-station, in the endeavor to obtain some comfort, but all in vain, for we shook and shivered through the entire, damp, chilling, cold night.

CHEERFUL WEATHER—CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY IN MOTION.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1863.—This morning, dawn of day

was hailed with great cheer, as it indicated a more favorable condition in the change of the weather. As morn waned on, "Old Sol" was enabled at intervals, "to play peep" through the fleeting clouds, which served to further enliven the spirits of the men. Thus the day, generally, passed without event on the picket-line, until late in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock—when a detachment of cavalry and a section of light artillery again passed through our picket-line, *en route* to our front and in the direction of Kelly's Ford. This movement immediately created stir and excitement, for it looked like business which had been unanticipated and was therefore surprising; very quickly, too, after they were gone a courier arrived with orders "to keep a sharp look-out toward the front, with fires especially and strictly forbidden along the lines." As night approached, however, the weather changed, for the sky beyond was filled with darkening and threatening clouds; when, after partaking of such rations as our larder then contained, we passed the night upon picket-duty, with all in surmise as to what the night, as well as the morrow, might have in store—risk, adventure, or discomfit.

CAVALRY RECONNOISSANCE BY GENERAL AVERILL—PRISONERS
CAPTURED.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1863.—Morn was ushered in with that variable state of the weather existing, which usually distinguishes or is commemorative of date and day—"St. Patrick's day in the morning," sure enough—for a storm of rain, sleet, and wind raged; however, it was of short duration. At an early hour information was received from the front that our cavalry forces, under the command of General W. W. AVERILL, were again having an engagement with the rebel cavalry troops at Kelly's Fording, which was speedily and fully corroborated by the continued and heavy firing then distinctly heard, as wafted along by the morning breezes. We also learned that the enemy had despatched a small force of cavalry across the Rappahannock with the

purpose or object of making an attack upon our picket-line, during yester-night, so as to break and put our sentinels to flight, in confusion, toward camp—hoping thereby to capture prisoners of war from our Brigade, sufficient to make up for the loss which they sustained in the engagement on the 27th ult., at the same fording. However, the tables were turned, for the timely arrival of General AVERILL's troops, sent out on the reconnoitre, proved successful in surprising the rebels, driving them back in dismay, and capturing over thirty of their men as prisoners. Although this was the second time, within three weeks, that our cavalry forces had been victorious in reconnoissance, yet we passed the night upon picket in a state of comparative uneasiness and suspense.

RETURN OF TROOPS—LONG WAIT FOR RELIEF.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1863.—As the morning hours arrived and grew less we found our cavalry and artillery returning to their camps, highly elated with their splendid achievement, while we were anxiously awaiting the arrival of our relief, but which only made its appearance about 2 o'clock, P. M. It is needless to particularize, that the Regiment was promptly in line and on the road to CAMP FRANKLIN, plodding through mud and mire, where we arrived about 5 P. M., greatly fatigued—in short, almost exhausted. After partaking of a good supper of hard tack and mess pork, with hot coffee, all turned in early for a night of rest.

REVIEW AND INSPECTION AT CORPS HEADQUARTERS—REGIMENT COMPLIMENTED BY MAJOR-GENERAL D. E. SICKLES.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1863.—The weather this morning was bright and clear, when orders were received through our Adjutant, "that all companies should prepare for inspection of arms, and be ready for division inspection and review during the afternoon." In accordance therewith, all hands were busily engaged at cleaning up arms and accoutrements, to be followed by rigid inspection, for the duties of the forenoon.

when all eagerly and heartily partook of the early-prepared dinner.

About 1 o'clock, P. M., the Regiment was called out, was promptly in line, and marched off toward Third Corps headquarters, where we were reviewed and inspected by our Corps Commander, Major-General DANIEL E. SICKLES, with his staff. The inspection and review were, apparently, quite satisfactory to General SICKLES; because, in the off-hand manner for which he was noted, the 122d Regiment was complimented upon the appearance as well as the marching. The compliment was well-merited, as the men, in general, had prepared themselves for the occasion, by care, energy, and special attention to orders—that of having arms, accoutrements, clothing, etc., in proper condition—for, taking all circumstances into consideration, they were never in better order. The Regiment then returned to camp, after which dress-parade was had, besides the reading of general orders by the Adjutant, which were the closing events of the day worthy of record, whereupon all were afforded an early opportunity for retirement within their cosy quarters for another night.

OLD-FASHIONED SNOW-STORM—DAY PASSED WITHIN TENTS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1863.—At early dawn we were visited with a change of weather—that of a heavy old-fashioned snow-storm, which raged all day long, greatly disturbing the necessary and finally preventing the full performance of general camp duties; however, as it had become proverbial among soldiers that to obey orders was the first duty, even under any and all circumstances, we did all that we could; so that the next best thing to relate, is—that the greater part of the day was spent in camp within tented quarters, the comforts of which were hugely enjoyed, and mainly depended upon the modes and conveniences exhibited in their construction by their providential occupants. Thus, again,

another night for early to bunks was cheerfully hailed and speedily made profitable by all.

EQUINOCTIAL WEATHER—COMMOTION CAUSED BY ATLEE MERCER
DROPPING CARTRIDGES DOWN A CHIMNEY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.—Day, again, dawned inauspiciously, soon followed up with more snow, and finally turning, at intervals, into rain and sleet—somewhat characteristic of equinoctial days in the blustry month of March. for which this month is so justly celebrated. This state of the weather continued for the better part of the day; and, as we were again enabled and forced to remain within our respective bunks, how beautiful our retrospection seemed—how much more pleasant and beneficial our situation was, when compared to that of lying on the main picket-line, amid all the discomforts so rudely contributed by the elements at this season of the year.

Therefore, of course, many and various were the tricks, sports and amusements resorted to, to pass away the day, especially among those active and young minds which were comprised within the ranks of Company K, for it was quickly learned and was soon widely reported that mischief was brewing and in operation at the quarters of Company K. ABE GOOD and GEORGE HOAK had made themselves a sort of "dug-out habitation," providing the same with a rather small chimney, which had so poor ventilation that it had the effect of smoking them out at times; insomuch, that it occurred to the perspective mind of ATLEE MERCER (whose bunk was just opposite, and who was ever ready to do a sly trick to gratify a capricious notion.) to drop several cartridges into the chimney and hurriedly escape to watch the result. It is hardly necessary to state it, but as it made an incident of the day, the perpetration of the trick did its mischief: for the watch by ATLEE was soon rewarded by the sudden arousal of the drowsy occupants, who hastily ran up and down the Company street in search of and vowing vengeance

against the miscreant who dared to destroy their "cosy bower" (so to speak), as well as disturb their rest and repose. So, to drive dull care away numerous incidents occurred, which might be related, through trickery, mischief, and sport, provoking merriment, enjoyment, etc., until night-fall arrived, closing the scenes and events for the day.

CHANGE OF WEATHER—COMPANY INSPECTION—PROMISE OF BREAD.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1863.—We were aroused at dawn of day, to find that during the night a rough nor-wester had been raging, which had the effect to somewhat dispel the dampness, followed up, as day advanced, with bright sunshine—a change of weather highly gratifying to all. The strong rays of "Old Sol," however, quickly removed the remnants of snow, when, by 10 A. M., there was sufficient, clear, dry surface of earth upon which to hold our usual Sunday-morning inspection, and which was never neglected so long as a proper officer could be found and obtained to conduct the same. The general appearance of the respective company equipments resulted in the Regiment passing a very creditable inspection, which ended at noon, when all were ready for and freely partook of the dinner prepared—that of compressed vegetable soup, together with rations of fresh beef and potatoes—a diet not to be disdained, but rather to be relished, especially at this season of the year. In fact, we could not, and did not, complain just at that time; for, although rumors were afloat very freely, and from reliable sources too, that the officers were receiving finely-baked, soft bread from the Army Purveyor's stores—which was considered rather good fortune for them—yet it was promised that ere long we should also enjoy the same luxury, as Major-General HOOKER, commanding the Army of the Potomac, in his plan of re-organizing the army in general, and directing their regulation upon different principles heretofore adopted and practiced, had determined upon the method of further and better providing for the comforts and welfare of the soldier

by issuing an order for the construction of ovens, for the purpose of bread-baking on a more extensive scale. Dress-parade was the next event of the day, which was short and informal; when, after the enjoyment of the usual evening rations, all turned in, readily and early, with the view of obtaining a good night's rest.

VISIT TO DIVISION HOSPITAL—STROLL THROUGH NEIGHBORING CAMPS—THE IRISH VIVANDIERE—THE IRISH REGIMENT.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1863.—The weather this morning was cloudy and windy; whereupon, as there had been no special duties assigned for the day, worthy of note, everything indicated a reign of unusual quiet. Therefore we, together with several of the boys of Company K, agreed to accept the invitation tendered from Division Hospital Headquarters some time since, to visit the hospital, a description of which, here, will not be amiss. The afternoon having been selected for the purpose, we arrived at the hospital at an early hour when, under the guidance of a comrade—a detailed *attache* from Company K—we passed around and through the different wards, where we found the sick comrades of the Regiment to be the recipients of all due care and attention possible, as well as amply provided for—in fact, nothing was neglected that was essential to their comfort; and, especially, even the sheltering furnished for the feeblest of the invalids was most admirably arranged. But this was not all to be seen or to be taken into consideration, for we were next afforded the gratification of an inspection of the Steward's Apartment, which contained such an array of delicacies as canned oysters, condensed milk or cream, potted meats and chicken, jarred preserves, jellies, apples, orange meringue, tea, etc.—in short, all the dainties so eagerly relished by the poor, sick soldiers, away from the comforts of home and the care of friends. And then, oh, how great the contrast! when we looked back and pondered over the hospital accommodations provided for those other

poor comrades within the mere folds of their shelter tents, who had to endure the sufferings and affliction of camp fever, etc., with insufficient clothing, too, as well as the store of medical supplies exhausted, which characterized and prevailed at the Hospital Headquarters of the Division, when at Camp Falmouth, before and after the siege of Fredericksburg.

After two or three hours profitably spent, we were *en route* for CAMP FRANKLIN, which was about two miles distant, but our return was made by another course, which afforded us the opportunity of passing through several neighboring camps, where we made brief halts, and received due respect, marked attention, and kind hospitality in some instances. At the camp of the 114th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, better known as COLLIS' ZOUAVES, occurred an incident worthy of relation: In passing through the company streets of the Regiment, we suddenly halted in front of a peculiarly arranged, tented quarters, upon the call of a comrade—"Hello, boys, there's a woman in that tent!" At once, all were attracted to the spot, and sure enough a woman made her appearance—a sight very unusual in the army—for her plight, that of an uncouth figure, with hair disheveled, and attire untidy, plainly indicated her habits and vocation, which naturally produced meditations as to whom she might be, and what were her relations to the Regiment. Her reply to the call of our comrade, soon satisfied us as to her nativity; for, in that brogue, which is characteristic of those well-known emigrants from the Emerald Isle, she waved us off (although aroused from a comparative stupor,) in a commanding way, with "*be off wid yez, ye spalpeens; or ye'll find the woman betther than all yez!*" Before departing, however, we learned that she had been adopted by the Regiment, accompanying it in full dress as "Daughter of the Regiment," when on the march, but serving mainly as *vivandiere*.

As we proceeded, homeward-bound, we met with quite a

surprise—that of finding a native Lancastrian, in the person of Sergeant GEORGE P. DEICHLER, of Company I, at the camp of the 69th Regiment, under command of Colonel JOSHUA T. OWEN. Sergeant DEICHLER kindly entertained us by escorting us through company quarters as well as regimental headquarters, whereby we were afforded another brief interval for reflection, with attentive consideration. We found this Regiment to be principally composed of that class of Irish-American citizens, by adoption, whose hardy natures, as well as course of habits, and courage were characteristic of the Celtic race, and therefore a part and parcel of that celebrated Irish Brigade, which was comprised within the Second Division of our gallant Third Corps, and known as the Philadelphia Irish Regiment. We arrived in camp about dusk, somewhat fatigued, where, after regular evening meal, we retired early for the night's repose.

ON PICKET AT A NEW POST—THE OLD FARM-HOUSE—A FEAST
ON SLAP-JACKS PREVENTED BY A REBEL CAVALRY FORCE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1863.—The change of weather, which greeted us this morning, was more favorable, although rather blustry, as the Regiment received orders and furnished its detail for picket-duty. As usual, we moved off at 8 o'clock, A. M., to the north-east, then proceeded toward the west, on the line of our old picket-station, along a stretch of laurel underbrush, not far from Stafford C. H., where we arrived in due time. Immediately on our front we perceived an ancient-looking, dilapidated farm-house, not far distant, with a cavalry picket-station quite adjacent, which belonged to the 10th New Jersey Cavalry Regiment; whereupon we soon made the acquaintance of the cavalymen, who, together with some of the boys of Company K, at once made arrangements for an expedition of adventure to the old farm-house. The joint party started out promptly, the habitation was soon reached, and an acquaintance was duly formed with its oc-

cupants, who proved to be an elderly, hospitable lady and a colored female domestic.

Although the exterior appearance of this ancient, almost tumble-down domicile was not so inviting, yet its interior possessed those home-like comforts not often sought or to be found within such habitations; for the snugly covered bedstead, with its high chaff bolsters and white counterpane, betokened an air of refinement rather surprising; then, in a room adjoining, or kitchen proper, through an open door, we espied the large, commodious Virginia fire-hearth, replete with the proverbial back logs of fair size, in front of which was placed in proper position the familiar Old Dominion spider or griddle, with Aunt Chloe, the domestic, sitting by its side. In the hands of Aunt Chloe, just at that time, the griddle was very skillfully manipulated in the process of baking slap-jacks, prepared from U. S. A. Commissary flour, issued to such persons in the community who held the proper requisitions, granted by the military authorities, during which operation there was a sequel; for, as soon as our little batch of dough was ready, and we were enjoying the kindly hospitality of the hostess, a rustling noise was heard from the outside, followed with the sudden entrance of Comrade JOHN WEIDLE, of Company K, who reported that the rebel cavalry were making a raid in that direction. It is hardly necessary to say it, that all vamoosed the ranche on the double-quick, insomuch that we were far enough ahead before stopping to look back for real danger; fortunately, however, we were not far from our picket-line, so that we were quickly there, as well as to find that our cavalry forces had been sent out on the chase after the intruding rebels. Of course, this had ruined our prospects, and as we did not again venture out, owing to proper restraint, we were forced to leave our feast, then in preparation, for the relish and enjoyment of the 10th N. J. Cavalry boys, who were stationed about the house. Consequently, this was real distress, in a manner, to us; for, having had matters so nicely arranged

for a feast of dainties, it was rather galling to be thus deprived of and driven away from its enjoyments. However, we engaged in another enterprise, that of turning our attention to the grubbing out of fine roots of laurel, which were very abundant hereabouts, and which we (being dest in the use of the pen-knife) soon converted into pipes. After boiling them off in pork fat in our tin-cups, we were soon enabled to enjoy a good smoke with the batch of tobacco captured at the aforesaid house, while an order was received from Picket Headquarters "to observe a sharp look-out toward the front," when and where we put in a restless night, without further events worthy of mention.

HEAVY FALL OF RAIN MAKES AN UNEVENTFUL DAY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1863.—We awoke this morning to observe that the weather had undergone another change before day-light, that of a heavy fall of rain, which kept up, without intermission all day long; therefore, the boys, in general, were to be found, clinging closely to their fires, back of the picket-line, for comfort, so that the day passed away rather uneventfully.

BAD WEATHER—REBEL BUSHWACKER CAPTURED.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1863.—Morning brought more rain and fleeting clouds, while the atmosphere all along the line was damp and disagreeable, so that another day was passed very uncomfortably on the picket-line. During the afternoon a portion of our cavalry passed through the line, bringing with them "a rebel bushwacker," pack and saddle, whom they captured, about dusk, as he was trying to cross the country in the front of our lines. He had evidently crossed the river during the previous night, and then secreted himself until toward dusk this evening, when his venture out doomed him to be taken as a prisoner. Without further event the day passed away at reserve-station.

RELIEVED BY FIFTH CORPS MEN—MUDDY MARCH TO CAMP—
DEATHS OF TWO MORE COMRADES.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1863.—Dawn of day, this morning, was clear but cold, when all hands were early at building of fires and drying their damp clothing. About mid-day our relief came along, which was part of the Fifth Corps, under command of Major-General HUMPHREYS. So we moved off at once, by a new route, and reached camp in pretty good time, though mud-bespattered, hungry, and tired. As we arrived home, (as we then termed CAMP FRANKLIN,) rain again began to fall with good prospects for a continuance during the night. As matters of event, we here record the loss of two more members of the Regiment by the rude hand of death—that of Private JOHN A. HUBER, of Company B, which occurred at his home, whither he had been conveyed when ill, at Lancaster, Pa., March 11, 1863; and that of Private JOHN SMITH, of Company H, which occurred in general hospital at Falmouth, Va., March 17, 1863. As the night was wet, all gladly availed themselves of the opportunity for an early retirement, and turned into bunks in short order.

REGIMENT TO BE PUT IN PROPER TRIM FOR BATTLE, ETC.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.—The rain of the previous night continued this morning, as we awoke and emerged from our quarters, and kept up all day long. Therefore, all about camp seemed to indicate, as a prevailing condition of affairs, gloom and despondency. A new series of orders had been received at Regimental headquarters from Corps headquarters, to the effect, "that special attention should be given to putting the Regiment in proper trim for battle: that the most rigid discipline should be observed; that inspection of arms and of camp should be frequent and thorough: that the men should be compelled to keep arms, accoutrements,

etc., clean and in proper order; and, more particularly, that special care should be devoted to the cleanliness of the camp as a very considerate sanitary measure." It was, therefore, very noticeable, that Major-General DANIEL E. SICKLES was striving hard to have his (the Third) Corps in an excellent state of discipline and efficiency; and that he was becoming quite popular with the men under his command, was fully demonstrated and attested by the readiness and willingness they displayed in complying with his orders. Owing to the weather having every appearance of remaining in wretched condition, for awhile at least, this day passed without any other important event, and all retired within bunks for the night.

INSPECTION NOT CREDITABLE—DRYING CLOTHES, ETC.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1863.—The weather, this morning, assumed a more cheerful aspect, for all above was brightly clear and the atmosphere very cold. Orders were received for company inspections, as usual; but, owing to the effects, upon all and everything, of the recent very wet and muddy spell which had prevailed, the inspections did not pass as creditably as those in the past. However, as the sun shed forth his brilliant rays more strongly, all hands turned out, were drying themselves as well as their wet clothes, and hugging the camp-fires for comfort, etc. Dress-parade, the duty for the afternoon, was next held, at which Adjutant HEITSHU read several orders. Subsequently, all partook of the usual evening rations prepared, and then retired within their bunks for the night, without any event of importance to record for the day.

BRIGADE INSPECTION—CENSURE FOR DIRTY GUNS—DEATH OF A COMRADE—HEAVY SNOW-STORM.

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1863.—This morning "the weather-god" again favored us with his cheerful smiles, as it was clear and cold. At an early hour we received special orders

to clean up dirty guns for general inspection. Thus we passed the morning hours until time for dinner, when speedy preparations were made for a good meal, which was freely partaken of and heartily relished. Dinner over, the Regiment was quickly in line in company streets, ready to fall in with the other regiments for the march to Brigade headquarters; where, shortly afterward, we arrived promptly to time and were drilled as well as reviewed by Major-General WHIPPLE, commanding the Division. The Adjutant-General, who conducted the inspection, gave us a rather rough overhauling about the condition of our guns, and ordered company officers to have the same put in thorough condition. Another event to chronicle for the day was the death of Private URIAS WALLACE, of Company F, another Regimental comrade, which occurred at Camp Falmouth, Va., in hospital, this day, March 30, 1863. As night fell upon us, and we retired within our cosy quarters for rest, a heavy snow-storm commenced and raged during the entire night.

SNOW-STORM CONTINUES—SICK-CALL—UNPLEASANT CONDITION OF
AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1863.—The snow-storm of last night still raged this morning, and continued till 11 o'clock, when it then turned to rain, which kept up all day long, so that by night-fall the snow had entirely disappeared. This unfavorable state of the weather had put an end to all duties about camp, with the exception of that very essential and important one—attending to sick-call, which seemed to have had a responsive tendency of very large proportions, of late. The sojourn of the Regiment in the Old Dominion, then, had been very uninviting, as well as disagreeable, and attended with rendering many men unfit for duty, from the fact that our surroundings were naught but a miserable condition of affairs, consisting of wet, dampness, and mud everywhere we went, insomuch that the poor, tired, almost exhausted soldier found it impossible to keep himself neat

or tidy. This being the final day of March, the proverbial old adage of "coming in like a lion, will go out like a lamb," did not hold good and true this season, because we were compelled to spend the day in our damp abodes, making the best that we could out of a bad state of circumstances. Night had cast her sombre hue over the country at an early hour, when all were soon nestled within bunks to dream of what the morrow would bring.





CHAPTER XXI.

ALL-FOOLS DAY IN CAMP—USUAL ROUTINE OF DRILL, ETC.—CAVALRY, CORPS AND ARMY REVIEWS BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN
AND GENERAL HOOKER—PICKET-DUTY IN RISKY LOCATION—CHANGE OF BRIGADE OFFICERS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1863.—“All hail!” was the exclamation heard throughout camp this morning though it was “All-Fools Day;” because, as we arose, day dawned clear and cold, accompanied with a strong nor'-wester blowing briskly. So, at an early hour, all the men were again busy at building camp-fires, around which all clustered in the endeavor to dry their wet clothing, but did not make much progress toward that object, as they rather succeeded in getting too great a smoking for their pains and efforts, which was by no means pleasant or agreeable. Numerous and peculiar were the “fools’ errands” that were perpetrated by one upon the other, along with false reports as to a movement of the army, etc., which caused the Colonel to be besieged for several hours by the victims seeking information and inquiring as to particulars. Guard-mount and sick-call were the first duties of the day, which were duly attended to, when orders were received to clean up guns and accoutrements, for they had again become rusty. After dinner the Regiment was exercised in company drills and at dress-parade, during which official orders were received and read, advising the Regiment to be ready to go on picket to-morrow, when all retired for the night, without further event worthy of note.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

AGAIN ON PICKET—HEAVY DETAIL FROM THE SECOND CORPS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1863.—Day opened cold and clear again, with all the cooks early at their posts preparing the rations for three days on picket. At 9 o'clock the Regiment was again *en route* to the northwest and along the Rappahannock river, over terribly bad, muddy roads as usual. Toward afternoon the sun came out warmer, as we arrived at our station, very tired from the long, muddy tramp which we were forced to go through, when we immediately sank down upon the sward to snatch or obtain some rest. The only event for the day to record was, that the Regiment, while *en route* to picket-station, met with and passed a large detail from the Second Corps about half-way on the road, when and where they turned off toward the southeast—that being their destination, along the main picket-line; they were accompanied also by a light battery, belonging to Ricketts' Battery, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, formerly Matthews' Battery, and a hard pull with slow and difficult progress they had over the fields and through the soft mud. After attending to the proper details we soon turned in for a night's rest.

FIRES TO DRY CLOTHING—FAITHFUL DUTY ON PICKET.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1863.—Day dawned brightly again, after a slight shower of rain during the night, which made matters much more pleasant and agreeable, affording chances to build fires, which were kept up and were main features for the purpose of drying wet clothing and making the men otherwise comfortable. Thus, as usual, the day passed uneventfully, save that the Regiment rendered faithful service all day long on the picket-line.

WINDY DAY ON PICKET—LUDICROUS SCENES OCCASIONED BY TOO CLOSELY HUGGING THE FIRES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.—Dawn of day was again bright, cold, and clear, with a stiff nor'-wester blowing a

perfect gale, causing the men of the Regiment to again build fires, around which they gathered and to which they clung tenaciously whilst the winds blew the ashes and smoke into their eyes, rendering matters rather uncomfortable. Many, too, were the cases of scorched clothing, the burning-off of skirts of the army overcoats, or large holes into the pairs of pants, which were reported, and were the proverbial results to be expected on such blustry days. Considerable chagrin was also occasioned among the boys by the awkwardness exhibited, whereby the tin-cups of coffee, which had been prepared at the bivouac-fire, were rudely upset and spilled—in many cases, the accidental tilt being caused by a rush or hustle of comrades around the fire, furnishing quite a number of ludicrous scenes. The only duties rendered to-day were those appertaining to relief-station, which denoted some activity on the main line, whereupon, as night approached, all huddled together to keep warm, but the day and the night both passed uneventfully.

SNOW AND SUNSHINE—DIFFICULT RETURN TO CAMP.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1863.—During the night we were again visited with a fall of snow to the depth of several inches; however, as day appeared, clear weather was the happy change to note, with calmness and warmer temperature, so that, when “Old Sol” shed forth his rays in radiant glory, the snow rapidly disappeared. We were still on duty upon the picket-line, until about 2 o’clock, P. M., when the relief arrived. Our tramp, on this occasion, may be truly said to have been dreadfully difficult and labored, having been made through mud and slush, for a distance of eight miles, before we arrived at CAMP FRANKLIN, which was at a very late hour, owing to the great delay occasioned in crossing the swollen streams. That we were almost exhausted, as well as our clothing very wet and mud-bespattered, were facts or circumstances not to be doubted, or at all surprising; so, therefore, after the preparation and partaking of a hastily-

made supper, night was at hand and hurried a tired lot of boys to rest, with that longing which surely made sweet their repose and slumber.

GRAND CAVALRY REVIEW BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1863.—The state of the weather this morning was very cloudy and threatening, whilst the snow continued to linger in the lap of Spring, so to say. To-day had been set apart as one auspicious or propitious for the Army of the Potomac, as it was the day for the cavalry review, at which President LINCOLN, accompanied by his wife and son, were in attendance to witness the same. Of course, we, of the infantry, were not required, and had not been ordered to turn out, and right glad were we that such was the case, as the roads were in a miserable condition—the mud and mire being as deep as at any previous time; for, even the cavalry troops, *en route* to the review grounds, put in an appearance not to be envied by any means, as they were bespattered with mud from head to foot. Therefore, the 122d Regiment, P. V., observed the day in camp in quietude and comparative rest, without any other event transpiring worthy of record, save that some important movement was surmised or contemplated for an early day, as an order was received at evening time by the Regiment to be ready for review by the President on the morrow.

INSPECTION AND REVIEW OF THE INFANTRY, OF THE THIRD CORPS,
BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN, GENERAL JOE HOOKER AND STAFF.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1863.—The weather still remained damp and chilly. Owing to the condition of the roads being so very bad, as well as the weather being very threatening, our Brigade had the pleasure and honor, with the rest of the troops at this end of the Army of the Potomac, to receive a visit from President LINCOLN and his son, accompanied by Major-General HOOKER, all of whom made a hasty tour of inspection throughout our camp—the review

held being rather more informal than usual or otherwise. Toward evening "Old Boreas" suddenly started in with blowing up a very cold gale, but clearing off, when dress-parade was held, at which general orders were read, "to get ready for grand review on the morrow;" thus it seemed that Fighting Old JOE HOOKER, as he was then best known, was at last determined to have a review at all hazards. The Staff accompanying General HOOKER, on this occasion, surpassed all previous efforts in the grandeur of their appearance, as well as in numbers—gold lace, bright swords, equipments neat and clean, and accoutrements burnished in grand style, were the characterizing and predominating features of this short and hasty review, which, in other words, was a perfect success. So, without any other event to note, the day went by, when night came and cast her sombre hue over the scene, affording an early opportunity, gladly hailed and accepted, for retirement within our then cosy quarters.

IMPOSING REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY PRESIDENT
LINCOLN, GENERAL HOOKER, ET AL.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1863.—The Regiment awoke this morning, to find another "stiff nor'-wester blowing a gale," when all the men were quickly out and around the fires, for the air was damp and chilling. Everything about camp was stir and activity, denoting plainly that something extraordinary was to take place; so, after an early breakfast, the-prepare-to-fall-in was announced by the several Orderly Sergeants to their respective companies; whereupon, in short order, all were in line on company streets, all attired neat and clean, with guns, plates and accoutrements polished properly; until, at the call of the drum corps the Regiment marched off and formed upon parade-ground. About 8 o'clock, the Regiment, without delay whatever, was moved off toward the southwest, a distance of four miles, where regiment after regiment was met and perceived—all

infantry forces—pouring in from every direction and presenting a splendid sight.

It was just about mid-day when the respective Corps Commanders had made their proper alignments, with the markers properly posted, that from a bugle corps in the distance the signal was given that all was in readiness for the grand review; whereupon, immediately afterward, we heard, wafted from the right of the line on the winds as they prevailed, the familiar strains of the brigade bands playing “Hail to the Chief!” Presently there came, riding along the line, President LINCOLN, Major-General HOOKER, commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, the several Corps commanders, besides quite a retinue of attaches and attendants, all mounted upon gaily caparisoned steeds, each in turn seemingly vying with the other as to the grandeur of appearance as well as deportment. As they passed our front all stood at “attention!” with not a head turned, after which they passed to the left of our line and then to our rear: whereupon, we were again ordered to “stand erect, with heads to the front,” which required quite a time in making the circuit. By signal from the bugle corps orders were received, and given by the Regimental commanders, “to right wheel into column by companies,” with the proper guides aligned; whereupon the second signal was given, and the entire column moved off, in turn, passing before the President as well as the respective General Officers in grand review, all of whom gave us the proper and regular salute: then a countermarch was ordered which afforded us a sight, also, of this superb, moving military spectacle, comprising at least, judging from appearances and the best of information, from 75,000 to 80,000 men in line, each regiment endeavoring to excel the other as to appearance and marching, taking all circumstances into consideration. Thus, highly pleased with our experience on this occasion, as also the gratification felt from our sight-seeing, we were soon on the return to CAMP FRANKLIN, very much invigorated by the

good, fresh air then prevailing, which had the effect of imparting a very keen desire and relish for the rations that our cooks were enabled to provide. So, without further events, the Regiment turned in very early for a night's refreshing rest.

DETAILS TO BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS FOR BREAD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1863.—Day was ushered in bright, cool and clear. After attending to guard-mount and sick-call, the policing of company streets was ordered, when the morning hours were devoted by the Regiment to ordinary camp duties, whilst 1st Sergeants were assigned the special tasks of preparing muster rolls of companies for the Paymaster, for which they were somewhat grateful, according to the old maxim—"large favors most thankfully received, with smaller ones considered *pro rata*." After dinner an order was received for a detail of five men from each company of the Regiment, who were to be provided with blankets and, under charge of company Quartermaster-Sergeants, were to proceed to Brigade headquarters for the Regimental quota of soft, white bread; "amen!" was the ready word responsive to these instructions, for the details were quickly furnished and gladly turned out upon their errands. After the return of the details dress-parade was held and was of short duration, when all were active in the preparation of royal suppers on fresh beef, potatoes, onions, and also the very highly-prized, fresh, white bread. A few camp sports were next indulged in, after which all turned into bunks well satisfied with the duties, the bill of fare, and the pleasures for the day.

DRILL, INSPECTION, AND DRESS-PARADE—NO EVENT.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1863.—This morning the state of the weather was warm and fine. Orders were early issued for the respective companies to clean up arms and accoutrements for inspection and drill, whilst the several company muster-rolls were also then completed, which were finally handed

over to the Captains at company quarters. Dinner was then prepared and heartily enjoyed, after which we were marched out to the parade-ground, where the Regiment was drilled and inspected for about two hours; then dress-parade was had for a brief interval, at which the reading of several orders were the main features; when, without any important event to note, all were dismissed to their quarters for the rest of the day.

DIVISION-DRILL—DRESS-PARADE BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD
MCGOVERN—ORDERS FOR PICKET-DUTY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.—Day again dawned upon us fine and clear. After guard-mount and sick-call, which were duly and promptly attended to, the Regiment was actively engaged in company drills, as orders had been received "to prepare for division drill for the afternoon." An early dinner was, next in order, which had been regularly provided by the respective company cooks and was heartily partaken of, after a thorough exercising in the various and precise manœuvres which make company as well as regimental drills perfect.

Directly after dinner the Regiment formed line and moved off to Brigade rendezvous, where we were again thoroughly drilled in the many and intricate manœuvres which characterize brigade and division movements in general, for about three hours; when, we were at once ready and quickly on the return to camp, where we yet had dress-parade, ably conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN, during which an order was received and read—"for the Regiment to be ready to go on picket again." So, without other event of importance, all readily and speedily turned in for a night's repose in what was considered somewhat cosy quarters at CAMP FRANKLIN, when compared to what we had hitherto experienced and had to expect while doing duty on the picket-line.

PICKET-STATION NEAR ROCK RUN ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1863.—We were called out at an early hour this morning, at once prepared and partook of our breakfasts, so that about 9 o'clock the Regiment had formed into line and was *en route* for picket-station and picket-duty, arriving at our post about noon, when and where we again relieved the Irish Brigade of our Division.

Our post, upon this occasion, was located just northwest of Rock Run, along the hills which bordered the Rappahannock River, and only a short distance from Signal Station, where we had a full, distinct view of the rebel picket-station on the opposite bank of the river. The day passed by without event to record; but, as night approached, we could plainly discern the ruddy glow of the rebel camp-fires which had been kindled, although about two miles distant. The woodland at this point had been rather greatly thinned out, so that the Regiment was more exposed than the men exactly desired, cared, or liked to be; however, "all was well" during the night, which passed, too, without any occurrence or circumstance worthy of note.

REGIMENT ON PICKET ALL DAY LONG WITHIN CLOSE RIFLE-RANGE OF THE ENEMY.

MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1863.—The weather this morning was clear, with the men of the Regiment at their posts faithfully doing picket-duty, while at the same time they observed, very readily, that they were constantly within easy and close rifle-range of the enemy. Had the rebels desired to exchange shots, or open a fight with us, it was generally conceded or known that they would have surely had or gotten the best of us, for they had more woodland along the river banks to protect them: while, owing to their dirty, grey uniforms also, it would have been difficult for us "to have drawn a bead" on them, much less to have distinguished them. It was somewhat gratifying, therefore, to know or

observe that there appeared to be somewhat of a mutual understanding among the *videttes* not to fire upon each other, just at that time, and the situation of affairs—so that, consequently, we had still another uneventful day to pass by and note.

COMMISSARY COFFEE AND SUGAR EXCHANGED FOR PONE OR CORN-BREAD—REGIMENT YET ON PICKET.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1863.—Dawn of day was ushered in clear and cheering, as the weather was fine and warm, with the Regiment still engaged at picket-duty. Although, as the day waned on, the weather had become much brighter and more cheering to the spirits of the men, yet it seemed that monotony, as it were, had taken such a hold of affairs along the picket-line as to almost engender dullness, even to sluggishness in some respects; therefore, a stroll was determined upon by some to the rear of the line. They did not proceed far, however; for, but a short distance back of the picket-line was observed a very ancient, dilapidated log-house, from the rude chimney of which was perceived the frequent and thickening curls of smoke as they ascended to, broke, and were scattered among the elements overhead, indicating that there was something in progress rather attractive and inviting at that quaint old domicile. We approached the same in our usual, unobtrusive way, when and where we were quickly recognized, offered hospitality, and surely rewarded by finding an elderly lady actively engaged in preparing a batch of pone or corn-bread for the griddle. As we were ever ready to strike a fair bargain, our success in mutual exchanges, for the inviting and desirable change of diet, was speedily perfected: for, as we liberally dealt out our commissary coffee and sugar, we received in return fair supplies of freshly-baked, brown, crisp corn-bread, with which we promptly returned to picket-station and there divided our trophies (for such they were) among our comrades, who appreciated and readily partook of the same. So,

without any further incident or event, the day and the night passed away with the Regiment yet rendering faithful service on the picket-line.

RELIEVED BY 20TH INDIANA AND 105TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS—PLODDING WAY, ETC., TO CAMP.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1863.—Day-break appeared with a strong north-east wind raging, and a heavy rain-fall accompanying, which soon served the purpose of making all, as well as everything about us, very uncomfortable; but, however, through the means of the bivouac-fires which had been kindled, and were then briskly burning, we were enabled within an hour or two to enjoy or obtain a little comfort, comparatively expressing it, about 2 o'clock P. M., when our relief arrived. The Regiment, on this occasion, was relieved by the 20th Indiana Volunteers and the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who belonged to the First (or Red Badge) Division of our Corps, when our plodding back (for such a trip it was) to CAMP FRANKLIN proved nothing short of a continued wading through mud and slush, the crossing of swollen streams under great and considerable disadvantages, and getting a thorough wetting. Thus we arrived into camp hungry and exhausted, but were quickly, nevertheless, occupied in re-arranging our quarters and putting other matters to right, with the view of obtaining or securing a night of solid rest and comfort upon the rustic camp bedsteads which we had heretofore provided for that purpose. Without any further event to note, night fell upon us and allowed us to enjoy sweet repose as well as to dream of happier days awaiting us.

ORDERS FOR HEAVY-MARCHING TRIM—RIGID BRIGADE INSPECTION BY ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANKLIN.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1863.—The weather this morning, as we were aroused, was threatening rather badly, for the sky was overcast with clouds, whilst the atmosphere was raw and

damp. At an early hour orders were received by the Colonel: "To require each company to clean up arms, accoutrements, etc.; each man to receive 60 rounds of ammunition; and to be in heavy-marching trim;" so that the entire forenoon was devoted to fulfillment of the same. After dinner Brigade and Regimental inspections were the next orders for the day, with the Regiment in line at 1 o'clock, sharp, as also the entire Brigade—all in heavy-marching trim, with knapsack, haversack, canteen, etc., complete. Directly upon arrival at parade-ground, Colonel FRANKLIN (our then Acting Brigadier-General) appeared upon the scene and held a most rigid as well as thorough inspection, both of Brigade and Regiment, which passed very creditably and favorably—in more respects, too, than one; for, greatest of all, the change of Brigade Officers* had been received with delight and appreciation, as our Colonel had been known and recognized as a philanthropist; whilst, on the other hand, the men had really begun to dislike or detest Brigadier-General PIATT, who always appeared to be in ill-humor, and then more or less "cross-grained," as they termed it. Dress-parade immediately followed, after which all turned in for the night to rest, as well as to conjecture upon that which might be in store for another day.

THE NEW PAYMASTER, MAJOR OAKLEY, AND BIRDS OF PREY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1863,—Day-break again brought threatening weather—cloudy overhead and the atmosphere chilling—yet all faces bore a smile, and a broad one, too, at that—for the Paymaster had arrived in camp. After the

*Owing to the continued absence of General PIATT, since the siege of Fredericksburg, the First Brigade, of the Third Division, had been left without a proper or regular commanding officer, whereupon Major-General WHIPPLE, U. S. A., then in command of the Division, deeming Colonel FRANKLIN of our Regiment, after a thorough test, as the best fitted for the permanent command thereafter, assigned the same to him under the title of Acting Brigadier-General. Acting Brigadier-General FRANKLIN thereupon immediately selected as his aids-de-camp, Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG, of Company D, 122d Regiment, P. V., and Lieutenant H. P. RAMSDELL, 14th Regiment, N. Y. A.

regular routine of camp duty, the Regiment was formed into line upon company streets, where each company awaited their turn to receive the pay. As Major OAKLEY, U. S. A. Paymaster, arrived at the post of Company K, he took occasion to refer to certain glaring errors committed by his predecessor, Major W———, the former Paymaster, with special regard to the cases of the reported absent sick and their "descriptive papers;" however, that did not affect us who were and had been on duty with the Regiment all along. As heretofore stated, upon another occasion, along with the Paymaster flocked the usual birds of prey, or camp-followers, such as small gamblers, fakirs, *et al.*, all of whom plied their nefarious vocations to rob the poor soldiers of the paltry sums of money which they yet retained, after settling accounts with the sutler—at least, those who were foolish enough to be scooped in, and allow themselves and their money to readily and rapidly part company. Dress-parade was next in order, held at 5 o'clock, sharp, was of short duration, and passed off quite satisfactorily and creditably. After which supper was hastily prepared and disposed of, when all retired to quarters for the night's rest—no, not all, for some were within darkened tents, where many were the games of cards played, attended with the usual losses and gains during the night. Thus ended another day without further event or incident to note.

BRIGADE AND DIVISION DRILLS—READY FOR CHANGE OF BASE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.—The state of the weather, as day dawned upon us this morning, we were glad to record as clear and warm. The first special duties of the morning hours were company drills throughout the Regiment, which were kept up until nearly noon. Dinner was next prepared and hastily partaken of, when the Regiment formed into line and proceeded to take part in the brigade and division drills—the special orders for the afternoon—which were conducted by Inspector-General VAN HORN of Major-General

WHIPPLE's staff, and proved creditable and satisfactory events of the day. Dress-parade followed in the evening, at which important orders were received and read, with special reference to providing for the sick in camp and the furnishing of additional rations, etc., whereupon many were the conjectures formed, or instances afforded for surmise, as to what was next to occur of importance, or might turn up in the way of adventure, etc. All were really ready for a change of base, as we felt that we had already tarried too long in this one locality; for our woodlands were all gone, our water supply exhausted—only to be obtained at remote distance and then very scanty, with other inconveniences needless to specify; yet, there would be one regret—that of leaving our comfortable “home-like” bunks, so to speak, which had been constructed with great care, labor, etc., for days then past. A move upon the enemy was the common and prevailing opinion among all the men, after which a hearty supper upon fine soft bread, fresh beef, and good coffee came next, whereupon we ended our cares of the day by an early retirement for the night's rest and slumber.

SICK LIST UNUSUALLY LARGE—SUYDAM, RUTH, ET AL., TO HOSPITAL—HEAVY MARCHING-TRIM ORDERS—SOUP-TRICK UPON
“DUTCHY” MULLEN—VISIT TO NEIGHBORING CAMPS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1863.—Day unusually bright and warm. Breakfast was provided and heartily partaken of, after which the Orderly Sergeants of the companies, respectively, were seen hurrying to and fro, giving special attention to the orders and routine of duties for the morning. First came guard-mount, the detail for which had been announced at roll-call last evening, consisting of one corporal and six privates from Company K, who were promptly on hand at the hour—9 o'clock, A. M.,—when the assembly was beat by the drum corps and away we all went to guard station, near Colonel's quarters. Here we found Captain JAMES F. RICKSECKER as incoming officer of the day. After turning our

detail over to Sergeant-Major W. H. H. BUCKIUS, we returned to company quarters and proceeded at once to gather in Company K's quota of sick for the day. Among those seriously ill was our 8th Corporal, poor JIMMY SUYDAM, who was very unfortunate indeed, being very badly troubled with an affection of his optics, insomuch that both eyes were (literally speaking) pasted shut, when we had to lead him, with the rest formed in line, to the Regimental Hospital, marching to the still very familiar strain of "come and get your quinine, etc.," upon Surgeon's call; for the sick-list of this day to report was unusually large, as orders from headquarters were very urgent and strict to each of the Surgeons for the examination of all the soldiers carried upon the rolls; those found simply ill, yet fit for duty by the Surgeons, were returned and retained as such on the respective company rolls, while those rendered unfit were ordered to be sent to Division Hospital. This thorough inspection had its meaning, and as such it was appreciated by those who had been accustomed to and knew what it was to get ready for a march. Among those left at the hospital, too, was Private JOHN RUTH, also of Company K, who had been reduced through camp fever and dysentery to a mere skeleton, apparently, so that it was conjectured by some, and admitted by others, as only a matter of a few days when he would have to join the ranks of those who had preceded him to that region from which there had never been any return, and where further duty could and would not be exacted.

Again returning to Company headquarters, orders were received from the Captain "to turn out the Company in heavy-marching trim, having knapsacks packed with extra clothing, and blankets (in roll) strapped thereon, as well as be ready for Sunday-morning inspection," for the weather was fine and the ground dry, affording a favorable opportunity for the same. Accordingly the men were promptly in line, and so reported, when the Captain appeared and put them through a rigid inspection, giving special attention to

the condition of arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, etc. Company inspections were observed in general throughout Regimental camp, wherein Company K was found to be well up to the standard, as also the other companies, with the exception here and there, of some article of clothing or a pair of shoes lacking; whereupon, all those desiring (or more properly speaking) in need of new articles as required were ordered to report to their company headquarters for the proper requisitions. Inspection being completed, Sergeant SPRENGER received charge of Company K for dismissal, which, with the command of "in two ranks, right-face, break ranks, march," was quickly done.

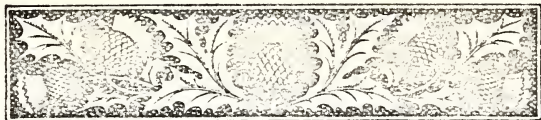
Next in order for the morning hours—though last, yet not the least—were the preparations for dinner, our rations then consisting of fresh beef, bean-soup, and soft, finely baked bread—an elegant repast it proved to be, and was taken in with a keen relish. Herewith is connected an incident which occurred, although trivial, yet is an evidence of the feast just alluded to: HENRY MULLEN, otherwise and more familiarly known as "Dutchy" MULLEN, allowed that "he could stand another round of the same sort;" so he at once proceeded to the cook's shanty and secured the same, but whilst returning to his tent he was suddenly tripped by one of the boys aware of his errand, when away went "Dutchy" and soup sprawling upon the ground in such a manner, that in saying the perpetrator of the trick "got up and dusted," was merely hinting at the result; for the oaths and imprecations which proceeded from MULLEN'S mouth, just then, were "enough to make the heavens black," and it would have been unfortunate for the perpetrator if he had been found out or detected, as "Dutchy" was a desperate sort of fellow when excited and aggravated through such tricks. However, his wrath was finally appeased by the cook, CHARLES GALLAGHER, providing him with an additional, extra ration of good soup and a hunk of beef.

After dinner strolls were in order, when quite a number

visited the camp of 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., just adjoining, found the same cleaned up, in good order, and all the men ready for any emergency which might arise. Everything about their camp, in fact, indicated neatness and tidiness. It was a full regiment which hailed from the vicinity of Newburgh, on the Hudson, and those who composed it proved to be good neighbors. Our next business was to the camp of Colonel BERDAN's sharpshooters, who were then also attached to our Brigade. There we found a different state of affairs, that of the men engaged in various pastimes or amusements, some at cards, some at reading and smoking, others at acrobatic feats, etc., while Colonel BERDAN himself was on hand in a jumping contest, with weights in his hands, against a much younger fellow that "could not toe the mark" with the old gentleman, who proved to be quite an athlete, and had the reputation of being one of the most spry amongst his men, notwithstanding his age, which was fairly judged at 50 odd years. We also met, on this occasion, one of the sharpshooters, who hailed from California and kindly entertained us by showing their outfits, besides explaining their uses and completeness, which consisted of rifles, with telescopic-sight attachments, guaranteed to kill at 1500-yards distance; dark raw-hide knapsacks, climbing-spurs for boot-legs and soles of feet, with accompanying brace-straps for climbing trees and binding them to the trees, when up among the branches—in fact, they were even equipped to the black gutta-percha button on the coat, for there was nothing of brightness allowed about them to attract the attention of an enemy, or the rays of the sun—the gun-barrels, too, being all bronzed or blackened. As a whole they were "a jolly set of fellows well met," and had been collected from all parts of the United States. We arrived at our own camp in time for dress-parade, which though brief, yet was thorough; then to supper, roll-call, and bunks, where the balance of the evening hours were devoted to writing letters home as well as to friends, and then to obtain rest and repose for the night.



LIEUT. COL. EDW'D MCGOVERN



CHAPTER XXII.

HEAVY RAIN-STORM—ORDERS FOR BRIGADE-PICKET—SHIRKERS OF
DUTY PUT INTO LINE—ROUGH EXPERIENCE ON THE RETURN
TO CAMP—DEATHS OF CAPTAIN J. N. NEFF, AND COMRADE
JOHN RUTH—REGIMENT IN COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL MCGOVERN—EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS
FOR A VERY IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1863.—We awoke this morning to find a heavy storm of rain prevailing, which had begun during the night, and the first sight to greet us outside quite an abundance of mud all about our quarters; for it only required a slight fall of rain to make plenty of mud or mire in this section of "Ole Virginny." The storm continued during the morning hours, and appeared to be fixed for all day long; so, therefore, the boys were confined within bunks to keep comfortable, which in many cases was entirely dependent upon the skill that the builders had displayed in contriving to have cosy, convenient quarters, whilst there were others having all the time and advantages desired, yet could never be comfortable, because they never availed themselves of those favorable and proper opportunities when presented. However, those of us who felt perfectly snug in our humble abodes, were enabled to do whatever of writing was necessary to be done or completed with considerable ease, as we had plenty of elbow-room. As night approached the rain still fell heavily, and we were receiving four-days rations from our Commissary headquarters, with advices to be ready to go on picket to-morrow, when all speedily turned in for rest, bidding each other a very good night.

**THIRTY MEN SHIRKING PICKET-DUTY—RELIEF TO RED BADGE OR
FIRST DIVISION—MUDDY AND TOUGH ROADS.**

TUESDAY, April 21, 1863.—The state of the weather this morning was very damp and unsettled. Breakfast was early provided by the cooks, and every preparation had been made to go on picket. After providing, also, for our pet hen "Biddy"—which we penned under our rustic, improvised bedstead—with plenty of corn and water to serve until our return, we hastily disposed of our breakfast, and found the Regiment ordered out into line, marching to Regimental parade-ground and thence moving off to Brigade picket-station, Colonel FRANKLIN of our Regiment, Acting Brigadier-General, being in command. Our Regiment, in counting off, was then found to be wanting in men for the picket-line, when some of the Sergeants were ordered back to camp "to bring all that were shirking duty," which had the effect of furnishing thirty more men for picket. The Regiment, after a short delay, however, was again in motion to the northwest, along and across the telegraph road, arriving at the station of the First Division (the Red Badges) of our Third Corps, and relieving the same. Among other regiments which comprised this division were the Third and Fourth Maine, the 38th and 40th New York Volunteers. The roads were fearfully muddy and tough, making our walking very tiresome and tedious, and rendering the men quite exhausted. However, we soon were on duty, had built fires to cook our cups of coffee and warm our chilled systems when matters were soon put to rights, with all movingsmoothly along the picket-line. Without any other event of note to record the day passed by, when night came on, very welcomely hailed, as all settled down to rest.

**WINTER IN THE LAP OF SPRING—NO CHANCES FOR FORAGE—SUN-
DRY DISCOMFORTS AT RESERVE-STATION.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1863.—We awoke from a refresh-

ing sleep to see a heavy frost around us this morning, reminding us very forcibly that "Winter had lingered in the lap of Spring." Therefore, fires were then hurriedly built, around which all gathered as usual and clung until morning grew into day, when matters became more genial all around. Our good cups of hot coffee—the special boon to the soldier at such times—with boiled beef, hard tack, and salt horse comprised a stock of provisions not to be refused or despised, but then eagerly taken in with decided relish, both by those officers of high estate as well as those of more humble condition in life—"the high privates." This day also passed rather uneventfully. The country hereabouts, consisting principally of woodland, did not abound with inviting and well-filled farm-houses, etc.; so, therefore, no chances were afforded for a forage, whereby there could and were only to be obtained those good things which were comprised within the products of the farm, and were at all times desirable. The weather then changed to dampness and chilliness, and so continued during the day, which was spent by all at picket-reserve-station and around the bivouac-fires, until night approached and suggested some needed rest, when all rolled up within gum and woolen blankets, with knapsacks for pillows, were sound asleep.

ANOTHER HEAVY FALL OF RAIN—UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATION.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1863.—Rain began to fall quite early this morning, keeping up all day long with more or less severity, causing the boys to collect spruce and cedar boughs for the purpose of constructing rude shelter coverings, which served in a manner to furnish good comfort. Those, especially, who were the happy possessors of gum-blankets, were enabled to prevent themselves from being drenched to the skin. Notwithstanding all the discomforts, it was astonishing to notice with what indifference and how good humoredly the situation was accepted by the boys; for mirth and conviviality seemed to exist everywhere, even

under such adverse circumstances, while yet they afforded subjects for reflection. We realized that we were not made of iron, so that future years would surely bring some result, from exposure, suffering, and privation, in the shape of rheumatism or some other chronic affections. Thus another day went fleeting by on the picket-line; however, we had plenty of rations to keep our bodies stimulated.

RELIEVED BY 37th REGIMENT, N. Y. V.—RETURN TO CAMP THROUGH RAIN, MUD, AND SWOLLEN STREAMS—DEATH OF CAPTAIN JEFFERSON N. NEFF, OF COMPANY G.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1863.—Rain again fell heavily, as we were aroused this morning, without any prospect of ceasing or clearing, as it continued all day long with only an occasional lull; in short, we were beginning to meditate as to whether or not we mortals had not been designed just then to serve as amphibious creatures. Thus the morning hours went by, rendering all uncomfortable and disagreeable. About 2:30 o'clock, P. M., our relief arrived, which was the 37th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, belonging to our First (Red Badge) Division; that we were all glad to get out of this wilderness, owing to unfavorable weather and unpleasant predicaments, was a matter not to be doubted or questioned.

Our return to camp was next in order, and was attended with no little interest; for our progress, as we drudged along through the drenching showers as well as the mud, was very slow and much impeded, as the mire at some points was almost knee-deep. Then again came the unpleasant task of wading through the swollen streams, into which many fell, and had become more or less soaked from head to foot. Then numerous were the ludicrous incidents that occurred upon this long, weary drudge to camp—the distance thereto being at least eight miles from our picket-line—and where we arrived about dark completely fatigued—almost exhausted. As usual, we found that Company K again preserved its reputation as being the first into camp, although being placed

at the tail of the Regiment ; for, by the time the balance of the Regiment got in, several members of Company K had tents reconstructed, with fires kindled and brightly burning—a certain one, especially, having forethought, or exhibiting that provident care which induced him to bring with him a good, dry fence rail with which to build a general camp-fire.

After good suppers at the respective cooks' shanties, Sergeant-Major BUCKIUS put in his appearance and announced his details from the companies for camp duty. Also, the death, at general hospital, of Captain JEFFERSON N. NEFF, of Company G, which occurred during the absence of the Regiment on picket. Captain NEFF was born in Strasburg Township, Lancaster County, and was the brother of ALDUS J. NEFF, Esq., who also died in the military service as Captain of Company E, 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, August 5th, 1862. Captain JEFFERSON N. NEFF was a good soldier, a true, generous, open-hearted man, and much beloved by the men under his command, as well as respected by the men of the Regiment in general ; but, alas, the exposure and hardships of a soldier's life were too great a strain upon his constitution, so that he was quickly attacked and deeply afflicted with camp dysentery and typhoid fever, dying therefrom at Division Hospital at Potomac Creek, April 21, 1863. The last sad rites were next observed, that of forwarding his remains to that dear old home—whence he departed in life only to return in death—Strasburg, Lancaster County, for interment. Roll-calls were next in order, which were fully attended, and where were announced the details for duty on the morrow, whereupon all retired early for the then much desired rest, and without delay were enjoying sound slumbers.

COMPANY BOOK MISSING—ARRESTS ORDERED—DEATH OF COMRADE JOHN RUTH—INSPECTION BY COLONEL EDWARD MCGOVERN.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.—Day dawned clear and cold. At morning roll-call the first event of the day occurred, that

of Captain DUNCAN, Company K, being promptly on hand, announcing that the Company book was missing, reporting a list of those who were not on picket, but remained in camp, and ordering the same under arrest. This event caused quite a commotion along the street of Company K during the morning hours; for the Captain declared dire vengeance upon the guilty parties, and determined to have visited upon them the severest punishment allowable, according to military code. It would be quite unfair, here, to particularize, or even enumerate those who were under arrest, for some, indeed many, were certainly innocent; therefore, the bare mention of the circumstance shall and will suffice as a matter of Regimental history.

To-day, we were again in receipt of sad intelligence—the death of Comrade JOHN RUTH, Company K, who had been very ill at general hospital from camp typhoid fever. Poor fellow, he had never been well during the time of his service; he appeared to grow worse from week to week; in short, his was a real case of home-sickness—that which lead the writer to observe, as well as others, that it must be a terrible malady—one continual acting or strain upon the brain and crushing of the heart with anguish, for such it was in his case; yet, how consoling to all, was the relief furnished by the assurance that this affliction was only isolate and never general. From day to day, when in camp, we had looked upon Private RUTH, poor fellow, and had endeavored to encourage him to break the spell which bound him, by urging him to mingle with the boys in their camp sports, etc., but all in vain, as there seemed to be a fixed determination to brood and pine away—a sad sight and affliction, for which there was no remedy. Thus we added one more to the list of comrades of Company K, who had “departed this life”—cut off in the bloom of youth; however, such was the course of war, to which all must submit. We all paid the last tribute of respect and sorrow by the invocation, “God speed; rest in peace!”

An order was received from Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN, "to have all wet and rusty guns put into proper condition, prepare for dress-parade and inspection;" so, in short order, all the men were busily occupied in cleaning out the guns as well as rubbing up the same, besides brasses, etc. Dress-parade was held during the evening hours, at which Colonel MCGOVERN observed a very rigid inspection of arms, and severely censured those who had neglected their duty and disobeyed his order. A good supper was next prepared and heartily partaken of, when all readily turned in for another night of rest.

MUTINOUS ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN COMPANY K—DEMANDS MADE FOR THE RESIGNATION OF CAPTAIN W. F. DUNCAN.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1863.—The weather this morning was again clear and cold. The first duty of the morning hours was guard-mount, after which the Companies, respectively, fell in for inspection. To-day there occurred an event, in connection with Company K, which cannot be omitted from this record; however, we shall be as brief as possible, and forbear from publishing all that should be written. Company K had been put through a close inspection this forenoon by Captain DUNCAN, especially with regard to condition of arms, etc., when the guns, with very few exceptions, passed favorably. Directly after the inspection, several members of the Company called upon Captain DUNCAN for the purpose of ascertaining his motives for keeping certain other members under arrest for a long and indefinite period without trial. As soon as the object of the visit was made known, Captain DUNCAN felt his dignity assailed and insulted, it is supposed, as it aroused his ire to such a degree, that quite an animated discussion ensued between Captain DUNCAN and some of his Sergeants, owing to the fact that any explanation or satisfaction was refused as to his cause for such action; whereupon, Captain DUNCAN so far exhibited his insolence, by threats of reducing the Sergeants to the ranks, that it im-

mediately retaliated upon himself, through his motives being properly questioned and demands made for his resignation as Captain of the Company—in short, affairs had assumed a mutinous aspect. Therefore, this day was one that will ever be remembered by the boys of Company K as that of stormy and unpleasant events. Dress-parade and the reading of general orders were the other duties of the day, after which all retired within bunks to sleep and dream over that which had transpired.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD MCGOVERN IN COMMAND OF THE
REGIMENT—GRAND GENERAL REVIEW OF THE ARMY—IMPORT-
ANT MOVEMENT INDICATED—REMOVAL OF THE SICK.

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1863.—Clear, cold, and windy was the state of the weather which greeted us this morning, as we were aroused from our slumbers. At an early hour the Company cooks were at their respective stations, actively engaged in the preparation of our morning meals, which consisted, upon this occasion, of coffee, cold beef, soft bread, and (to our great surprise) potatoes—some being fried in the mess-pans, while others were nicely roasting in the hot embers and ashes of the fires. Besides all this Company K never fell short when extras were to be had, so that, as Corporal KILLINGER termed it, "the boys fared as sumptuously as lords;" that such a meal was readily stowed away and was very palatable is merely hinting at the fact. Breakfast being over, the next duty of the *routine* for the day was that of getting ready for grand general review, when all were busy in preparing for the great and important event, which was the main order read last evening at dress-parade.

It was about 9 o'clock, when the Regiment was in line, ready to move, with Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN in command of the same, while our Colonel was then Acting Brigadier-General FRANKLIN, having charge and command of our Brigade. After some little delay the Regiment was moved off to the southeast, across the country. Stoneman's

Station ; thence south to a fine, open plain, where we found our entire Third Corps concentrating, with Major-General DANIEL E. SICKLES and staff also promptly on the ground, while the men looked well with their brightly burnished guns and polished brasses. We were not allowed to be long in waiting, for our army had attained that degree of proficiency in regulation and military tactics, that all affairs and movements then ran along as promptly and correctly as clock-work, so to speak. It was a remark of general note that Major-General HOOKER had brought the Army of the Potomac to a high state of discipline and harmony.

Presently we heard the familiar sounds of bugle-notes, announcing that all was in readiness for the review, speedily succeeded by a second call, when next were heard the familiar strains from the brass bands playing "Hail to the Chief!" as along came our gallant General, "Fighting JOE HOOKER," accompanied by quite a host of distinguished personages. Among them were several foreign military officers, said to be from France and England, who looked as prim as wax figures, with their gold eye-glasses and mounted on their prancing steeds. They all passed along our front on a canter, followed by quite a train of other distinguished personages—some in civilian attire—who, as they rode along slackened their pace at intervals to exchange conversation or remarks as to the appearance and *personnel* of this or that regiment. After arriving at the extreme left they galloped along our rear to the head of column, whereupon the bugles resounded the call, and the Regiment turned again into column of companies, passing in review, thence off to camp where we arrived in good time, well pleased with what had transpired, and passed opinions "about France and England glaring at us," as many of the boys expressed it.

Dress-parade was the next feature of the day, at which was read the following general order, viz: "To be in marching trim, with rations for eight days to be prepared at once; sixty rounds of ammunition to be given each man; that all super-

fluoid clothing be left behind in the charge of Quarter-Master; and part of the rations be packed in knapsacks." That this looked like business was the general expression, but in the language of Patrick Henry, all said, "let it come; we repeat it, sir, let it come!"

Having sent all our sick to the hospital, besides having rid ourselves of all incumbrances, such as extra clothing and camp equipage, our direct and eager attention was required elsewhere; for our rations of beef and pork were yet to be cooked; so, therefore, the cooks' shanties were then the most active and attractive spots about camp. Although reluctantly accepting the change about to occur, especially when we considered the fact that we would thereby be deprived of one great and choice dainty to which we had been lately accustomed—that of excellent, fresh bread from day to day, yet we most cheerfully received the hard tack, for the reason that thereby was indicated the grand forward movement which had been contemplated for some time past. Of course, there were many other extras in the way of luxuries and comforts, which we had hitherto enjoyed, and from which we would be cut off whilst upon the march; however, our eagerness for new adventures, as well as for new conquests, if there were such matters in store, served to overcome all objections to the shortcomings to which we might be subjected as well as soothe all anxieties and troubles arising through the disappointments and privations. And yet *our special attention* was elsewhere claimed; for what were we to do with "Biddy," our pet hen, which provided us with an egg daily? This was soon a matter of little conjecture, however, as it was decided to take her along on the march, when "BILLY FISHER," one of our drummer-boys, volunteered his services to be the custodian, which were duly and kindly accepted.

There were yet other advantages, or conveniences, of which we were to be deprived—those of the comforts enjoyed in our camp, and which we were loth to yield. CAMP

FRANKLIN, as it had been named and was known, had been our abiding place since January 26th, affording such accommodations and conveniences as to have proven more home-like than those at any other former encampment. In connection therewith were the recollections of many pleasant as well as sad occasions, which would linger so long as our memories would be unimpaired, especially when our retrospective glances took in the good times and comforts enjoyed, together with the difficulties, trials, and exposures experienced upon the picket-line. So, it was not to be wondered, that our gallant 122d Regiment again retired within cosy quarters, each member full of thought and reflection as to things past and to come, upon a spot so dear with reminiscences of every description, and whence they were then to depart with feelings of deepest sadness.

REGIMENT, IN HEAVY-MARCHING TRIM—MEN IN GOOD CHEER,
JESTING ONE WITH THE OTHER—A CAPTAIN CUTELY
ROBBED OF HIS CANTEN OF BOURBON.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1863.—The weather was rather cloudy and unpromising this morning at day-break. At an early hour our cooks were again busily engaged at their fires completing the preparations of our immense allowance of beef and pork. About 9 o'clock the order "to pack up, strike tents, and be ready to move at a moment's notice" was received, whereupon all were ready, began removing shelter-tents and packing knapsacks, which were already hugely large, even having therein stowed only part of the essential requirements. Next followed the dismantling of bunks and dug-outs, when CAMP FRANKLIN then presented a very forlorn appearance.

It was then mid-day, and the long roll was beaten, when all the companies promptly fell into line in heavy-marching trim, their big knapsacks strapped to their backs, etc. In glancing along the ranks, with the cooks and detailed men again in their proper places, the 122d Regiment once more

resembled regular and former appearances, much larger than those mornings when turning out for picket-duty. However all the men were in good cheer, exchanging jests, one with another, about "being like General SIGEL's pack mules," and "looking like old Jew peddlers," and twitting each other as to "how they sold hump-backed undershirts, or bow-legged drawers," etc., creating roars of laughter all around.

About 3 o'clock, we were still in line in company streets, when it began to rain right smartly, continuing until 4 o'clock; the long roll was again beaten and, in short order, the Regiment was formed with Colonel MCGOVERN in command, all betokening readiness for the movement, when we marched off south-eastwardly, then continuing down on the opposite side of Fredericksburg to the extreme left of our army, where we met with the Sixth and First Corps, about midnight, after a lonesome and tiresome march. It then again began to rain, when we were allowed to lie down to rest upon the wet ground.

At this juncture of affairs, not feeling very well, we turned our attention to and were out on the hunt for a little Commissary Bourbon to relieve us. Here occurred an incident worth relating: A certain officer possessed a canteen, which was discovered to contain the essential article, but who theretofore denied ever having the same about him; we thereupon threw out gentle hints for a portion, but were flatly refused. However, as we never despaired of getting what we once set our hearts and heads upon, knowing that the officer's canteen contained the Bourbon, we returned to our place in camp to plan how to get even with him upon our previous bad luck, as we still felt quite indisposed. A sort of forage, was decided upon as the result of the planning, when another certain individual was detailed to capture the canteen. Walking silently up to the sleeping form of this Captain, this individual succeeded in neatly stripping the canteen therefrom by disentwining it, and then stealing away as quietly as he came, he shared its contents among the

boys who relished it very much. The canteen was then successfully returned, but empty, with the cork out also; the sequel, of course, was that the officer was readily consoled and satisfied with the supposition that it leaked out during the night and soaked into the ground. Nevertheless, the sick boys were relieved and revived, with the knowledge that "where ignorance was bliss 'twas folly to be wise." We then again laid down upon the wet ground, amid mud and slush, sore and tired, to rest for the night.

CLEANING-OUT OF A SUTLER'S STOCK—BALLOON FOR RECONNOISSANCE—ON THE MARCH, HALT, ETC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1863.—This morning we were aroused from our uncomfortable and miry bunks, to find a heavy fog prevailing about us, rendering the atmosphere still more damp and disagreeable; then fires were speedily kindled and kept burning, as best we could, whereat to dry our wet clothing and cook our cups of coffee. After which, several representatives of the Regiment took a stroll to the rear of our line, of very short distance, where they were favored with a sight that, although rude, was yet deserved and entertaining—that of a "genuine cleaning out" of a sutler's stock of merchandise. It appeared that a certain sutler, attached to a Rhode Island battery, had been charging the men from 75 cents to \$1.00 for a plug of navy tobacco, which was deemed so highly extortionate that the men were determined to "make *him* quit square with *them*," by resolving to take possession of the next lot of wares he brought for sale among them. As soon as he arrived upon the ground and had opened up his wagon, the sides of which were strung with long-legged "cavalry boots, gauntlet gloves, gum-blankets," (as he specified them), besides tin-cups, etc., a rush was made for the wagon, pell-mell, by the angry artillerymen, who succeeded in capturing and carrying off every article of merchandise he had. Somewhat dumb-founded and almost crying at this raid upon him, he hitched up his

horses and immediately "pulled out," (it is conjectured,) although "entirely empty, yet a much wiser man;" for, instead of being the robber of the poor artillerymen, as he had been heretofore, he had now undergone the experiment of what it was to be robbed himself, and had discovered that his former patrons had become adepts at his art and trickery, but by another method. His experience on this occasion was a sad one, indeed, we were positively assured; for his stock was an extensive and splendid one, comprising everything that was in common use and required by the men in army service.

Our attention was next attracted in another direction, whither we observed the moving along our immediate front, by means of guy ropes, of a large balloon, in the basket of which was seated but one officer—an *attache* of the Signal Corps—who, with a large telescope, was engaged in making *reconnaissance* of the enemy's positions. It was then 9 o'clock, A. M., when we were moved off to the southeast, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, where we were drawn up in line of battle, facing west by north, as heavy firing was heard toward the river and on our left. As it was vigorously kept up, we remained in line until dark, when we were ordered "to stack arms, lie down to rest, and be ready to fall in at a moment's notice." During the afternoon a slight thunder-gust occurred, after which we ventured out and perceived that we were entirely surrounded by other infantry organizations, cavalry and artillery, all in readiness for action. Finally, we all sank down upon the grass and stretched out for a good night's rest.

WEARISOME MARCH TO HARTWOOD CHURCH.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1863.—With dawn of day the weather was threatening for more rain, of which we lately had quite an abundance. After partaking of a cup of good coffee, together with our beef and hard tack, one and all felt very much refreshed again, and ready for anything which

might turn up, should it be adventure, skirmish, or battle. Thus we loitered about until mid-day, when "Old Sol" shone forth, casting his hot rays so effectively about, that many were the overcoats and blankets which were thrown away by the over-packed or over-burdened boys. With but little delay the long roll was beaten, when we fell into line and again moved off, rather to the rear, toward the right of the line, through deserted camps, over a more direct route to Hartwood Church, where we arrived at midnight, more dead than alive, having marched a distance of eighteen to twenty miles. Without regard to care or comfort, we laid down upon the sward beneath us, to snatch a few hours of rest; and oh, how gladly we hailed the opportunity afforded! In the meanwhile other troops were streaming past us in one continuous train.



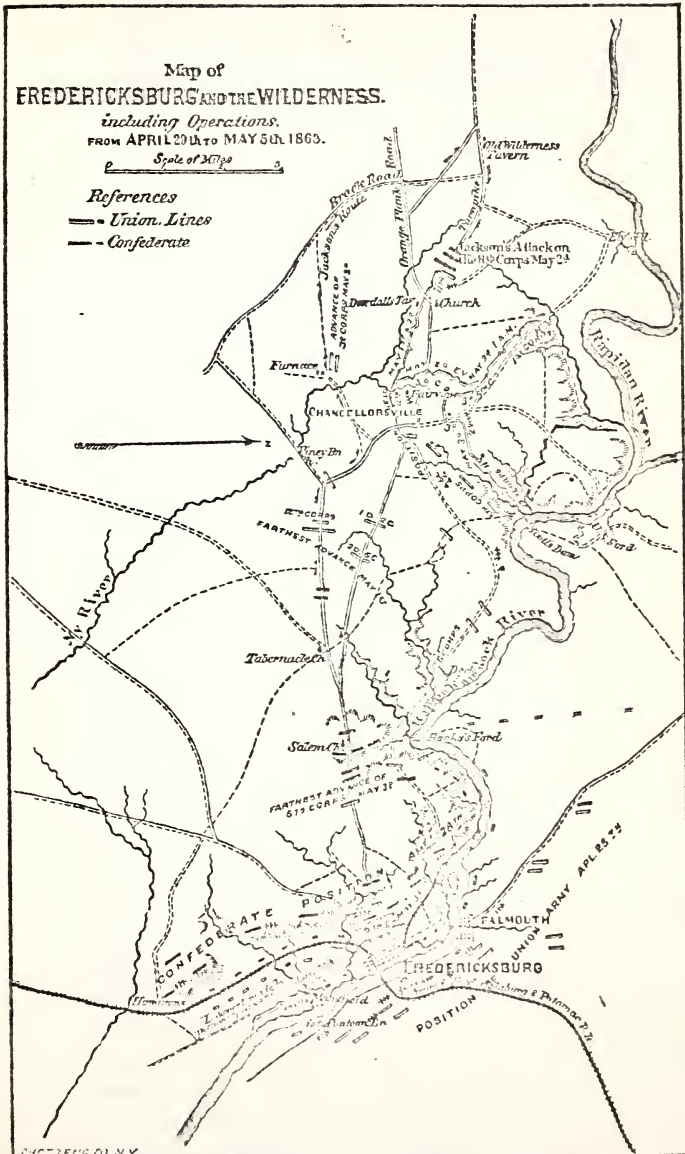
Map of FREDERICKSBURG AND THE WILDERNESS.

including Operations.
FROM APRIL 20th to MAY 5th 1863.

Scale of Miles 0 1 2 3

References

— Union Lines
- - Confederate





CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

FIRST DAY'S MOVEMENTS AND OPERATIONS—ONWARD TO THE WILDERNESS—CROSSING THE PONTOONS AT U. S. FORD—INCIDENT OF PREDESTINATION—THE PET HEN MAKES A SAVORY STEW—TO THE FRONT IN SUPPORT OF BATTERIES.

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1863.—At an early hour, about 5 A. M., we were with difficulty aroused from our sound sleep. The weather was fine, and taking all things into consideration, the men were in excellent spirits. We were soon in motion toward United States Ford, marching about five miles, when we were halted on the high grounds directly back of the river hills, where we were allowed a rest, however, not of long duration; for we again moved down the road to the river, where we found a pontoon bridge which had just been laid. Before reaching the river we met with a very strong guard of other Union soldiers, who had in charge quite a number of captured rebels—they were the most nondescript set of human beings we had ever seen. To an inquiry from one of our boys, as to "how was OLD BOBBY LEE?" one of them replied: "Well he's right smart and is only waitin' to see you'uns over yander."

As we approached the river we could plainly see the earth-works, on the opposite bank, thrown up as a defence at this fording; they consisted of two semi-circular redoubts, each capable of accommodating six guns, with the proper embrasures, and having lines of earth-works extending out as wings for the infantry support—in fact they were quite formidable in strength and appearance, plainly indicating that the enemy were constantly on the alert for an invasion into their country; for, it was very evident that General

LEE, both before as well as since the battle of Fredericksburg, had put and kept himself upon the defensive, always awaiting our army to strike the first blow. However, General HOOKER had accepted the situation with some prospects of success, as the army appeared to be in excellent condition, and "eager for the fray," with the most sanguine expectations and hopes of sending the enemy flying into Richmond.

As we arrived at the river and were crossing the pontoon bridge, an incident occurred which the author shall ever remember, that of Private ANDREW SHAY being deeply impressed with the idea of predestination, as he remarked, (being on the right of Company K,) "Orderly, I am going to tell you, I just feel as if I was going to be shot over here; I don't know the reason, but there is something telling me that I'll be hit and I believe in it." [It is sufficient to say, for the present, that his prediction came true, as this history, later on, will tell.]

The day had then opened fine and warm when we were forwarded at a lively pace into and through a woods, where we were ordered to halt and allowed to lie down for rest. There was another incident that occurred, which may prove interesting enough to relate: Whilst lying down for rest, our attention was suddenly attracted to a rather lively group in the distance, in the midst of which we perceived one of our Company drummers, WILLIAM N. FISHER, to whom had been confided the care of the pet chicken, together with the "Old Dominion" coffee-pot and other articles—which, although of mere intrinsic worth to many, were yet of great value and convenience to the soldier whilst in camp. Our suspicions were thoroughly aroused, as their movements plainly indicated that something was being transacted of more than usual occurrence or nature, and we therefore ventured forth in that direction to ascertain the cause of the activity and bustle, and were amply rewarded in finding the pet chicken already slaughtered, dressed, and cooking within the narrow confines of the coffee-pot, over a brisk fire, for

the impromptu mess then formed, which consisted of our Regimental Chaplain, Rev. ELIM KIRKE, and several of the drummers. That we were rejoiced at the discovery thereof, in time for the proposed feast, may be imagined or expected ; for it occurred to our mind that it was necessary to add fresh fuel and have the feast out of the way as quickly as possible ; so, therefore, in short order, without the observance of grace we soon proceeded to dispose of our pet hen, after its rich and savory stew, between Chaplain KIRKE and Drummer FISHER, who were profuse in their apologies for the liberty and presumption they had displayed in seizing and using individual property. After accepting the same, we left them to divide the rich broth as best they could and desired, and returned to our place in line feeling much invigorated, and ready to move at any moment.

We remained but a half-hour longer, when we distinctly heard our infantry and artillery engaging the enemy in our front, were then ordered to leave knapsacks behind, and were moved forward to the front, also in anticipation of an attack from the enemy. Our position was anything but a desirable and pleasant one, being in a swampy bottom, and in support of a battery belonging to the 10th N. Y. Regiment ; also, a heavy siege gun of Battery K, 4th United States Artillery, which had been planted some distance to our right. As night closed in and about us, we tore down the rail fence along which we were stationed, threw the rails on the swampy ground, and laid down upon them. Being without blankets and overcoats, we were kept there in that uncomfortable situation, shivering like those poor mortals afflicted with the ague, so that our teeth clattered together, until near midnight, when we were relieved by some of the Fifth Corps men, and then marched back to our knapsacks, where we stacked arms. Then again, in possession of our blankets and overcoats, we were afforded a few hours to make ourselves comfortable before the break of day. Oh, how welcome and gladly was this relief hailed !

SECOND DAY'S MOVEMENTS AND EVENTS—CHANGE OF POSITION—

CAPTURE OF 23D GEORGIA REGIMENT BY GENERAL D. B.

BIRNEY'S DIVISION—SKIRMISH AT HAZEL GROVE—MEM-

BER OF COMPANY F SHOT THROUGH THE EAR—

INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE SKIRMISH

—BREAKING AND STAMPEDE OF

THE ELEVENTH CORPS.

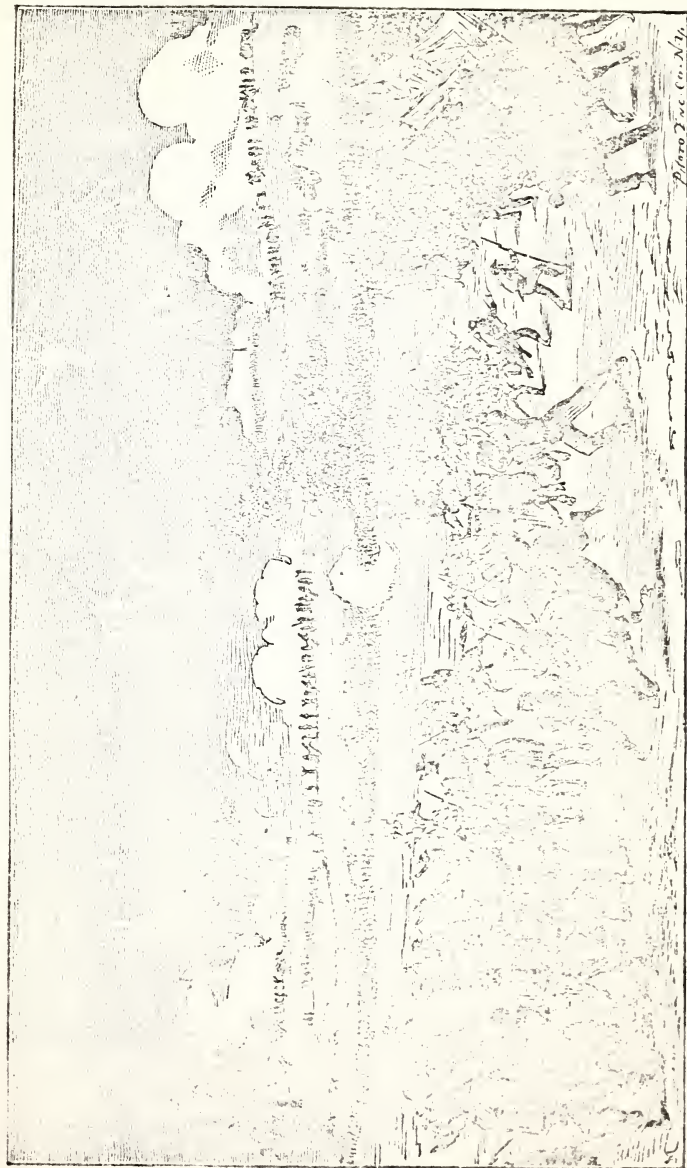
SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.—We were aroused at an early hour, when we prepared a hasty breakfast, as firing had already commenced on our right and to the northwest. A cavalry skirmish was reported to be in operation, while troops were coming in all directions from the river fordings, as well as from the southeast section along the Rappahannock. It was about 7 o'clock when we were again moved forward, quick pace, to the position we held last night; thence, by a *detour*, up a road cut through the woods, and past the Chancellor House, a distance of about two miles; thence turned to the left and moved southeast through a pine forest, where we found the advance of our Third Corps (General DAVID B. BIRNEY'S Division) had surrounded the 23d Georgia Regiment and captured it entire—about 500 strong.

The Regiment then proceeded to a clearing, where Companies I and K were deployed as skirmishers, taking a westerly direction along a dense pine forest. In the distance we could plainly see the rebel cavalry moving along from southwest to northeast. We remained on this line but a short time, for the while that a consultation was being held among our Generals, at which it was decided to call us in, when we were formed into brigades and, under proper commands, moved southwesterly, crossing a narrow, winding stream several times. This vicinity was known as Hazel Grove, situate near an ancient furnace, whence we were cautiously moved by flank, with our skirmishers in advance, about one mile, again crossing through a stream bordered by hazel brush; thence into an open bottom spreading out before us. A section of artillery had also been forwarded up the hill to

our right ; whereupon, just as we had appeared upon the open space and formed our lines, the rebel advance, which had been lying down, concealed in the high grass and beneath the cedar underbrush, fired a volley of balls into us, amidst which a member of Company F had an ear pierced by a bullet. We then again attempted to advance, when the firing became more general and was regularly poured into us upon our flanks as well as from the front. Fortunately, their aim was too high, so that only a few were hit, when Major-General WHIPPLE, commanding, immediately ordered us to fall back, which was done, in good order, to higher ground in our rear ; after which a few shots from our battery had the effect of driving the rebels out of the underbrush, and the battery then retired also in good order.*

*Another incident of this skirmish—rather connected, however, with a later event of my life—which occurred, may not be uninteresting, and therefore it shall be related in its proper place. As we were stretched out in line at Company front the Regiment evidently afforded a fine target for the rebel videttes who were lying in our front, as the following narrative will show or prove: In the Summer of 1864 I was attached to the 197th Regiment, P. V., then doing service on Rock Island in the Mississippi River, and having in charge about 14,000 rebel prisoners, who were confined in a stockade surrounded by a parapet, about twelve feet above the ground, for the guard to perambulate upon—in short, this "Bull Pen," as it was called or named by the prisoners themselves, was kept under strict surveillance. However, these prisoners were afforded occasional opportunities to get and set matters outside of the stockade—that is, when they were detailed in working squads upon certain improvements, providing sewerage or making roads upon the island. In the midst of one of these working squads or details, whilst they were at work, I chanced to be standing near one of the prisoners, who had been gazing very sharply and fixedly at me for a few moments, and who evidently recognized me, as I was suddenly accosted, in this manner: "Hello, Orderly!" (for I was again an Orderly Sergeant through consolidation at my last enlistment,) "it seems to me that I have met you before." My reply was, "well, I don't know where," when he responded by the query, "were you not one of the boys at the Chancellorsville fight?" My rejoinder was, "yes, you are right; I was there!" Said he, then, "well, I saw you there and 'pulled for you' down by the Hazel Swamp, between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, on Saturday afternoon, May 2. You were then Orderly Sergeant, as you are now, and by that mark I recognize you!" This was sufficient explanation, and rather indicated a peculiarly close acquaintance at that time and place—therefore the more interesting to myself.

[Having indulged hopes of again meeting the poor fellow at some future day, I asked of him his name, etc., which he gave as either Sergeant Robinson or Sergeant Roberts, (I cannot remember exactly which,) of the Fifth Alabama Regiment. However, as that opportunity has never yet occurred or been afforded, it is to be presumed that he may have been killed, after his exchange, in some other engagement of the war.]



BREAKING AND STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS.

Having now retraced our steps to higher ground, in full view of an open plateau, where "a council of war," as it is commonly termed, was held by Major-General SICKLES and his other General officers, we could also see, in the distance westward, heavy clouds of dust arising, which gave direct evidence that the rebels were concentrating their forces for some movement or operation in store for us, but which was then or could only be a matter of conjecture.

The 8th and 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry were then sent to us by General PLEASANTON, together with a light field-battery which was stationed in their rear, as word had been received that the 11th Corps had been broken, and that we of the 3d Corps were cut off from HOOKER's main Army. About 7 P. M., a detachment of the 8th Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Major KEENAN, then advanced up the road to a gallop, with drawn sabres, to check the further progress of STONEWALL JACKSON's men; next the artillery were brought to the front, and several pieces were moved up the road, whereupon the cavalry fell back to open the way. Other pieces were stationed on our flanks, which at a given signal opened fire simultaneously, creating a din and racket such as we never before heard. Next the 110th Regiment, P. V., was forwarded up the road, and the balance of our Third Division was drawn up in line on either side of the road, awaiting an attack. So, therefore, as night approached, we did not attempt to build fires, for orders had been issued to the contrary. However, we resorted to our last rations of hard tack and whatever else could be found in our haversacks for sustenance, as we were hungry, tired and wet from crossing the ditches to be found thereabouts; then we were immediately stretched out in a line along the skirts of the vast pine forest and, facing northward, were afforded the opportunity to lie down in this uncomfortable plight and predicament, still awaiting an attack from almost every side.



THE CHARGE OF GENERAL BIRNEY'S DIVISION, THIRD CORPS.

REGIMENT ADVANCES UNDER CONSTANT AND HEAVY FIRE—SHOOTING OF "STONEWALL JACKSON"—CAPTURE OF EIGHT PRISONERS FROM GENERAL LONGSTREET'S CORPS BY COMPANY K.

The moon appeared in all its fullness and silvery brightness, rendering every portion of space about us almost clear as day. On the open ground behind us were our Generals still in consultation and directing events, while we remained as heretofore stated until nearly 9 o'clock P. M., when we were startled by sounds which were supposed to proceed from a cavalry dash, but which, we speedily discovered, were caused by two runaway white horses attached to an artillery caisson. At the moment when they came into view we were lying close by the road, with bayonet fixed, thinking to be prepared for the worst that might occur, when we were only too glad to find that our services were not needed and our personal safety still secure. But only a few minutes later when firing was heard on our front, when we were ordered to rise and advance into the pine woods, the branches of whose trees were so thick that we could make no headway, while the minie balls were coming so freely and rapidly about us that those familiar sounds of "*couzzinn, zip, zip,*" as they cleft the air, were very readily heard. At this moment a portion of the First Division of our Corps was advanced out the road leading north and in front of us, with instructions that, upon a given signal, we, were to open fire and advance farther into the woods, which seemed to almost be an impossibility; however, bang! bang!" were the sounds which filled the air to our right and centre, whereupon "bang! bang!" began we, and in a short time we had opened up a general fusilade which continued about half an hour, when all was again quiet.

The result had been, that we, of the Third Corps, had checked the advance of the enemy and were holding the same at bay, for a lull suddenly ensued and continued until about 10 P. M., when an advance party of the enemy, (a

body of mounted men,) were perceived coming down the road in our direction on the reconnoitre. They were allowed to approach within close range, whereupon the men of General BIRNEY'S Division opened fire upon them, killing STONEWALL JACKSON and wounding several of his staff, as the rumor at the time and subsequent information has proven. However, this distinction was also claimed by the 8th Regiment Cavalry, Pennsylvania Volunteers, a detachment of which was on hand and fired upon the party at the same time, under the command of Major KEENAN, who fell mortally wounded at the first fire. An hour later, Major-General HIRAM G. BERRY advanced his division into the woods on our right, bringing on another engagement, and driving the enemy out of our entrenchments, which they had obtained through their vacation by the breaking of the 11th Corps; while, in the meantime, we were being occasionally harassed and endangered on our flanks by volleys from the enemy's musketry, which passed over our heads from the direction of the old furnace.

Quiet once more reigned supreme for an interval, affording our boys of the First Division an opportunity to return to their places in line, whereupon orders were received "to keep a sharp lookout toward the front and on the flanks of our lines." About this time the right of Company K (of which I was Orderly Sergeant,) had been stationed behind a rail-pile, having immediately in our front a piece of woods, through which there came directly afterwards some stragglers from Lee's Army, pushing along recklessly as to whither they were going; whereupon Private GEORGE WALLER challenged a squad of the passing rebels, who replied: "We are friends." Being next asked where they belonged, and having answered: "To General RHODES' Division of General LONGSTREET'S Corps," he responded: "You are all right; just come right along!" In the batch were eight, and their surprise can be readily imagined, when they found into whose hands they had fallen; for Private ANDY SHAY immediately proposed

the exchange of canteens and succeeded, besides getting a few buttons off of one of them, after which they were taken to headquarters. In like manner many captures were made along our lines. The rebels then appeared to be closing in from all sides, while our Generals were again holding council, whereupon BERDAN'S SHARPSHOOTERS were advancing up the road some distance in our front. Near the road we discovered several wounded men lying, one of whom stated that he belonged to the 74th Regiment, P. V., and judging by his accent he was a German—poor fellow, he complained of being seriously wounded in the shoulder; however, we were unable to extend that care and attention due them, as we were strictly ordered to remain perfectly quiet to await an attack.

THIRD DAY'S FIGHTING, MOVEMENTS, AND RESULTS—GENERAL D. B. BIRNEY WOUNDED—THREATS FROM THE REBELS—ASSIGNED TO SUPPORT OF ARTILLERY—KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING OF COMPANY K—THE REGIMENT IN GENERAL ENGAGEMENT—COMPANIES WITHOUT COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—CAPTURES OF BATTLE-FLAG AND SEVERAL PRISONERS BY COMPANY K—MAJOR MAFFETT'S SWORD—COMPELLED TO FALL BACK.

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1863.—It was then about 2 o'clock A. M., when we were kept on the alert for considerable time, as Major-General SICKLES had been attentively engaged in closing up the breach and forming new lines in order to hold the rebel advance in check, for his position was a perilous one—being in the extreme advance and without proper support from the main army; however, by the convenient posting of the artillery and the protection of our flanks by the cavalry, we were enabled to cut our way through to the Chancellor House, about 5 o'clock in the morning. The rebels were closely pressing us on all sides, and as we emerged from the woods our gallant commander of the First Division, Major-General DAVID B. BIRNEY, was seriously wounded during a sweeping cross-fire. At times we were almost inter-

mingled with Major-General ANDERSON's troops of the rebel army, as their calls to us were distinctly heard, such as "Never mind, boys, we will give it to you yet, to-day;" "We shall not forget STONEWALL JACKSON," etc.—all correctly indicating the circumstance that we were certainly occupying close quarters with the enemy; that they deeply felt the loss of one of their greatest leaders; and that they had duly attributed his death to the fire from General BIRNEY's Division of our Third Corps, which occurred near midnight of yesterday.

As we moved out of our position toward the open plateau the sun beamed forth in all his radiant glory, dispelling the mist or fog that had been hanging over us for a few hours, and as we advanced the firing on all sides became more general. We were soon at the designated and desired ground, close to an ancient tumble-down church edifice, with its graveyard adjacent and filled with the headstones which marked the graves of a portion of Virginia's ancestry. Here we were formed into line, and were for a short time placed in support of Battery C, 4th United States Artillery, during which time the enemy were using their artillery upon us. After a consultation among our General officers we were moved off in column across the Plank Road, and northeastward from the Chancellor House, up through a woods, and drawn up in line of battle, in which position we soon received an attack, and found that the enemy were in very strong force and massed in our immediate front. To our left and rear was the Plank Road, while upon the roadside, along the southern bank, was stationed Battery C, 4th United States Artillery, against which the enemy concentrated their artillery fire with such vehemence and effect as to cause great havoc in blowing up several caissons, dismantling several guns, and almost annihilating the entire battery.

Whilst lying down and firing we received the compliments of the rebels likewise in return; for just as we got down, for the first time, a stray shot from our front cut the strap and

went through the haversack of private DAVID ALEXANDER, who was in the front rank of Company K, which scattered its contents about on the ground and rather raised his ire ; inso-much, that he turned around angrily and cautioned his immediate rear-rank man to have more care in firing—so little did he think or even suspect that the shot came from the front, and that he was in so close proximity to the enemy ; so that even amid this galling fire, his remark provoked the mirth and laughter of the boys around him ; while, in the next volley, Private GEORGE WALLER, who was right next to him, received a ball in the calf of his leg, and Private JOE HOAK, in the act of firing, was shot through the forehead and instantly killed. About this time the rebels were rapidly advancing upon us, and their firing seemed to be with great effect ; for, at each and every indiscriminate volley, some one or other in the Regiment were either killed or wounded. Private ANDY SHAY, as he predicted on the march hither, on the 1st inst., when crossing the pontoon bridge, was the next one in Company K to receive a shot in the groin, causing a painful wound ; another volley, and Private WILLIAM NAUMAN was the victim—shot in the leg ; yet another when Private JOHN REINHOLD fell, either killed instantly, or must have died from the wound received on the spot where he fell, as we were obliged to leave him behind in our hurry to get out of the woods. During that time—while we were getting out of the woods—the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., were standing up and receiving the full force of the enemy's fire, whereby they also sustained heavy loss in killed and wounded, through the indiscretion of their officers, who had likewise received the commands to lie down and receive the enemy's advances by rising and pouring into them, unsuspectedly, volley after volley.

But a few moments when the fight became general, and our entire Third Corps were engaged to the left. General BERRY's Division, the Second of our Corps, was next forced back, when the tide of battle, was swept upon us. The Regi-

ment had again been ordered to lie down, in which position we were compelled to remain, until the rebel column was close upon us, when with a cheer we arose and delivered a most furious volley into their front and flank, which had the effect of completely staggering their advance. At this juncture of the situation, Acting Brigadier-General FRANKLIN appeared and encouragingly appealed to the men to stand their ground, placing himself in most imminent danger, while one of his aids, Lieutenant H. P. RAMSDELL, detailed from the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., received a scalp wound and lost his cap—Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG, of Company D, being then left as his sole escort. The right of the Regiment was next advanced under Lieutenant-Colonel MCGOVERN, when all became fiercely engaged, whilst the left, with the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., received the renewed advances of the rebel column, and gallantly as well as securely held them at bay, checking their further advance for a short time. Major STEVENS next urged the boys of Companies K and I, who were already doing good execution, to continue firm and steadfast; next Company H was found to be without any commissioned officer to take command, owing to the circumstances of Captain L. C. AUDENRIED having been on the absent sick-list and confined at general hospital for a long time previous, whilst Second-Lieutenant THOMAS SUMPTION had been detailed for and was then in charge of the Ambulance Corps, and First-Lieutenant EMANUEL GUNDAKER had been prostrated by a sun-stroke on the afternoon of Saturday, the 2d, during the first attack upon our line, from the effects of which he was still suffering and therefore unfit for duty. Therefore, Lieutenant D. K. SPRINGER of Company K was detailed to take command of Company H, but had just assumed charge when he was badly wounded in the elbow by the first volley thereafter from the enemy. However, he yet stood his ground manfully and urged the men to do their duty, until overcome by the loss of blood he was forced to retire, when he demanded to be “taken out with

his face to the foe rather than be shot in the back," whereupon Second-Lieutenant EMANUEL DORWART, of Company K, was next detailed to take command of Company H. Company K was then found to be deprived of its commissioned officers, owing to the circumstance of Captain W. F. DUNCAN having been suddenly taken ill in the rear, when the charge and command then devolved upon Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER for the balance of the day and its emergencies.

It was then about 9 o'clock A. M., when the rebels again made a determined advance, breaking through our Second Division and progressing as far as our earth-works across the Plank Road, whereon they attempted to plant their colors, but in the endeavor did not succeed; for, at that moment, the right of our Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel McGOVERN, was swung around to the left, whereby were captured quite a number of rebel prisoners, who belonged to General JAMES D. KERSHAW's and General W. T. WOFFORD's Brigades of Major-General LAFAYETTE MC-LAWS' Division. It was at this juncture of affairs that Corporal HARRY HARTLEY and the author of these historical sketches observed the advancing color-bearer, whereupon both fired simultaneously and down went the colors: however, they were immediately taken in the hands of another and planted upon the earth-works, but didn't remain there any length of time; for, considerable confusion then prevailing, Corporal HARTLEY and Sergeant SPRENGER, both of Company K, amidst the shower of flying bullets, rushed forward in the direction of the rebel flag with the determination of capturing it, in which they succeeded as well as capturing its wounded bearer. However, as we arrived upon the bank for that purpose, we were met by two members of the "Scott Legion," of the 68th Regiment, P. V., who came there just at the same time with the same object in view, one of whom then and there had received a scalp wound; whereupon, all four seized the

standard and stripped it of its flag* tearing it in parts, and dividing it among themselves as captors.

At the same time Company K succeeded in capturing a number of other rebel prisoners, belonging to the 3d South Carolina Regiment, one of whom was Major R. C. MAFFETT, who, upon being asked to surrender his sword, protested against doing so, for the reason that he preferred surrendering it to a regular commissioned officer, nearly corresponding to his rank; whereupon Private HENRY NIXDORF, then a mere boy, brought down his piece to a charge, and said: "Are you going to unstrap that sword, or rather take the consequences of being run through with the bayonet?" To this rude and rash demand the officer, though very reluctantly, immediately succumbed. The sword proved to be a very beautiful and costly one, (pearl-handled dress-sword,) and must have been regarded as a *souvenir*, as the inscription thereupon proved it to have been a gift from citizens of Charleston, S. C.

Our lines were then compelled to fall back over the Plank Road, and behind the earth-works thrown up by the artillery, where again a sight, never to be forgotten, met our eyes, just back of those redoubts—that of the rebel wounded lying there bleeding and wounded in every conceivable form. They had fallen as victims to our continuous cross-fire—one among them was a peculiarly distressing case, that of a poor fellow whose nose and upper lip had been shot away; in fact the sight was horrid, as it was really astonishing to see how tenaciously they hugged the ground, whilst around and above the air resounded with the well-known "*couzzin, couzzin,*" "*zip, zip,*" as the death-dealing messengers were sped on their errands of destruction, and most especially to be contemplated when, with a dull thud, they hit and furnished other

* This flag proved to be of a rather nondescript pattern, save a cross-bar on either side, on which were inscribed the names of the battles of "Fair Oaks," "Seven Pines," "Mechanicsville," and "Cold Harbor," and belonged (as nearly as could be ascertained) to the 16th Georgia Regiment.

victims. Yet another sad case—that of one of our own brave boys who had been wounded by the fragments of a shell, which had shattered his left arm near the shoulder, so seriously and painfully, that he appealed to the author: “For God’s sake, to take the gun from his right hand,” as he was unable to release his grip from the same. This, too, was a peculiarly distressing case, as the victim suffered the severest spasmodic pain.

EXAMPLE OF COOL, DETERMINED BRAVERY—THE TIDE OF BATTLE
TURNED—WOUNDED CONVEYED TO THE CHANCELLOR
HOUSE, WHICH WAS SHELLED BY THE ENEMY.

Directly following upon the foregoing sad sights, there came under our observation an example or incident of cool, determined bravery on the part of a lad, which is worthy of record. Just at the time we received our last charge from the enemy, a youth, about 16 years of age, came to my side, musket in hand, and asked for the privilege “to stand with us and fire his gun.” We of course assented, and asked him to what command he belonged; he replied; “To the 68th Regiment, P. V., General GRAHAM’S Brigade; that their line had just been broken, and that he had become separated therefrom.” For positive cool intrepidity—a rare quality, at least, such as he exhibited—I never saw a practical illustration more praiseworthy. He fired his gun at the enemy, then continued loading and firing, in the meanwhile always sticking his ramrod in the ground “to make time,” as he remarked. However, he was permitted but a short time in the practice of that method of warfare, for he was soon shot in the right shoulder, causing him to reel and fall. I, at once, ran to his assistance, but he desired it not, saying: “Never mind, Orderly, I will get along directly; it ain’t so bad.” At that moment the rebs came pouring in upon us, pressing us so closely and hotly that we were compelled to move away and leave the youth upon the spot where he fell, to look out for himself. He was then growing faint

from loss of blood, and we presume either died on the field or was consumed by the fire which swept over that part of the same a few hours later. It was sad enough to be wounded, weak and exhausted from the loss of blood, but oh, how horrible to contemplate the circumstance of then burning to death !

About this time the tide of battle began to turn ; about and around us were lying the killed and wounded ; whereupon our hands were full, so to speak, as it was our duty to see that they should be removed to a place of safety to receive proper care and attention. Accordingly details were made from the respective companies to convey the wounded to the rear, direct to the Chancellor House, which had been occupied by General HOOKER as his headquarters, during the forenoon, and which had been converted into a field hospital for the wounded of the Third Corps. The enemy, however, having secured proper range upon the Chancellor House, began to shell the same, about 1 P. M., when it was filled at that moment with our poor, wounded boys, and thereby set on fire, causing the wounded to be removed, as speedily as possible, to the pine forest to the northwest, wherefrom it again became necessary, through the repulse of our line, to gather up our wounded men, hurriedly place them into ambulances, out of range of the flying missiles, and convey them across the river to safer quarters. The right of the 124th New York Regiment joined Company K, both of which stood at that moment the enemy's immediate fire, as well as the brunt of battle ; grape and canister were poured in upon us, cutting off the saplings and underbrush above and about us—in fact, it was miraculous, how one could even escape being hit amidst the storm of missiles which were being hurled through the air and falling among us. During this promiscuous firing, Captain WEGGENT, of Company A, 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., while at the head of his Company, which directly adjoined the left of Company K, 122d Regiment, P. V., received a scalp wound.

Our position was desperately precarious, for we were badly in need of re-inforcements—but every appeal for them met with no response; next the report was received that Major-General HOOKER had been dangerously wounded during the forenoon, and Major-General H. G. BERRY had been killed in the charge made by the Second Division. Major-General SICKLES was on the field rallying his men at every point; for, it was very evident that, unless we were re-inforced, we would have to fall back, as the rebels had been continually re-inforced as well as engaged in massing their troops in our front and on our flanks. It was only a moment later when we were compelled to fall back; and, as our ammunition ran out, also forced to make a rapid retreat, which was done in good order. During the retreat, we observed the disabled horse of an artillery officer, lying wounded and tied to the wheel of a caisson, in the saddles of which was sticking a pair of beautiful pistols. The temptation to capture them was so great that we made the attempt, and thereby became separated from our command. It was then almost dark, when we wended our way toward the Chancellor House, where we happened to meet with Corporal HARRY HARTLEY and Private CHARLES GALLAGHER, also of Company K. All was then confusion in our midst—everybody seemed to be hurriedly falling back, with the view of taking care of themselves—so that when night came on, having become estray from the Regiment, we concluded to go into a woodland, which was directly in our rear, where we found a small running brook, from which we quenched our thirst, and oh, how refreshing and delicious the draughts proved! We built a fire in a hollow place, along a ravine, and whilst preparing some coffee were joined by a member of Battery C, Fourth United States Artillery, who stated that his battery was nearly annihilated—that, out of 160 men belonging thereto, only five could be found—most of them having been wounded and carried to the rear during action. Poor fellow, he came to us without overcoat, blanket and cap,

and looked distressed; so we shared with him our scanty meal, after which we sank down upon the sward to rest. That rest, however, was of short duration, for we were aroused within two hours by a roaring noise, which was caused by the leaves of the woodland, just in front of us, being on fire and approaching in one mass of flame. This caused another hasty retreat; in fact, a rather sudden vacation of our position. We fell back over the hill and then soon struck the main road, where we found part of the 11th Corps men along the road, who promptly halted us; whereupon, we laid down among them until day-break. We then immediately ventured out from among them to see the sights, and soon found this part of the woods well filled with the wounded of our Third Corps strewn here and there about. They had been hastily conveyed thither as a place of safety, owing to the fact that the enemy had shelled and set fire to the Chancellor House, at that moment being used by our Corps as a hospital, and the report was also received that a number of our more seriously wounded had been consumed in the burning building. Here, too, we met and recognized Captain AARON DUNKLE, of the COLLIS ZOUAVES (formerly a printer of Lancaster, Pa.,) who had been wounded in the hand; whereupon, after exchanging conversation with him, we started to hunt up our Regiment and Brigade, which were soon reached, and the men thereof found to be busily engaged in throwing up earth-works, while the first report that greeted us was the following list of casualties in the Regiment during action as nearly as could be ascertained, *viz*:

		KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
Company A,		1	11	5
do B,		6	6	4
do C,		0	6	5
do D,		0	5	4
do E,		0	5	4
do F,		2	5	6
do G,		1	6	5
do H,		2	4	6
do I,		0	5	4
do K,		2	9	6
Total,		14	62	49

Also, that Colonel KENWORTHY, of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., had been killed, and Major JAMES CROMWELL, of the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., had been slightly wounded both of which Regiments belonged to our Third Brigade, and Colonel POTTER, 12th Regiment, N. H. -V., of the Second Brigade of our Division, severely wounded in the leg-

COMPANY K.

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you,
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor—
Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore;
So, like the chaplets of honor,
Of laurels and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly,
Its visor beneath,
Of the work of the reaper,
Grim harvester Death!
Let the muster-roll meagre
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went, "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town—
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down?
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns downward pointed?
Faced "Co. K."

Who faltered and shivered?
Who shunned battle-stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle-line broke?
Go ask it of history,
Years from to-day,

Camp and Field Life.

And the record will tell you—
Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away—
The battle-worn cap
Lettered "Co. K."





CHAPTER XXIV.

MEAGRE REPLIES TO ROLL-CALL—EARTH-WORKS A MASS OF MUD—
REBEL SHARPSHOOTERS DRIVEN FROM THE WOODS—AGREEABLE
SURPRISE AND LUCKY FIND—ATTACK UPON CAVALRY—
ARTILLERY MOVEMENTS—COMRADE JOHN M. BENSON
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED—MAJOR-GENERAL WHIP-
PLE SHOT, AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1863.—About 6 o'clock this morning the company rolls were called throughout the Regiment, when the replies were found to be very meagre. In Company K twenty-four absentees were reported; however, as the morning waned away, hour by hour, we received acquisitions to our ranks, as our comrades, who had become scattered during the confusion and dismay incident to the battles of yesterday, were returning to their wonted places in the Regiment. Owing to a heavy shower of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning, our new line of earth-works was rendered one mass of packed, tough mud; which, being our line of defence, was properly supported, as one portion of the artillery had been concentrated there during the night, with another portion of the same ambushed in the forest to our rear. Directly in front of our earth-works was an open space, about 600 to 800 yards in extent, bordered by dense sections of woodland, upon the trees of which were perched the rebel sharpshooters who were constantly picking off such of our men as were exposing themselves. About 10 A. M., BERDAN'S SHARPSHOOTERS were deployed, and moved over the open space towards the woodland, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy; immediately afterward, they were followed by the remnant of the

gallant "New York Irish Brigade," with General THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER at their head, who, coolly lighting his pipe and drawing his sword, ordered his line forward with the same object in view. As they crossed this open space quite a number were picked off, when the stretchers were brought into requisition to gather up the wounded and convey them to safer and more comfortable quarters; but then, shortly afterwards, the scene changed, for the rebel sharpshooters were perceived to be hastily getting down from the trees and scampering away to more favorable situations—some especially came down rather sudden, as BERDAN's men were noted as very certain and unerring shots. The result was that the rebels were then driven back through the woods, whereupon our skirmishers then fell back to the open ground in front of our earth-works, where they laid down in the high grass awaiting the enemy's advance, occasionally rising upon their elbows to deliver a volley into the woodland, and then again lying down for another favorable opportunity. However, it soon appeared that the rebels had not all been forced from their lodging-places in the trees, for several of our men were wounded whilst lying down in the grass; whereupon an advance was ordered, which had the effect of causing many more to drop from the trees, farther to the left of our line. Having somewhat successfully dislodged the enemy's sharpshooters by that move, our line of advance returned, when their places were taken by several pieces of artillery, with which the woods were shelled to great effect, inasmuch that a spell of quiet ensued for a brief interval.

About this time we, or rather some of us, were very agreeably surprised as well as favored. In looking over the ground to the rear, attention was suddenly attracted to an object floating about in the muddy water of a pool which had been formed in the road, over and through which our artillery had passed. Rushing up to it, investigation proved it to be a good-sized chunk of salted mess-pork which had evidently been jolted out of one of the caisson-boxes during its rapid

transit. After securing the same, we took it to a pool of clean water close by, where we washed the mud off of it, cut it into fairly-proportioned slices, and divided it among the boys—oh, how gratefully acceptable did it prove to be, as our rations had already run out on Saturday night! So, therefore, we proceeded to build small fires, and make small forked sticks, by means of which we toasted our slices of pork before the fires, and as we were very hungry there will not be a doubt, when we state the fact, that we ate it with keen relish.

Early in the afternoon the quietude was broken, for another attack was made upon our extreme right by the rebs—upon a portion of our cavalry under General W. W. AVERILL; when several light field batteries were hastily despatched along our rear to their assistance. Just back of our line, in a ravine, the Surgeons were at work, amputating shattered limbs; therefore, being of a somewhat curious nature, we ventured near and were speedily afforded the sight of one poor fellow being put under the influence of chloroform. He at first ranted and protested against “being double-teamed;” then, oh! how he swore, when he found he had to succumb to the operation! However, in short order, his shattered limb was contributed to the main pile which had been rapidly increasing. Next, we observed two members of our Regiment moving along with some one confined in a shelter-tent; whereupon, we hastened to their assistance and discovered them to be Privates JOE BLICKENSDECKER, of Company F, and THOMAS J. GILGORE, of Company E, who were conveying Private JOHN M. BENSON, of Company A, to a place of safety for proper surgical care and treatment—poor fellow, he had been shot through the breast, and become very faint or weak from loss of blood, as he had been compelled to lie about, quite a length of time, in his helpless condition. Among other wounded, we there found our old school-mate and fellow-comrade, ABELIAH D. GYGER, of Company A, with a severely-shattered arm, received in

action from the effects of a shell, who was awaiting his turn for amputation and treatment.

We were soon compelled to leave them and return to our Company (K), which was then about 4 o'clock P. M.; when, as we arrived at our post, we learned that our beloved Division Commander, Major-General A. W. WHIPPLE, whilst engaged with his field-glass in scanning the field, was shot by one of the rebel sharpshooters who had been perched on one of the trees in the woods opposite our position. This occurred just behind the earth-works occupied by Company K of our Regiment, and beneath a large oak tree. It was soon ascertained that the ball had pierced his left breast, when several of his staff officers hurried to his side and rendered all the aid in their power. In the brief space of a half-hour an ambulance arrived also, which contained two Catholic priests, and had been driven all the way from the river—a distance of four miles—at such rapid rate, that the horses were fairly lathered with froth or foam; for the clergymen had come to administer the last religious rite—the Sacrament—to our then dying hero. Major-General WHIPPLE was truly an able and highly esteemed commander, always kind, though very exacting as a disciplinarian; yet this occurrence cast quite a gloom over his entire command, creating many sad hearts at this fatal stroke, especially among the boys of the 122d Regiment, P. V., whose constant friend he had been—inso-much that many were the eyes that were dimmed with the stealthy tears of regret and sorrow that trickled down their cheeks as he was borne away. Our loss in General officers had been quite severe within the past few days—that of Major-General D. B. BIRNEY and Brigadier-General GERSHOM MOTT seriously wounded, whilst Major-Generals A. W. WHIPPLE and H. G. BERRY had been killed while bravely leading their men in the midst of the battle.

BERRY and WHIPPLE "have gone! They sleep well their last sleep;
And though the lightnings may flash, and the thunders may rattle,
They heed not; they hear not; they have fought their last battle."

These casualties, as well as the general lengthy list at headquarters, fully demonstrated, as conclusive evidence, that the gallant Third Corps had borne or withstood the brunt of battle from the early hours of Saturday morning, May 1st, until the close of this eventful day. As evening came upon us, by way of diversification, we again received a few volleys from the enemy in our front, but our artillery on the left were promptly brought into service for the purpose of shelling the woods, whilst a detachment of infantry were moved off to the left and southwest of our position to reconnoitre. However, by night-fall, they returned again, when all became quiet, and we laid down on our arms to sleep and rest, bidding adieu to all care—that is, those of us who were not on guard. That the opportunity then afforded to find sweet repose was gladly hailed and readily embraced, we need only state, that we were speedily rolled and covered within our blankets to dream, of the scenes, the incidents, the trials, the sufferings, and the sad, fatal occurrences that transpired during the fearful struggles at Chancellorsville.

THE GALLANT THIRD CORPS.

When and where heat of battle were hottest,
 And heavy clouds o'erspread the sky,
 It was, then and there, not wanting to find
 That the gallant THIRD CORPS was nigh.
 Now whilst others boast their noble heroes,
 We can well join in the chorus, too ;
 For we have had our undaunted leaders—
 KEARNEY, BURNSIDE, HOOKER, SICKLES, true !
 Yet BERRY, BIRNEY, W. L. GLE—*all a host !*
 To whom, as years go meeting by,
 We owe it, comrades of the Diamond,
 Memorial tribute, ere we die !
 With pride, therefore, a toast I offer ye,
 My Comrades, who still are in review :
 The gallant THIRD CORPS, at the call of need,
 Provd Patriots humble and Marryrs true.
 Irresolute, determined not to yield,
 Wearing Diamonds—Red, White and Blue!—G. F. S.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER PROSTRATED AT THE CHANCELLOR
HOUSE—DRIVEN OUT OF OUR ENTRENCHMENTS BY A
STORM OF RAIN—THE ARMY ON THE MOVE.

TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1863.—We were aroused at an early hour, the sky being overspread with heavy clouds, which, however, soon passed away. Every man was found to have promptly been at his post, for an attack on our front and flanks had been expected at every moment. Our army had then assumed the defensive position—rather a decided change from the impetuosity which characterized the troops, and was so prominently exhibited when crossing the river to assume the aggressive. It was very evident that there had been some miscalculation on the part of our gallant Commander-in-chief, Major-General JOSEPH HOOKER, who had been prostrated and was then suffering from the concussion sustained and occasioned through the bursting of a shell at “the Chancellor House” from the enemy’s heavy ordnance on Sunday morning, as their artillery fire was then concentrated upon that point at the time; and, yet, the hope was generally indulged to be again led forward to battle, with firm reliance upon the capability of the corps commanders to lead us on to victory.

About 9 o’clock, A. M., our skirmishers were sent out on the front, but returned very soon, as they did not find any advancing or reconnoitering parties of the enemy, who were evidently waiting upon us to come out of our entrenchments. However, this was not our intention or design, by any means, as we remained therein until about 3 P. M., when the heavens were overcast with clouds, and a storm set in—the lightnings flashing, thunders rattling, and the rain falling in streams, as it were; insomuch, that we were then forced to leave our entrenchments, as they had been so drenched and filled with water that they were no longer tenable. Night-fall soon set in, when the artillery in our rear moved off in quick order, back toward the river, and the entire army was also on the

move, directly afterward, in the same direction. The night, too, was so intensely dark, that only by the occasional and vivid flashes of lightning could we discern the army rapidly moving away—for everything movable really appeared to be in motion.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC ON THE RETREAT—WADING THROUGH
MUD OVER KNEE-DEEP—SIGHTS AT THE RAPPAHANNOCK—
SAFELY ACROSS AND MARCH TO CAMP FRANKLIN.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1863.—All night long the Army of the Potomac was on the retreat toward the river, and it was some time after midnight before our Regiment joined the grand pageant, as it were—to attempt to describe that scene and do justice thereto would be almost impossible. However, a brief effort thereat may prove somewhat interesting; for, it is easily or readily to be conjectured that, as we followed in the paths of the heavy and light artillery, cavalry, and the other infantry forces which preceded us, with the rain falling in torrents, the road would be or was rather a soft one—in fact, while drenched to the skin, we waded through one livid mass or stream of mud, not only ankle-deep in some places, but also knee-deep at numerous other points on this retreat. Then, imagination must come into play, when you are advised that, besides dragging muskets and accoutrements, there had been a replenishment of sixty rounds of ammunition to each man, which had altogether the tendency to still further sink us in the mire; and then, as we steered along, in the uncertainty, through the woods and dense darkness, our feet occasionally caught by the protruding root, or heavy limb of a huge tree, plunged us headlong into the labyrinth of slime and mud, which will fully describe the condition of our situation on this grand retreat from the famous battle-fields of Chancellorsville—a retreat that never will ~~can~~ be forgotten, so long as there exists, within the ranks of the 122d Regiment, P. V., a survivor who took part in and experienced the trials, struggles, and sufferings of that eventful conflict.

About daybreak we arrived at the river-bank, very glad to find that the pontoon bridge still remained, upon which we could safely recross the Rappahannock, as that stream had then become greatly swollen—insomuch that there again was presented another scene, ever to be remembered. All the approaches to the river were jammed full of artillery, army-wagons, and ambulances—in short, everything movable—all then awaiting their turn to cross the pontoon bridge, so that it was about 8 o'clock as our turn in the great line came, when we again ascended the stream of mud and mire on the opposite bank; but oh, how glad, when we were up to its summit! There we found ourselves in the midst of hospital tents, on every side, which were filled with the wounded and dying of our own as well as of the other *corps d'armee*, and which afforded yet another scene for contemplation and remembrance. However, we were not long detained here, for “forward, march!” was again the order, when we plodded—yea, waded through the mass of mud and mire knee-deep toward CAMP FRANKLIN, where we arrived about 4 o'clock P. M., tired, hungry, and almost exhausted; but, withal, rejoiced to find our old quarters still intact, though filled with water. These, however, by means of half-canteens, were soon baled out, after which fires were made to dry them out; and, ere long, our shelter-tents were stretched—yet they were not so complete as before, owing to the loss, in many instances, of many tents, together with our knapsacks, which had been left upon the field at Chancellorsville; yet, the best was done under the circumstances, so that, before many hours passed by, CAMP FRANKLIN had resumed its former appearance.

Next, in order, was the preparation of the evening meal; which, owing to the fact that our larder was unprovided with the usual hard tack, beef, or pork, was confined to only a cup of coffee, and even the supply of that ever-desirable article was so scant that we were only afforded the very mildest decoction of the same. Then night-fall soon arrived,



furnishing another opportunity for reflection—for many were the hitherto genial comrades and mess mates that were then found absent from their usual places within the ranks, as well as missing from our sides, and would never again share the comforts of the ever-welcome bunks; while, again, here and there, were to be observed many vacant spots—for there had been no bunks re-occupied or re-established, as no mess-mates had returned to re-erect them, for they were left behind and beyond the Rappahannock. In other words, *they had pitched their tents*, in that unknown land and upon that eternal camping-ground, from whose hallowed precincts none had ever yet returned; therefore, deeply imbued with the blissful and consoling hope of *Requiescat in Pace!* as our last tribute of respect to *their* memories, we sank down within our bunks to rest, as well as impressed with the resolve, that so long as the pulsations of life should beat within our hearts, the bright smiles, the pleasant companionship, and the genial qualities, which characterized those missing, departed comrades and associates, could and should never be erased from the tablets of our memories; yea, rather, that the vivid recollections thereof should and would be treasured as cherished jewels in the casket of our souls.

“They’ve closed their day of battle toil,
Their course on earth is done;
Let them slumber in the soil
To Freedom’s cause nobly won!”

With silent expressions of thanks to Kind Providence, for having preserved us through the terrible ordeal experienced upon the battle-fields of Chancellorsville—tired, sore, and exhausted, we were quickly enjoying sweet sound sleep and dreaming of brighter scenes for the future.

THE DEEDS OF THE PRIVATES.

The is replete with daring deeds,
While books are filled with fame;
Brass bands do play and cannons roar
In honor of the name
Of men who hold commissions; yet
Are honest, brave and true;

But still the query comes to us :
What did the Privates do ?

Who were the men that guarded camp,
When foes were hovering 'round ?
Who dug the graves of comrades, dear ?
Who laid them in the ground ?
Who sent the dying messages home
To those they never knew ?
If Officers subscribed to this,
What did the Privates do ?

Who were the men to fill the place
Of Comrades slain in strife ?
Who were the men to risk their own,
To save a comrade's life ?
Who lived on rations—salted pork,
“ Hard Tack ” *too hard* to chew ?
When officers ate this fare,
What did the Privates do ?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights,
All eager for the fray ?
Who marched beneath a scorching sun,
Through many a toilsome day ?
Who paid the Sutler double price,
And scanty rations drew ?
When Officers get all the praise,
What did the Privates do ?

All honor to the faithful boys,
Who rallied at the call ;
Without regard to name or rank ;
We honor one and all.
They'll pass away, one by one,
Then soon they'll all be gone—
To where volumes will surely show
Just what the Privates have done!





CHAPTER XXV.

QUARTERS AT CAMP FRANKLIN RECONSTRUCTED—ARRIVAL OF COMMISSARY STORES—EFFECTS OF THE BATTLES THROUGHOUT THE BRIGADE—REGIMENT ORDERED TO ACQUIA CREEK—ON THE RETURN HOME FROM THE SERVICE—ARRIVAL AT LANCASTER.

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1863.—Day dawned unpromisingly—quite cloudy overhead. At an early hour our teams, such as they were at that time, were hurriedly detailed for Quarter-Master and Commissary stores, of which we were much in need; whilst, in the meantime, the Regiment was busily engaged in reconstructing the company streets, cleaning up guns, etc. About mid-day our teams returned with the Commissary stores, when the companies presented their requisitions, respectively, which were promptly filled, greatly to the gratification of the men who were then almost famished; whereupon, in short order, cooks were busy at the fires in the preparation of dinner, which consisted of bean-soup, beef, and mess pork, while our kind Quarter-Master, Lieutenant JOHN T. MACGONIGLE, had his hands full in issuing to the Commissary Sergeants the usual allowance of hard tack, sugar, salt, candles, etc., which he had received for the boys. After partaking of a good round meal all were again much revived, physically as well as cheerfully.

It was then very evident that a decided change had come over the surrounding camps, as well as our own, for it was plainly discernible that the army had passed through the trying and terrible ordeal of battle. A visit, in the evening, to the camp of the 86th Regiment, N. Y. V., just adjoining us on the right, and also to that of the 124th Regiment, N.

Y. V., as well as that of our own, gave further proofs of a general thinning out of ranks throughout the Brigade—in fact, a pall of mourning seemed to overhang the entire surroundings, while the sights and the scenes presented food for sober reflection. However, as time wore on, these seemed to be somewhat, gradually, forgotten, when all matters quickly resumed their former level. Night then came on, when the sky was overcast with threatening clouds; after devoting an hour or two to letter-writing, and other usual evening occupations, the men turned into bunks for another night of much needed rest.

DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING—REGIMENT AS ESCORT OF HONOR TO
THE REMAINS OF MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. WHIPPLE.

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1863.—The Regiment was aroused at an early hour, to find that CAMP FRANKLIN had been visited with a heavy shower of rain during the previous night, besides prospect of a continuously cloudy day. Inspection of arms, accoutrements, etc., together with the regular routine of camp duties, were the features of the forenoon hours and were rigidly enforced, in accordance with the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN, commanding. A requisition had been issued for certain articles of clothing, etc., of which many of the boys and men were sadly in need, since the battles of Chancellorsville, which was filled, and the distribution thereof became the next order of the day; matters and things, in general, then assumed former shape and aspect, so that day waned away rather uneventful.

The evening hours had arrived and gone, when the Regiment received orders "to be ready to leave for Washington, D. C., on the morrow, to act as *escort of honor* to the remains of Major-General AMIEL W. WHIPPLE," assigned thereto for interment, as well as to attend and execute the funeral military rites due to his rank, and, in accordance with his request. Nightfall had but arrived, when the

Regiment promptly turned in for rest, with eager anticipation for the departure on the morrow.

REGIMENT ON THE WAY TO ACQUIA CREEK LANDING—SIGHTS AND
SCENES UP THE POTOMAC—ARRIVAL AT SOLDIERS RETREAT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.—NIGHT AT THE BARRACKS.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.—Day dawned bright and clear, and at an early hour all was stir, bustle, and confusion about CAMP FRANKLIN, as it was to be our last day upon the scene of our late Winter and Spring quarters, when all were promptly engaged in packing up and getting ready to leave camp, whilst the Regimental officers were hurrying the conveyance of all Commissary stores to Brigade Headquarters—in fact, turning over all such property that was needless to be carried along and would prove cumbersome, as then had come the end of army service for the Regiment. At 8 o'clock the Regiment was in line, with Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN and Major THADDEUS STEVENS, JR., in command, and quickly *en route* for Stoneman's Station, which was close by, so that, by 9 o'clock, all the movable wounded and sick were placed aboard the cars as comfortably as could be under the circumstances and the situation of affairs, while the balance of the Regiment was assigned to the open flats or platform cars, when the train moved off toward Acquia Creek, passing by and through numerous other camps, from which we received parting salutes as we were leaving them behind, and we were severing our further connection with the Grand Army of the Potomac.

The Regiment arrived at Acquia Creek Landing about 10 o'clock, where boats were in readiness, but the Regiment was assigned to a steamboat, the name of which is forgotten, upon which they embarked without any delay. After all the sick and wounded had been conveyed on board, the boat immediately moved up the famous Potomac—the day having been delightful, many sights and scenes were presented on the journey. In the distance we saw the immense shad-

fishing seines as they were being drawn in by a small tug-boat, certainly over a mile long, as the corks could be plainly perceived afloat, marking the course of the same; also, here and there large upright windlasses with mules attached to draw in the shore ends. Of course, this was quite a sight for the men, besides the numerous sails which appeared to dot the surface of the river as far as the eyes could reach. On the way up the Potomac a fine view of Mount Vernon was had, with its long sweeping lawn and picturesque surroundings, while on the opposite side were fine country mansions with terraced gardens, beautiful boat-houses—in fact, all the modern conveniences and improvements that the wealth of that section could afford. Then farther on Fort Washington was passed, with Washington City, D. C., looming into view, with its incomplete monument to the “Father of his Country,” as well as the Capitol with its unfinished dome and numerous wide-spreading surroundings. Next on the route came to observation the old familiar town of Alexandria, Va., with its surrounding forts and numerous earth-works, which reminded us very forcibly of those hot September days and the fearful sweltering we received when General A. S. PIATT so extensively and repeatedly promenaded the Regiment around its suburbs.

It was about 4 o'clock, P. M., when the boat touched at the wharf below Washington Monument, where the Regiment soon disembarked and were marched off, through the city, to SOLDIERS' RETREAT. Ambulances were promptly provided to convey our sick and wounded to their proper destination, when the Regiment at once stacked arms, unswung knapsacks, and were marched into the RETREAT, where a bountiful supper of fresh bread, hot coffee, and the proverbial “salt horse,” had been furnished, which was heartily partaken of and stowed away with due appreciation and gratitude—vastly different from the reception which the Regiment had upon its arrival and first entry into the service, September 16, 1862. Many had been the changes wrought

during this interval of time, for especially "had the epicurean's tongue been scraped," so to speak, rather frequently, before it became accustomed to the fare prescribed by army regulations; but, at this time, all who could or were known to eat no fatty or other unpalatable food at their home-tables, were readily found to take in with decided relish any of those then distasteful or despised articles of diet—that, too, without the aid of the usual side-accompaniments of either sauce, catsup, or preserves. However, the change proved for the better, both as to the physical as well as to the salutary condition of the men. The Regiment was then finally marched to THE BARRACKS for the night, but the boys were rather a more docile set of comrades than upon a previous occasion, as related in an earlier chapter of these historical sketches. A close guard had been stationed about THE BARRACKS, after which the Regiment turned in for rest, but were awakened about 10 o'clock by some band in the neighborhood discoursing excellent and delightful music, much to the gratification of all.

PREPARATORY ORDERS FROM GENERAL CASEY—THE FUNERAL OF
MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. WHIPPLE—REGIMENT THE ESCORT
OF HONOR AND RENDERS THE LAST MILITARY TRIBUTE
—HOMEWARD BOUND—ARRIVAL AT BALTIMORE.

SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1863.—At 5 o'clock, A. M., the Regiment was aroused by the booming of cannon on Capitol Hill, when the boys were quickly off for a wash, whereby they were greatly refreshed. At an early hour an aid from Major-General CASEY, then in command of the defences of Washington, appeared and delivered several orders to the Regiment, preparatory to the funeral of Major-General WHIPPLE, "assigning the Regiment as escort of honor, and to form on G Street, S. E., at 12 o'clock, M." Here it is proper to mention that one of General CASEY's special staff officers was Private ALBERT E. CARPENTER, of Company B, of the 122d Regiment, P. V., who had been detailed as his Private Secretary at the beginning of the service.

After breakfast had been disposed of, each company received special orders "to place knapsacks upon piles and leave them in the charge of guards, to comprise those men in each respective company who were unwell, as well as the slightly wounded." As the Regiment was not required to be in line before 12 o'clock, noon, a few hours were afforded for strolls to and about the Capitol, as well as through the grounds, where many points of interest were visited by the boys, after which they returned to the RETREAT in time for the early dinner prepared.

At noon precisely Regiment was promptly formed into line and marched down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the western part of the city, and took position at the head of the line on G Street, where were already in waiting a battalion of U. S. Cavalry and a battery of U. S. Light Artillery. The programme of ceremonies observed, was, as follows: Preceded by the band of the 14th Regiment, N. H. V., the entire column moved off toward Georgetown and to the Catholic Church, where high mass was held over the remains of Major-General WHIPPLE; we were there kept in line until 2:30, P. M. During this interval of time we were ordered "to prepare three rounds of blank cartridges, by tearing off the bullets, and load for the first fire." Next, the sermon being over, the coffin was placed in charge of several officers, of the rank of General, as pall-bearers, when the column again moved off, with reversed arms, and the 14th N. H. Regimental Band playing the dead march as a *requiem*, up the hill and into the Congressional Cemetery. The ascent was so steep that it was difficult to keep the line straight in marching; however, every movement and action was executed without the least blur. After the coffin was removed from the hearse and placed in position, and the relatives and friends of the gallant General had closed in around the same, the 122d Regiment then formed a square outside of the assemblage, when the remains of our late lamented Division Commander, Major-General AMIEL W.

WHIPPLE, were consigned to their final resting-place with the observance of the usual religious rites; then the relatives and friends retired, and the Regiment rendered the last military rite and tribute of respect to his memory, by firing three volleys over the grave in commendable manner, and then too retired therefrom, deeply impressed with the sentiment of the poet-laureate :

"Never to the chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor ever to the bowers of bliss convey'd,
A more gallant spirit, or more welcome shade."

The Regiment next moved off to and upon the street to again form column, which was marched over and through Washington to the SOLDIERS RETREAT, where a bountiful supper had been prepared and was heartily enjoyed; after which knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens were swung, the Regiment again formed into line, and then marched off to the Baltimore Depot, where a train of box-cars were in waiting. The Regiment was soon embarked, when the train moved off "home-ward bound," with all bidding their adieux to Washington, D. C., and arriving at Baltimore at midnight, after having been "side-tracked" several times since leaving the city of Washington. The Regiment disembarked and marched through the Monumental City to the Harrisburg Depot; thence, farther on, to the outer or Bolton Depot, where the men loitered about till morning.

FROM BALTIMORE, MD., VIA YORK, TO HARRISBURG—MARCH TO
CAMP CURTIN—REGIMENT WELL REPRESENTED ON
THE STREETS OF HARRISBURG.

MONDAY, MAY 11, 1863.—The weather was very fair and pleasant, with the Regiment still loitering about the Bolton Depot at Baltimore, as no train could proceed on the home-ward trip, on account of a serious wreck that occurred at Relay House: so that it was mid-day before the Regiment re-embarked on the cars for Harrisburg. On the way thither as the train passed through the villages and towns, as well as

by hamlets, the Regiment was greeted with cheer upon cheer from the admiring and enthusiastic citizens who had assembled for that purpose. After a brief delay at York, for water, the train again moved off, over the Northern Central Railroad, and arrived at Harrisburg, about 5 P. M., where the train was side-tracked again and run out to the lane or road leading to CAMP CURTIN. There the Regiment disembarked and marched into camp, where "A" tents were immediately provided; whereupon the men proceeded to form camp, and were placed under "Provost Guard," with orders to remain in CAMP CURTIN until paid off; but, however, "the old soldier," as he was then called, could not and would not be kept penned up, so that bogus passes were invented and became the order of the evening and night; when, by scores, the boys were found promenading through the streets of Harrisburg. As there had also arrived at CAMP CURTIN a dozen or more of the nine-months Regiments, the city had been pretty well filled for the time, and the merchants did a lively and thriving trade, as those of the men who were fortunate enough to be in possession of the essential lucre, soon purchased and donned outfits of new and clean underwear, rapidly ridding themselves of "the old army duds," as well as gladly and hastily giving "the grand bounce" thereby, and very unceremoniously, too, to that familiar army-pest, the proverbial "greyback," which had been the constant, "never-going-back" companion of the soldiers' bunks for an almost indefinite time. This favorable and desirable parting with disagreeable company afforded the writer the opportunity of accepting the exceedingly kind hospitality of a friend to sojourn with him for the night, when he once more slept upon a feather-bed and beneath the clean, soft, white counterpane; but yet, however, by no means comfortable, as he slept not a wink during the night, owing to the change being too sudden and different to appreciate.

PREPARATION OF THE MUSTER-OUT AND PAY-ROLLS.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1863.—The weather was fine. After breakfast we returned to Camp Curtin about 8 o'clock, and were immediately invited to the Judges-Stand on the race-course and assigned the duty of assisting to make out the muster-out and pay-rolls, which was not a very pleasant task—for it occupied the entire day, owing to the fact that there were so many articles to account for, and orders had been issued "to have all the final papers prepared in the most correct manner possible." As company books were lost, in some cases, the task also became a difficult one, and required considerable cogitations and comparisons between the commissioned and non-commissioned officers; however, the papers were eventually made out and only awaited the arrival of the Paymaster, as the boys were anxious and ready to receive their cash, and as eager for the chance of spending it. This night was spent rather more comfortably in CAMP CURTIN.

ACCOUTREMENTS TURNED OVER—VISIT FROM LANCASTRIANS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1863.—Day dawned especially bright and warm. At 10 o'clock the companies were drawn up in line and lists were made out of the number of guns, gun-straps, cartridge-boxes, cap-boxes, waist-belts, belt-plates, cartridge-box plates, and other articles thereunto belonging, all of which were turned over to the proper officers designated and receipts taken for the same; so that we were then left soldiers *en deshabille* as it were; or, in other words, rather non-combatants, and no longer under the *regime* of military law. Many Lancastrians visited their friends in camp, from whom it was learned that extensive and appropriate arrangements were in progress for a grand reception of the Regiment upon its return home to Lancaster. So we lived in glorious anticipation of the gala affair promised, and as some of the Regiments were being then paid off, we

were anxiously awaiting and expecting our turn to come next.

HUNTING FOR THE PAYMASTER—ANOTHER STROLL TO HARRISBURG.

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1863.—The weather was still fine, with the Regiment remaining in camp, hunting for and awaiting the call of the Paymaster, who had not yet put in an appearance; or, as a Sheriff would declare, upon his return to a court of justice, "*non est inventus*"—"he was not to be found," as several of the companies were discovered with their rolls incomplete and of course not ready. Therefore, the opportunity was again afforded and generally accepted by the boys of another jaunt into the city to see the sights and visit friends. Otherwise the day waned away uneventful.

REGIMENT AGAIN DISAPPOINTED BY THE PAYMASTER.

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1863.—Weather fine and warm. More troops returned from the front, so that CAMP CURTIN presented quite a lively appearance at this time. Two more Regiments were paid off and immediately took departure for their homes; yet the 122d Regiment, P. V., was obliged to remain in camp all day without receiving their pay, and with nothing of note to record.

REGIMENT PAID OFF AND ON THE WAY TO LANCASTER.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.—The weather, although warm, continued fine and pleasant. Orders were received at an early hour from Colonel FRANKLIN, "That the Regiment should be in readiness to receive their pay," which proved glad tidings to all the men, who had been so long kept in waiting. In the afternoon the pay-rolls were signed, and by evening the Companies received their pay and discharges, when the Regiment, between 8 and 9 o'clock, embarked upon the cars for Lancaster.



CHAPTER XXVI.

From the LANCASTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS, May 18th, 1863.]

THE GRAND "WELCOME HOME!"

ENTHUSIASTIC MIDNIGHT RECEPTION OF THE GALLANT 122D BY THE
PATRIOT DAUGHTERS AND CITIZENS OF LANCASTER.

Saturday night and Sunday morning, May 16-17, 1863, will ever be memorable in the annals of Lancaster city, and in the glorious history of the gallant Second Lancaster County Regiment (122d P. V.) On that occasion, the citizens opened their arms and their hearts to welcome home those gallant men who, a little more than nine months ago, had left their happy homes and peaceful occupations, to be transformed from citizens to soldiers, to suffer the privations of the camp, the fatigues of the march, and to face the dangers of the battle-field in defence of the liberty, the homes, and the honor of themselves and those dear ones whom they left behind. Since that time the men of the 122d had written for themselves, and for their county, a glorious page in the history of a patriotic and brave people struggling to maintain their national unity. Those who knew the character of the citizens who formed the soldiers of the Regiment, expected much from them and they were not disappointed. All through their campaign we had good reports of their soldierly conduct—of their endurance on the toilsome march; of their patience in the *tedium* of the camp; of their faithfulness on the outposts; of their excellent discipline under all occasions; of their coolness while lying for hours under a terrific shower of shell and shot at the first battle of Fredericksburg; and finally of the heroic manner in which they

won imperishable laurels at Chancellorsville under the gallant and beloved commander, General JOE HOOKER. It was indeed befitting that these bronzed and war-be-grimed soldiers, fresh from their conflict with the enemy, should be welcomed home with a more imposing and cordial, and enthusiastic demonstration than had ever before been witnessed in this city.

It having been announced (although without authority) on Friday evening, that the Regiment would reach this city at an early hour on Saturday evening, the report got into the country, and many came in to welcome home their friends. Their disappointment was very great, when they found there was no certainty at what hour the Regiment would arrive. Had we been able to give a day's official notice of the time they would arrive, and had that time been in daylight, there would have been not less than ten thousand citizens of the county in town to participate in the demonstration. As it was, large numbers staid in and joined in the "welcome home," which was the most enthusiastic and creditable ever seen in this city; and, as we were informed by eye-witnesses of both, far superior in every respect to that received in Harrisburg by the Dauphin County Regiment.

At an early hour in the evening the Court House became the centre of attraction, and the pressure to see the interior arrangements was so great that the ladies caused the doors to be opened for two hours to the public. It is needless to say that the thousands who passed around the tables were surprised as well as delighted with the magnificence of the collation. At a few minutes before 10 o'clock, Messrs. Youngman and Boyle (of the P. R. R.), who were two of the ladies' most efficient aids, arrived with a despatch, stating that the Regiment had left Harrisburg at 9:30, when the Court-House Bell was immediately rung as arranged. The signal was received with enthusiastic cheering. When the train reached Mount Joy the Court-House bell was again rung, when there was a general movement towards the Depot,

League House, and the Harrisburg turnpike. During the mean time a detachment of the "Lancaster Artillery Cadets," under the direction of Captain E. K. Young, were firing a salute of thirteen guns, which was only concluded as the train appeared in sight.

The Regiment reached the intersection of the Harrisburg Pike and the Railroad at 12 o'clock, and was received by the Committee of Reception appointed by "THE PATRIOT DAUGHTERS," headed by Hon. A. L. HAYES, Chairman. The Regiment disembarked and formed on the pike—the Committee on the right of the line. The procession moved down the pike to James, thence to North Queen, keeping step to martial music from the excellent Drum Corps of the Regiment. Most of the houses along the route were illuminated, as well as the brief time allowed would permit, as it was not known that the Regiment would arrive until a few hours before it did. The neighborhood of the place of disembarkation was thronged with multitudes of people, and when the procession reached North Queen and proceeded down that thoroughfare, the crowd increased at every step. The scene from the upper end of the street was most inspiring. The crowds, the waving of handkerchiefs, the blazing of bon-fires, and the cheering of many hundred voices was well calculated to cheer the hearts of the brave boys of this gallant Regiment.

At the depot another large crowd greeted the Regiment with cheering, while the surrounding windows were crowded with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs as the Regiment passed by. The City Hotel (formerly Reese's) was finely illuminated, and three or four large flags floated from the roof and upper windows. But the most brilliant scene witnessed on the route of the procession was that presented at the Union League Building. The front was splendidly illuminated, while thirty-four flags were floating from the windows, each of which was crowded with the fair daughters of Lancaster, who waved a welcome to Lancaster's heroes. The scene was so striking in its effect, that it called forth expres-

sions of admiration from even the bitterest opponents of that organization. Each company of the Regiment, as it filed by, cheered most heartily. A brilliant bon-fire was also in full blaze, which provided additional lustre to the scene.

When the procession reached the Court-House, the Committee "opened rank," and the Regiment marched up the steps into the main hall. The out-side pressure was so heavy, that many persons, endeavoring to get in, were unable to be accommodated with the privilege.

[Many of these persons had friends or relatives in the Regiment, but they could not fail to see, that if all had been admitted who applied, one-half, at least, of the soldiers would have been crowded out. As it was, the crowd was too large for comfort, but a place was secured for every soldier in the Regiment.—ED. EXPRESS.]

THE RECEPTION

of the Regiment, by "THE PATRIOT DAUGHTERS," was that which was not only merited, but that which was also appreciated. The first greeting which attracted the observation of the members, was: At the entrance of the Court-House hall, two large American flags were draped from the ceiling. Next, a large table ran the entire length of the main corridor, and the passages to the side-doors, together with several of the other public offices, were converted into banqueting halls. The tables, to use a familiar expression, literally groaned under the weight of good cheer. In addition to the substantials, the tables were adorned with elaborately "sugar-frosted cakes, pyramids of jelly," and a hundred and one things which our limited knowledge of the *cuisine* prevents us from cataloguing. Suffice it to say, that everything was present which could tempt the appetite.

Prayer then followed by Rev. J. I. MOMBERT, at the conclusion of which the heroes of Chancellorsville fell to work and attacked the viands with an energy that did credit to their appetite, as their valor did to their arms on that bloody

field, which was commemorated by a wreath, enclosing the inscription, "CHANCELLORSVILLE," which adorned the head of the long table.

THE BANQUET

was prolonged until a late hour of the morning. The ladies composing "THE PATRIOT DAUGHTERS' ASSOCIATION," were present in large force, and were indefatigable to supply every want of their guests. They performed their task with a grace commendable to their patriotism—one which they will never forget, nor will it ever pale from the memories of those for whom it was prepared. The closing scenes of this banquet were: By command of Colonel MCGOVERN, "Attention!" After which he proposed three cheers for the "PATRIOT DAUGHTERS OF LANCASTER," which were given with a will that made the Court-House tremble. Then followed three cheers for "Fighting JOE HOOKER!" Then, again, three for the gallant FRANKLIN, and no less gallant Colonel MCGOVERN and Major STEVENS, which were given with a spirit that told how truly the boys' hearts were in love with the cause of their country. The banquet closed at 3 A. M., Sunday, May 17th, when the Regiment was finally dismissed, and the members thereof, highly delighted with their reception and entertainment, quietly and gladly wended their way homeward, to meet once more those fond and dear friends in waiting to receive and greet them upon their return.



THERE IS REST BEYOND THE RIVER.

By the REV. W. A. DES BRISAY.

There is rest beyond the river,
 In the pleasant palm-trees' shade;
 Where the saints, redeemed forever,
 Are in spotless robes arrayed,
 When the conflict there is ended,
 And the battle's din is o'er,
 There is rest beyond the river,
 On the sweet celestial shore.

There is rest beyond the river,
 There we all shall meet again;
 We shall see the great Life-giver,
 In the splendor of His reign;
 Where the faithful and the fearless,
 And the tried and true of earth,
 In a happy home and tearless,
 Enter life's immortal birth.

There is rest beyond the river,
 Where the Christian soldier falls;
 Where devoted friends must sever,
 And the last loud bugle calls;
 And the ancient anthems ringing
 Through the ever-blessed land,
 The beloved ones are singing
 As around the throne they stand,

There is rest beyond the river;
 We shall all cross over there;
 Faith triumphant fail us never—
 Not a sorrow or a care,
 Safely to the haven gliding,
 Where our patient souls would be,
 And in love's own home abiding
 Are the friends we long to see.

There is rest beyond the river;
 Let us cross into the light—
 To the golden dawn of morning,
 When there comes no shade of night;
 Where the dear hands we have folded,
 And the fond eyes sadly closed,
 In the marble features moulded,
 Are in perfect life disclosed.

There is rest beyond the river—
 O'er its deep and solemn flow—
 Where the saints in glory gather
 And our hearts' dear jewels go.
 Let us cross the silent river,
 Sweet in Paradise to rest;
 Safe to part no more forever,
 Where the pure in heart are blest.



MAJOR THADDEUS STEVENS, JR.

APPENDIX.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

[EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The Officers of the Regiment, as well as of the several Companies, and also the members thereof, whose names are preceded with character marks, signify, as follows:

* Discharged for disability, etc., or Resigned. † Promoted to Higher Rank. ‡ Wounded and Missing at Chancellorsville. § Killed at Chancellorsville. ¶ Specially detailed from the Captaincy of Company G, 79th Regiment, P. V., and Private Secretary to Major-General SILAS W. CASEY, Headquarters at Washington, D. C. ° Died in the service.]

STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS:

Colonel.

EMLIN FRANKLIN, ESQ.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

§ EDWARD MCGOVERN, ESQ.

Major.

† THADDEUS STEVENS, JR.

Adjutant.

† DANIEL H. HEITSHU.

Quarter-Master.

JOHN T. MACGONIGLE, ESQ.

Surgeon.

WILLIAM C. LANE.

Assistant Surgeons.

WASHINGTON BURG,

I. C. HOGENDOBLE.

Chaplain.

† REV. ELIM KIRKE.

Sergeant-Major.

† WM. H. H. BUCKIUS.

Quarter-Master Sergeant.

† JACOB MARTIN.

Commissary-Sergeant.

† DANIEL S. BURSK.

Hospital-Steward.

† ANDREW N. THOMAS.

COMPANY A.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
*George Musser, Jr., . . .	Captain,	† Gyger, Abijah D., . . .	Private.
† George M. Franklin, . .	do.	Haag, John B., ...	do.
† John P. Weise, ...	1st Lieut.	Hambright, S. M., ...	do.
† Thomas Dinan, ...	2d Lieut.	† Herr, Hanford B., . . .	do.
† Wm. H. H. Buckius, . .	1st Sergt.	Herzog, Henry, ...	do.
Charles R. Christ, ...	Sergt.	Himmens, Charles D., . .	do.
Andrew J. Leibly, ...	do.	† Houser, John, ...	do.
George Kriner, ...	do.	Huber, Allen B., ...	do.
Wilson J. Fisher, ...	do.	† Huber, James M., ...	do.
J. H. Hegener, Jr., . . .	do.	Hubert, Henry M., ...	do.
George F. Rote, Jr., . . .	Corporal.	Hubert, John, ...	do.
Reedan A. Fisher, ...	do.	Jeffries, Edwin, ...	do.
George Hoffmaster, . . .	do.	Kautz, George W., ...	do.
John Kautz, ...	do.	Kautz, Jacob, ...	do.
George G. Myer, ...	do.	Keffler, Henry, ...	do.
William Hufford, ...	do.	Keller, Solomon B., . . .	do.
† Robert B. Ketchum, . .	do.	Kieffer, Elwood, ...	do.
George M. Parrish, ...	do.	Libhart, Frederick, ...	do.
* Emanuel Brooks, ...	do.	Martin, David N., ...	do.
John D. Hughes, ...	Musician.	Mateer, William B., ...	do.
Francis P. McCullon, . .	do.	Miller, John L., ...	do.
Ackerman, Henry, ...	Private.	Murr, Nathaniel, ...	do.
Ames, Isaac, ...	do.	McFadden, A. B., ...	do.
* Bear, Abner S., ...	do.	McNaughton, J. H., ...	do.
† Benson, John M., ...	do.	Nixdorf, Emanuel J., . . .	do.
Bohnert, Anthony, ...	do.	Overly, Adam, ...	do.
† Brickner, Lewis, ...	do.	Parson, Abner J., ...	do.
Brinton, William, ...	do.	Paulick, Lewis H., ...	do.
Buzzard, Martin, ...	do.	* Plott, John W., ...	do.
Clark, Daniel F., ...	do.	Rapp, George W., ...	do.
Clark, John H., ...	do.	Ruth, Franklin F., ...	do.
Clay, David, ...	do.	Shaum, Henry, ...	do.
Cover, Henry H., ...	do.	Shelley, Jacob, ...	do.
Debolt, Elias H., ...	do.	Shertz, John, ...	do.
Dennison, Levi, ...	do.	* Shubert, William U., . .	do.
Diffenderfer, William, . .	do.	Simmons, Jonathan, ...	do.
Doak, John H., ...	do.	* Smaling, Benjamin K., .	do.
Dorwart, Martin, ...	do.	Souders, Jacob, ...	do.
Eberman, Daniel F., . . .	do.	Stine, Andrew J., ...	do.
* Eberman, P. G., Jr., . .	do.	Stringer, Randolph, ...	do.
Eckman, Henry H., ...	do.	St. John, David, ...	do.
Eichelberger, Mark, ...	do.	Supplee, Randolph, ...	do.
Fox, Benjamin, ...	do.	† Thomas, Andrew N., . . .	do.
Franciscus, John, Jr., . .	do.	Troop, Thomas, ...	do.
Geigley, George, ...	do.	† Vogle, John F., ...	do.
Gompf, Andrew J., ...	do.	Walker, Thomas, ...	do.
Graham, John C., ...	do.	Weber, Frederick, ...	do.
Griffith, Amos, ...	do.	Weitzel, William H., . . .	do.
† Groff, Samuel K., ...	do.	Wolf, Henry, ...	do.

COMPANY B.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
† Thaddeus Stevens, Jr.,	Captain.	Gorrecht, John M., . . .	Private.
† Samuel W. Rowe, . . .	do.	* Hamilton, John, . . .	do.
Edward F. Hager, . . .	1st Lieut.	Hensler, John, . . .	do.
† Jacob C. Brubaker, . . .	2d Lieut.	Hernafies, George H., . .	do.
Benjamin O. Conn, . . .	1st Sergt.	Hicherside, Jacob, . . .	do.
Francis Dowd, . . .	Sergt.	Hill, John, . . .	do.
† Joseph Frecht, . . .	do.	* Hines, William, . . .	do.
† Charles D. Rupley, . .	do.	Hoak, Joseph, . . .	do.
William K. Bender, . . .	do.	○ Huber, John A., . . .	do.
Augustus H. Franke, . .	Corporal.	Jamison, Samuel F., . . .	do.
Martin K. Weidner, . .	do.	Kautz, Benjamin C., . . .	do.
George W. Cormeny, . .	do.	Kern, Bernard, . . .	do.
Jacob Foose, . . .	do.	Kling, Moses S., . . .	do.
Joseph A. Jamison, . . .	do.	Lee, P. Oliver, . . .	do.
Levi D. Shuman, . . .	do.	Lipp, Henry, . . .	do.
John M. Souders, . . .	do.	† Lipp, Lewis, . . .	do.
Jacob Johns, . . .	do.	Macken, Thomas S., . . .	do.
John P. Shindle, . . .	Musician.	Marsh, Isaac, . . .	do.
John M. Rowe, . . .	do.	Martin, Henry C., . . .	do.
William B. Hindman, . .	do.	Martin Henry N., . . .	do.
Baker, William, Jr., . .	Private.	Martin, Isaac M., . . .	do.
Barr, Henry, . . .	do.	McDevitt, David, . . .	do.
Barr, Israel, . . .	do.	* Metzger, George W., . .	do.
Beck Daniel A., . . .	do.	Miller, John, . . .	do.
○ Brabson, Isaac H., . .	do.	Misenberger, Adam, . . .	do.
Brubaker, John H., . .	do.	Moore, Edward, . . .	do.
§ Carpenter, Albert E., .	do.	Morrow, Joseph, . . .	do.
Carter, Joel J., . . .	do.	Nugent, Peter V., . . .	do.
Casner, Joseph, . . .	do.	Patton, William, . . .	do.
* Clark, William K., . .	do.	Patton, William G., . . .	do.
Cooper, Alpheus C., . .	do.	Plank, Amos W., . . .	do.
Cowen, John C., . . .	do.	Ramsey, Cyrus P., . . .	do.
Crum, Henry, . . .	do.	Ream, Henry C., . . .	do.
* Diffenbaugh, John F.,	do.	Reynolds, Gregg W., . . .	do.
Drennen, Jesse M., . .	do.	† Reynolds, Reuben, . . .	do.
Drennen, Wesley H., . .	do.	Rubincam, George, Jr., . .	do.
Duffer, John, . . .	do.	Sahers, John, . . .	do.
Eaby, George W., . . .	do.	Sehner, John W., . . .	do.
Eaby, Henry C., . . .	do.	Scotten, Samuel, . . .	do.
Ebernian, George D., . .	do.	† Sheaffer, Henry, . . .	do.
Fletcher, John T., . . .	do.	† Stauffer, John B., . . .	do.
Flory, Henry G., . . .	do.	Stone, Joseph John, . . .	do.
Flory, John, . . .	do.	Tindal, David, . . .	do.
Foust, William, . . .	do.	Vandersaal, Abraham, . .	do.
Frederick, Andrew, . .	do.	Wallace John, . . .	do.
Froelich, Amos, . . .	do.	Ward, William, . . .	do.
Fuller, William, . . .	do.	* Weaver, Abraham, . . .	do.
Glass, Samuel, . . .	do.	○ Weaver, William H., . .	do.
Good, John, . . .	do.	Wenger, Clayton, . . .	do.
Good, Samuel, . . .	do.	Wolf, Abraham, . . .	do.

COMPANY C.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
Smith P. Galt, ...	Captain.	Hartranft, David, ...	Private.
Robert J. Nevin, ...	1st Lieut.	Henyard, Adam, ...	do.
Samuel G. Behmer, ...	2d Lieut.	Horst, David, ...	do.
John Black, Jr., ...	1st Sergt.	Hufford, Wm.	do.
W. H. H. Amwake, ...	Sergt.	Hughes, Isaac, ...	do.
† Robert Allison, ...	do.	Huss, John A., ...	do.
† Effinger, Cake, ...	do.	Kerns, Jesse W., ...	do.
† Jeremiah J. Cake, ...	do.	Kinsey, William L., ...	do.
* Oscar M. Brady, ...	do.	Leibold, Michael, ...	do.
† Daniel S. Bursk, ...	do.	Lichty, David, ...	do.
John Rodgers, ...	Corporal.	Lichty, Levi, ...	do.
† Samuel Deckert, ...	do.	* Lightner, Milton A., ...	do.
George M. Raub, ...	do.	Lyte, Eliphalet A., ...	do.
J. Jacob Trier, ...	do.	Lytle, Isaac, ...	do.
† John W. Gardner, ...	do.	Manahan, F. H., ...	do.
† William G. Binkley, ...	do.	Manahan, Samuel S., ...	do.
† Thomas Arnell, ...	do.	McCarty, William, ...	do.
† Henry Lutz, ...	do.	McCreary, Harry B., ...	do.
* George Stirk, ...	do.	McCreary, John H., ...	do.
○ Adam Hunsecker, ...	do.	Mengle, George, ...	do.
Jacob Dutterline, ...	Musician.	Morrow, Isaac, ...	do.
* Jesse McQuade, ...	do.	Mull, Benjamin K., ...	do.
Ames, Jacob, ...	Private.	Nelson, William C., ...	do.
Bear, Elias, ...	do.	Phenegar, Samuel R., ...	do.
Bear, Frederick, ...	do.	Potts, Israel, ...	do.
Bernheiser, Isaac, ...	do.	○ Rambo, David W., ...	do.
Broadbent, Francis B., ...	do.	Randolph, William, ...	do.
Bursk, Joseph, ...	do.	Rattew, William, ...	do.
Byerly, John, ...	do.	Reiter, Abraham, ...	do.
Coldren, William, ...	do.	Reudy, Theophilus, ...	do.
Crawford, James C., ...	do.	Rishel, Jacob, ...	do.
Darbro, John, ...	do.	Schopp, Abraham, ...	do.
Diller, Joshua E., ...	do.	Smith, John, ...	do.
Dyer, Ephraim L., ...	do.	Snyder, Jacob A., ...	do.
Ebright, Harry, ...	do.	Stauffer, Peter B., ...	do.
Ebright, John B., ...	do.	Stephenson, James, ...	do.
Erb, Jacob, ...	do.	Stirk, Amos M., ...	do.
Fasnacht, Samuel, ...	do.	* Stoner, Isaac C., ...	do.
Fellenbaum, Peter, ...	do.	Templin, John C., ...	do.
Frame, John G., ...	do.	Urich, Samuel, ...	do.
Frame, Wesley T., ...	do.	Weidler, Henry C., ...	do.
Frankhauser, Israel, ...	do.	Weiker, Daniel, ...	do.
Frankhauser, Peter, ...	do.	Weitzel, Franklin, ...	do.
Fritz, John, ...	do.	Weitzel, John, ...	do.
Garman, Cyrus, ...	do.	Wenger, Frank G., ...	do.
Griner, George W., ...	do.	Wenzel, John, ...	do.
Groff, Calvin J., ...	do.	White, John S., ...	do.
Gross, George W., ...	do.	Wolfskill, Samuel, ...	do.
Gross, William, ...	do.	* Zellers, William, ...	do.
Hartman, Daniel, ...	do.		

COMPANY D.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
J. Miller Raub, ...	Captain.	Groff, Isaac, ...	Private.
† Daniel H. Heitshu, . .	1st Lieut.	Harlin, Ellis, ...	do.
† John C. Long, ...	do.	Haucke, Henry, ...	do.
† Hiram Stamm, ...	2d Lieut.	Heitshu, William A., . .	do.
† Charles Heitshu, . . .	1st Sergt.	Holtzhouse, Peter, . . .	do.
Samuel Musselman, . . .	Sergt.	Isenberger, Abraham, . .	do.
Morris Zook, ...	do.	Jones, Hiram, ...	do.
Henry Yeager, ...	do.	Keeports, David M., . . .	do.
† Josiah F. Passmore, . .	do.	Kinsey, Shadrack B., . .	do.
† Wm. Uffleman, ...	Corporal.	Kinsey, William M., . . .	do.
Jacob D. Hoak, ...	do.	Laird, James B., ...	do.
† John McFalls, ...	do.	Lebkicher, William H., . .	do.
Alfred N. Rutter, ...	do.	† Martin, Jacob, ...	do.
† Albert J. Bihl, ...	do.	* Markley, Henry, ...	do.
Simon E. Gochenour, . .	do.	McCardle, Ellis, ...	do.
Elim Kendig, ...	do.	McCleery, Samuel, ...	do.
Louis F. Kauffman, . . .	do.	○ McComsey, Benjamin, . .	do.
○ Henry Meeser, ...	do.	McCue, Amos, ...	do.
L. De W. Breneman, . . .	Musician.	McNeel, John, ...	do.
William G. Shenck, . . .	do.	Mehaffey, Abraham, . . .	do.
Anne, George W., ...	Private.	Miller, Benjamin, ...	do.
Bair, Henry Clay, ...	do.	Miller, Henry, ...	do.
Bair, John, ...	do.	Miller, Jerome, ...	do.
Bair, Orlando W., ...	do.	Minnich, Henry M., . . .	do.
Baldwin, Amaziah, ...	do.	Moore, Samuel, ...	do.
Bender, Benjamin S., . . .	do.	Morton, Charles, ...	do.
Bolton, Latham, ...	do.	Mowrer, George, ...	do.
○ Book, Daniel G., ...	do.	Myers, Henry, ...	do.
Brenberger, Levi, ...	do.	Potts, Franklin, ...	do.
Breneman, Henry, ...	do.	Reese, Edmund, ...	do.
Brock, John R., ...	do.	Reese, Jacob, ...	do.
Broom, Witmer, ...	do.	Sarter, Christian, ...	do.
Brubaker, William H., . .	do.	Savery, Alfred, ...	do.
Bryson, Thomson, ...	do.	* Sheetz, Abraham, ...	do.
Coble, Henry, ...	do.	Shirk, Henry, ...	do.
† Deal, John H., ...	do.	○ Shirk Michael A., ...	do.
† Diller, Levi A., ...	do.	Shultz, Henry G., ...	do.
Dorwart Henry, ...	do.	Snyder, George, ...	do.
○ Dorwart Philip H., . . .	do.	Steigleman, William, . . .	do.
* Doak, John R., ...	do.	Stock, John, ...	do.
Drumm, William C., ...	do.	○ Tangert, George W., . . .	do.
Duncan, Amos, ...	do.	Trimble, Thomas, ...	do.
Erb, Henry H., ...	do.	Weaver, Samuel, ...	do.
* Finefrock, Henry, ...	do.	○ Wenger, John, ...	do.
Gippie, Henry, ...	do.	* Wiggins, John, ...	do.
Gochenour, John C., . . .	do.	Winters, Benjamin, ...	do.
Groff, Benjamin, ...	do.	Witmer, Benjamin H., . . .	do.
Groff, Harvey, ...	do.	Zell, Andrew, ...	do.
Groff, Henry, ...	do.		

COMPANY E.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
Andrew A. Byerly, . . .	Captain.	King, John, ...	Private.
Daniel H. Herr, . . .	1st Lieut.	Kling, Jacob B., . . .	do.
David N. Fell, ...	2d Lieut.	○ Lewis, James K., . . .	do.
K. Allen Lovell, . . .	1st Sergt.	Lewis, Richard J., . . .	do.
Moses Whitson, ...	Sergt.	Lindsay, George, . . .	do.
John J. Strine, ...	do.	Long, Jacob H., ...	do.
Samuel W. Twining, . .	do.	Long John, ...	do.
J. Franklin Mancha, . .	do.	Lovell, Albert G., . . .	do.
Stephen M. Janney, . . .	Corporal.	Mancha, Valentine, . . .	do.
Allen T. Hampton, . . .	do.	* May, Simon C., ...	do.
James L. Allen, ...	do.	Mazo, John, ...	do.
Jacob Sides, ...	do.	Mazo, Washington, . . .	do.
Joseph H. Martin, . . .	do.	Mazo, William, ...	do.
Noah H. Martin, ...	do.	Miller, Emanuel H., . . .	do.
○ Andrew McFarlan, . . .	do.	Miller, Henry G., . . .	do.
H. Varian Miller, ...	do.	Miller, Joseph, ...	do.
† Henry H. Strickler, . .	do.	* McFarlan, Robert, . . .	do.
George Mancha, ...	Musician.	McGinnis, John, ...	do.
* John Hull, ...	do.	McGowan, Joseph, . . .	do.
* Armstrong, George, . .	Private.	McMinn, William, . . .	do.
Ashton, Calvin, ...	do.	Narhold, Jacob S., . . .	do.
Ayres, C. Miller, ...	do.	Neiss, Ephraim H., . . .	do.
Baker, Augustus, ...	do.	Ney, Adam, ...	do.
Bean, Tarlton L., ...	do.	Ney, Moses, ...	do.
Bickhart, Isaac S., . . .	do.	* Pownall, Thos. H., . . .	do.
Booth, John W., ...	do.	Reath, James, ...	do.
Buchanan, Thomas A., . .	do.	Rotherford, Levi D., . .	do.
Bunker, Benjamin, . . .	do.	Rutter, John M., ...	do.
Carter, Calvin, ...	do.	Schroll, Henry, ...	do.
Collins, Henry, ...	do.	Seek, Henry, ...	do.
Daney, Frederick, ...	do.	Stauffer, David H., . . .	do.
Dotts, George T., ...	do.	Stauffer, Theo. W., . . .	do.
Duffield, J. Davis, . . .	do.	Shower, William, ...	do.
Engle, Enos B., ...	do.	Shrite, Samuel, ...	do.
Fahs, William, ...	do.	Sides, Henry, ...	do.
Fell, Alexander S., . . .	do.	Simmons, John G., . . .	do.
Fluger, Daniel, ...	do.	Smith, Michael, ...	do.
Frazer, George, ...	do.	Spickler, Harrison, . . .	do.
Gardner, William C., . . .	do.	Walsh, Abraham, ...	do.
Gilgore, Thomas J., . . .	do.	Walter, Charles F., . . .	do.
Goodman, Samuel S., . . .	do.	Walter, Jesse S., ...	do.
Grinley, John, ...	do.	Walter, Joseph B., . . .	do.
Groff, Levi M., ...	do.	Warner, Samuel, ...	do.
Guitar, Jacob R., ...	do.	Whitson, T. Clark, . . .	do.
Hahn, Philip, ...	do.	Whitson, Theodore, . . .	do.
Hauck, Francis M., . . .	do.	Willard, Joseph, ...	do.
Hiestand, John, ...	do.	Wilson, Martin, ...	do.
Huff, Jehiel W., ...	do.	Williams, Walton S., . .	do.
Immel, Levi B., ...	do.	○ Windle, Joseph T., . . .	do.
Janney, George, ...	do.	Wittle, Joseph G., . . .	do.
Kelley, William H., . . .	do.		

COMPANY F.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
* Benjamin F. Baer, . . .	Captain.	Garber, Jacob F., . . .	Private.
† James F. Ricksecker, . .	do.	Gross, Charles A., . . .	do.
† John Leamon, ...	1st Lieut.	Harting, Nicholas, . . .	do.
† George E. Zellers, ...	2d Lieut.	High, John, ...	do.
Coleman Twining, ...	1st Sergt.	Hoff, Emanuel, ...	do.
† George B. Mason, ...	Sergt.	Hubley, Isaac, ...	do.
John F. Shreiner, ...	do.	Irving, Henry, ...	do.
† William Gast, ...	do.	Jones, Edward S., ...	do.
† D. C. Haverstick, ...	do.	† Kennedy, Wm. R., ...	do.
○ James Hopkins, ...	do.	Kiscadden, John, ...	do.
Samuel W. Kirk, ...	Corporal.	Kriner, Martin, ...	do.
John W. Pinkerton, ...	do.	Koffroth, Henry B., . . .	do.
Benj. M. Duchman, ...	do.	Lechler, William A., . . .	do.
Samuel C. Seaber, ...	do.	Loughhead, Wm. H., . . .	do.
† Henry Bickett, ...	do.	Mason, Park W., ...	do.
† James Byers, ...	do.	McGinnes, Isaac W., . . .	do.
† John H. Barnes, ...	do.	Miley, John M., ...	do.
† John A. Bowers, ...	do.	Norton, Amos, ...	do.
John W. Hubley, ...	Musician.	Northeimer, H. J., ...	do.
† M. A. Hambricht, ...	do.	O'Donnell, Wm. L., ...	do.
Bailey, Thomas, ...	Private.	Pool, Henry A., ...	do.
Baumbach, Jacob, ...	do.	Reed, Mansell, ...	do.
Black, James, ...	do.	Rice, Joseph, ...	do.
Blickenderfer, Jacob, . . .	do.	Rigg, George, ...	do.
Bleacher, Benjamin, ...	do.	Ross, Charles, ...	do.
Boring, Charles A., ...	do.	† Roth, Henry C., ...	do.
Brenner, Alfred, ...	do.	Shanes, Joseph, ...	do.
† Buchter, Samuel, ...	do.	Shay, Emanuel, ...	do.
Burrowes, Isaac B., ...	do.	† Shertz, Lewis A., ...	do.
Carmichael, Edwin, ...	do.	Sides, Henry D., ...	do.
Carpenter, Alexander, . . .	do.	Singleton, Evans R., . . .	do.
Cately, James W., ...	do.	Spangler, Harrison D., . .	do.
Christ, Albert F., ...	do.	Staufier, William H., . . .	do.
Cohen, Lewis, ...	do.	Steffe, Christian, ...	do.
Cummings, H. C., ...	do.	Stively, Washington, . . .	do.
○ Dague, Jonathan, ...	do.	Sturgis, Edwin, ...	do.
Damer, John, ...	do.	Sweigart, John, ...	do.
* Diehm, Elias, ...	do.	† Taylor, John J., ...	do.
Diehm, John, ...	do.	Thompson, Ross C., ...	do.
Delbo, Darius J., ...	do.	Usner, Washington, ...	do.
Eckert, Samuel, ...	do.	Wallace, Aaron A., ...	do.
Engle, Ad m., ...	do.	Wallace, Edwin H., ...	do.
Farren, William, ...	do.	Wallace, Urias, ...	do.
Fisher, John, ...	do.	Weaver, Elias R., ...	do.
Foster, Cyrus M., ...	do.	Windmoyer, D. S., ...	do.
Frazer, Anthony, ...	do.	Yeager, Frederick, ...	do.
Gable, Jacob B., ...	do.	Zell, Franklin, ...	do.

COMPANY G.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
○ Jefferson N. Neff, . . .	Captain.	Hunter, Daniel, . . .	Private.
† John P. Kilburn, . . .	do.	* Huss, George W., . . .	do.
† H. N. Breneman, . . .	1st Lieut.	Jewberry, Robert S., . .	do.
† Isaac S. Mulliken, . . .	2d Lieut.	Kauffman, Joseph C., . .	do.
J. S. Buckwalter, . . .	1st Sergt.	† Kendig, Jacob B., . .	do.
† Henry Timons, . . .	Sergt.	Keen, Christian A., . .	do.
Daniel E. Potts, . . .	do.	Keen, Henry, . . .	do.
John V. Hiestand, . . .	do.	† Kirke, Elim, . . .	do.
Benjamin F. Shultz, . .	do.	Leaman, Abraham, . .	do.
○ Henry P. Skeen, . . .	do.	Lefever, George, . . .	do.
† Ezekiel Webb, . . .	Corporal.	Lewis, George G., . . .	do.
† Amos Wimer, . . .	do.	○ Lewis, Findley, . . .	do.
Isaac G. Fritz, . . .	do.	○ Lytle, Thomas A., . .	do.
John S. Smith, . . .	do.	Marron, Samuel, . . .	do.
Jackson Williams, . . .	do.	Martin, Benjamin, . . .	do.
Elim R. Girvin, . . .	do.	McMichael, John, . . .	do.
Benj. F. Spielman, . .	do.	Miller, Amos, . . .	do.
† Martin C. Huber, . . .	do.	Miller, Henry, . . .	do.
* Samuel W. Potts, . .	do.	Miller, Samuel, . . .	do.
Robert P. Taggart, . .	Musician.	Morrison, Alex. K., . .	do.
Franklin S. Cochran, .	do.	Morrison, Robert C., . .	do.
Aument, Franklin, . .	Private.	Morrison John H., . . .	do.
Baughman, Aaron, . . .	do.	Murdock, George F., . .	do.
Book, Franklin, . . .	do.	Paul, Allen B., . . .	do.
Boreman, George, . . .	do.	Reese, James, . . .	do.
Bowman, Joseph, . . .	do.	Ressler, Jacob M., . . .	do.
Brown, Henry W., . . .	do.	○ Riley, Martin, . . .	do.
Brown, Thomas S., . .	do.	Rinehart, Levi, . . .	do.
† Byers, Henry, . . .	do.	Rineer, William H., . .	do.
Byerly William, . . .	do.	Rhoads, Christian M., . .	do.
Cresswell, David M., .	do.	○ Roadman, Joseph H.,	do.
Deshong, Robert, . . .	do.	Schmidt, Christian B., .	do.
Diether, Peter, . . .	do.	Sentman, John, . . .	do.
Downey, Daniel, . . .	do.	† Sides, Benjamin F., . .	do.
Erwin, Henry, . . .	do.	Sides, Samuel B., . . .	do.
Froelich, George, . . .	do.	† Sides, John B., . . .	do.
Griner, John F., . . .	do.	Simpson, Davis, . . .	do.
Groff, Daniel E., . . .	do.	Smith, Henry, . . .	do.
Harnish, Abraham, . .	do.	Smith, Joseph B., . . .	do.
Harting, Uriah, . . .	do.	Smith, William B., . .	do.
Hastings, Henry, . . .	do.	Styer, Peter, . . .	do.
Horner, Lytle, . . .	do.	Swenk, David, . . .	do.
Howett, Henry, . . .	do.	Taggart, George L., . .	do.
Huber, Aaron, . . .	do.	Tillbrook, Thomas, . .	do.
† Huber, William H., .	do.	Walker, Joseph A., . .	do.

COMPANY H.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
Louis C. Audenried, . .	Captain.	Hackett, Joseph, Jr., . .	Private.
Emanuel Gundaker, . .	1st Lieut.	Halbach, Jacob, ...	do.
Thomas M. Sumption, . .	2d Lieut.	Hambleton, James P., . .	do.
J. David Miller, ...	1st Sergt.	† Hart, Carpenter M., . .	do.
Levi N. Hart, ...	Sergt.	Harvey, John, ...	do.
Samuel K. Welchans, . .	do.	Hess, Martin B., ...	do.
John F. Gast, ...	do.	* Hindman, John A., . .	do.
John K. Leonard, ...	do.	Hughes, Hugh, ...	do.
James F. Hart, ...	Corporal.	† Kitch, Harry, ...	do.
John M. Kaempfe, Jr., . .	do.	Klugh, Jacob H., ...	do.
John Rote, ...	do.	* Lawrence, Henry, ...	do.
David Earnhart, ...	do.	Malone, John M., ...	do.
Clarence A. Nourse, . . .	do.	† McComsey, Matt, ...	do.
Isaac Reath, ...	do.	McComsey, William, ...	do.
† Thomas Holden, ...	do.	McGranigan, Edward, . . .	do.
† Taylor L. Schuler, . . .	do.	Montgomery, Thomas, . .	do.
~ Jacob Coonley, ...	do.	Myers, Frank, ...	do.
~ Edward Haverstick, . .	do.	Myers, John, ...	do.
Charles Yackley, ...	Musician.	Myers, Henry, ...	do.
~ Thomas McCoy, ...	do.	Nice, Gideon, ...	do.
Acheson, George R., . . .	Private.	Nimlow, Leiper, ...	do.
† Bailey, George L., . . .	do.	Parrish, John, ...	do.
Bartelles, William M., . .	do.	Phillips, John, ...	do.
* Benedict, Jacob, ...	do.	Pike, John H., ...	do.
Benedict, Phillip, ...	do.	Pinkerton, Joseph M., . . .	do.
Bimeslerfer, Peter, ...	do.	Putnam, George, ...	do.
Bono, William, ...	do.	○ Reath, Archilla, ...	do.
Booth, James H., ...	do.	Reifsnyder, David, ...	do.
Booth, Andrew J., ...	do.	† Robinson, Enos, ...	do.
Boyd, John S., ...	do.	Rockafellow, Andrew, . . .	do.
Brenner, Frank J., ...	do.	† Rose, Samuel, ...	do.
Brown, Andrew, ...	do.	Rote, William H., ...	do.
Buchanan, Robert, ...	do.	Seiple, Samuel, ...	do.
Burd, Robert M., ...	do.	Seiple, Peter H., ...	do.
* Clendennin, Wash, . . .	do.	Shaw, Hiram W., ...	do.
Connor, Samuel, ...	do.	Sheam, Michael, ...	do.
Cummings, Thomas L., . .	do.	○ Smith, John, ...	do.
~ Davidson, Isaac, ...	do.	Stoutzenberger, J., ...	do.
* Deitrich, Tobias, ...	do.	Suydam, Jacob, ...	do.
Dern, Andrew K., ...	do.	* Walker, William A., . . .	do.
Douglass, Samuel, ...	do.	Waltz, Jacob, ...	do.
† Dudley, Daniel M., . . .	do.	Watson, Almus L., ...	do.
Dunn, Lewis, ...	do.	† Watson, Thomas J., . . .	do.
Erving, John, ...	do.	Weaver, Benj. F., ...	do.
Evans, Micah, ...	do.	Weidner, David, ...	do.
Fowler, John, ...	do.	Young, Jackson, ...	do.
† Fox, John, ...	do.		

COMPANY I.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
* John M. Amwake, . . .	Captain.	Harley, Joseph, ...	Private.
† Henry W. Gara, . . .	do.	Harrison, Paul A., . . .	do.
† William C. Reed, . . .	1st Lieut.	Havercamp, W. C., . . .	do.
† Henry A. Troast, . . .	2d Lieut.	Hinkle, John G., . . .	do.
† Lemuel Gara, ...	1st Sergt.	○ Keffier, William A., . .	do.
† James H. Ferry, . . .	Sergt.	Kemper, George, ...	do.
† William H. Carlton, .	do.	Kettle, George, ...	do.
Daniel Ryan, ...	do.	Killian, Menelias, ...	do.
Hiram L. Thompson, . .	do.	Killian, Van Rensselear, .	do.
* George W. Killian, . .	do.	Krider, Samuel, ...	do.
* George S. Boone, . . .	do.	Leibold, Isaac, ...	do.
Isaac B. Weidler, . . .	Corporal.	Lindsay, John P., ...	do.
† Francis N. Christ, . . .	do.	Lint, George, ...	do.
Archibald F. Lytle, . . .	do.	McCullough, W. H., . . .	do.
† Martin D. Sweigart, . .	do.	McLaughlin, Levi, ...	do.
† John R. Hess, ...	do.	Meese, David, ...	do.
John W. Walter, ...	do.	Mellinger, Moses B., . . .	do.
† John A. Fulmer, ...	do.	Miller, Frederick, ...	do.
† William C. Gallagher, .	do.	Minster, John, ...	do.
○ William A. Bitzer, . . .	do.	† Mixel, Sheaffer, ...	do.
Henry T. Yackley, . . .	Musician.	Mowrer, Samuel, ...	do.
* Leonard Strickler, . . .	do.	Peters, Abraham, ...	do.
Beaner, Jacob, ...	Private.	Peters, William, ...	do.
Bear, Henry E., ...	do.	Place, Edward, ...	do.
Bitzer, William G., . . .	do.	Pool, George, ...	do.
† Bogle, Samuel, ...	do.	Proudfoot, John B., . . .	do.
Borger, George M., ...	do.	Rayman, John L., ...	do.
Boyer, Daniel, ...	do.	† Reed, Edgar C., ...	do.
Bradley William, ...	do.	Rice, John C., ...	do.
Burke, Victor, ...	do.	* Rittenhouse, E. C. P., .	do.
Burns, Christian, ...	do.	Runner, Jacob, ...	do.
Christ, William A., ...	do.	Ruth, David M., ...	do.
Cramer, Robert, ...	do.	Ryan, Nathaniel, ...	do.
† Culp, Andrew, ...	do.	Ryan, Johnson, ...	do.
Deverter, Benj., ...	do.	Sherwood, Benj. F., . . .	do.
Ditzler, Emanuel, ...	do.	Smith, George, ...	do.
Eckert, Jacob, ...	do.	Stapleford, Amos, ...	do.
Fisher, John R., ...	do.	Stroak, Isaac, ...	do.
Flick, John A., ...	do.	White Christian M., ...	do.
Frankford, Philip, ...	do.	Wilson, John B., ...	do.
Getz, Thomas S., ...	do.	Winters, Isaac B., ...	do.
Good, Samuel R., ...	do.	Witman, Hiram, ...	do.
Greif, Joseph H., ...	do.	Young, Obed, ...	do.
† Hammer, David F., . . .	do.		

COMPANY K.

NAME.	RANK.	NAME.	RANK.
William F. Duncan, . . .	Captain.	Hatz, Jacob, ...	Private.
† David K. Springer, . .	1st Lieut.	Hill, Jacob, ...	do.
Emanuel C. Dorwart, . .	2d Lieut.	Hoak, George, ...	do.
John Trissler, ...	1st Sergt.	Hoak, Joseph, ...	do.
† George F. Sprenger, . .	do.	Horner, Henry, ...	do.
Henry Schaum, ...	Sergt.	○ Johnson, John R., . . .	do.
Abraham S. Killian, . . .	do.	Kahl, John H., ...	do.
Dexter White, ...	do.	Kern, Henry G., ...	do.
John L. Killinger, ...	Corporal.	* Kinsey, Simon, ...	do.
Henry Hartley, ...	do.	Leman, Jacob, ...	do.
Jacob F. Fisher, ...	do.	Lewis, Franklin, ...	do.
† William Schaum, ...	do.	○ Lutz, Jacob, ...	do.
† John Rice, ...	do.	Lutz, Samuel, ...	do.
John Reinhold, ...	do.	Martzell, George W., . . .	do.
† George W. Smith, ...	do.	McCracken, Lorenzo, . . .	do.
James C. Suydam, ...	do.	McKain, John, ...	do.
* Jacob Boas, ...	do.	McMinn, Lewis, ...	do.
Washington Potts, ...	Musician.	Mercer, Atlee, ...	do.
William N. Fisher, ...	do.	* Metzger, Andrew, ...	do.
Albright, John R., ...	Private.	Miller, Jacob, ...	do.
Alexander, David, ...	do.	Milley, Edward F., ...	do.
Auchenstine, Charles, . .	do.	Milley, John, ...	do.
* Bertz, Jacob, ...	do.	Mischlich, Philip, ...	do.
Bookniyer, Edward, ...	do.	Mullen, Henry F., ...	do.
Campbell, Matthew, ...	do.	Musketness, Peter, ...	do.
Clinton, George, ...	do.	Nauman, David H., ...	do.
Cox, Charles R., ...	do.	† Nauman, William, ...	do.
Deichler William, H., . . .	do.	Nixdorf, Henry, ...	do.
Donnelly, John, ...	do.	○ Pence, Phares, ...	do.
Dorwart, John F., ...	do.	Powell, Peter, ...	do.
Dorwart, George, ...	do.	Reinhold, Samuel, ...	do.
Dorwart, William, ...	do.	Rider, Joseph, ...	do.
Drepperd, William, ...	do.	Rudy, John W., ...	do.
Erisman, David, ...	do.	○ Ruth, John, ...	do.
Erisman, Daniel, ...	do.	Sergeant, George, ...	do.
Fellenbaum, David, ...	do.	† Shay, Andrew, ...	do.
Finefrock, Lewis, ...	do.	Shay, William, ...	do.
Fisher, Henry, ...	do.	Smith, George C., ...	do.
Flagg, James, ...	do.	Stape, Samuel, ...	do.
Forrest, Henry, ...	do.	Stewart, William N., . . .	do.
Gallbraith, Franklin, . . .	do.	Swander, Calvin R., ...	do.
Gallagher, Charles, ...	do.	○ Wade, Joseph, ...	do.
Gompf, W., ...	do.	† Waller, George W., . . .	do.
Gornuly, Cosmes, ...	do.	Waltz, Taylor, ...	do.
Good, Abraham, ...	do.	Weidle, John, ...	do.
Groff, John, ...	do.	Wiley, John F., ...	do.
Harry, William H., ...	do.	Young, Henry, ...	do.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
McGOVERN.

HEAD QUARTERS, 122d REGIMENT, P. V.,)
May 8th, 1863.)

CAPTAIN PIATT, *Assistant Adjutant-General*:

In obedience to circular form from Brigade Headquarters, dated May 7th, 1863, calling for a report from Commanding Officers of Regiments, of the part their commands took in the late engagements on the Rappahannock, and in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, Va., I have the honor to report, that, on the 2d of May, the 122d Regiment, P. V., marched in its proper place, in the First Brigade, on the "Plank Road," about one mile west of Chancellorsville, and filed to the left, going in the direction of a battery, which I understood to be firing upon a marching column of the enemy. I was ordered "to form line of battle, in advance of the battery;" and forwarded obliquely to the right, passing a dense woods on my right, "in close column by Company," where I deployed column upon emerging from the woods, and again advanced in line of battle across a swamp, within 250 yards of the lines of the enemy. At this point the fire of the enemy opened; but, as I was preceded by a line of skirmishers, I was prevented from delivering an effective reply. Our lines halted at this point and I ordered my men to lie down, to avoid that part of the enemy's fire which was delivered at our skirmishers.

Our lines were not advanced from this point. I found it impossible to wholly, restrain the fire of my men, as the fire opened on our left and rear, though our skirmishers had not yet returned. In a few moments, I was ordered to "About Face!" to repel the enemy, who had suddenly appeared upon our rear; and I hastened to bring my men to support the battery upon the hill. When I arrived at the hill, Major-General SICKLES rode up, and said, that he wished "*the Reg-*

iment in line in two minutes—everything depended upon it! In a moment, the Regiment was in line ready to meet the enemy!” We did not advance, however, and I was ordered to take position about 200 yards in advance of the battery, at the edge of the woods, and in no case to yield the place to the enemy. I advanced to the woods, and took position, throwing out skirmishers. About 11 o'clock, P. M., the enemy advanced and opened fire. My skirmishers fell back as directed, and immediately I opened fire, delivering a sweeping and most effective volley into the woods, repelling the enemy, and completely silencing his fire. Shortly afterwards I was relieved by the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V.

On Sunday morning, May 3d, at 4 o'clock, I was ordered to move my Regiment to the right, about one mile, across the “Plank Road,” and was put in position to meet the advancing column of the enemy, and immediately became engaged. Our advance was slow but steady, until 11 o'clock, when the left wing had reached and occupied the breast-works of the enemy. The right handsomely repulsed a line of the enemy, which threatened our flank; and, following up its success, rejoined the left at the breast-works. During the progress of the morning's engagement, *my men did not at any time falter or yield an inch of ground to the enemy?*

I would state that, at the beginning of the engagement, I labored under the misapprehension of believing that my line was preceded by other lines of our own troops. I was led to believe so by orders I had received. The density of the woods prevented me from examining the ground before me. While I was still under that belief, the enemy appeared on my right, overlapping my line, and making a change of front necessary. As our lines were close together and the fire severe, I deemed it prudent to “change front upon right centre, company,” throwing back my right and advancing my left. The movement was only partially successful, owing to the difficulty of making orders heard. My left moved straight forward over the breast-works, while the right wing,

changing front, delivered a well-directed fire, which put the enemy to precipitate flight. In the temporary separation, the left wing was under command of Major STEVENS. When, orders to that effect were received, the Regiment retired in a body, in good order, having been actively engaged with the enemy for six hours.*

[The Regiment was not again actively engaged.]

I find it difficult to return the exact number of prisoners taken, as they were rapidly sent to the rear during the engagement, as soon as taken. The whole number taken, during Saturday and Sunday, were not less than 150.

Our losses are, as follows:

Enlisted men, killed, ...	11
Officers, wounded, ...	6
Enlisted men, wounded, ...	70
Enlisted men, missing, ...	16
	103

I do but justice to both officers, and men, when I say, they behaved themselves with great gallantry.

Respectfully,

EDW. MCGOVERN,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, 122d Regiment, P. V.

HEAD QUARTERS, THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
May 8th, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 67. }

[EXTRACT.]

8. The 122d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, will proceed to-morrow, Washington, and report to Major-General HEINTZELMAN, Commanding Department, as a general escort on the day of the interment of the lamented Brigadier-General WHIPPLE, the late Commander of the Third Division of this Army Corps. The Regiment will then pro-

* The movements above detailed were made in connection with the movements of the other Regiments of the Brigade.

ceed to Lancaster County, Pa., where it was enrolled, and will there be mustered out by the proper authority.

The Commanding Officer, on his arrival, in Pennsylvania, will report to the Major-General, Commanding Middle Department.

The arms and accoutrements of the Regiment, on reaching its destination, will be turned over to the nearest Ordnance Depot. All other public property will be turned over to the Quarter-Master of the Third Division of this Corps, before leaving camp.

The Quarter-Master Department will furnish transportation.

The Commanding Officer of the Regiment will be held responsible that all deficiencies in accountability for public property be charged on the muster-roll against the proper person, and notification sent to the Paymaster-General before the Regiment shall be paid off.

All men of the 122d Pennsylvania Volunteers, detailed for duty, away from their Regiment, are ordered to report to the Regimental Commander without delay.

In parting with the 122d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, the Major-General Commanding, acknowledges with satisfaction, the zeal and gallantry which distinguished the officers and men of the command during the recent operations against the enemy. He trusts they will soon again take the field to share with their old comrades the honor of future campaigns.

[Signed] By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES.

O. H. HART, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Headquarters Third Division, Third Army Corps, }
Belle Air, Va., May 8, 1863. }

Official: BEN. M. PIATT,

Captain, and Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION, THIRD ARMY CORPS, }
 Belle Air, Va., May 9, 1863, 1:30 A. M. }
 SPECIAL ORDERS, }
 No. 67. }

Colonel E. FRANKLIN, of the 122d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having received orders to proceed with his Regiment to Pennsylvania, to be mustered out of the United States Service, is hereby retired from command of the First Brigade of this Division.

Colonel VAN H. ELLIS, of the 124th Regiment, N. Y. V., will immediately assume command of the First Brigade.

By command of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GRAHAM.

BEN. M. PIATT,

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS, HARRISBURG, PENNA., }
 May 11th, 1863. }
 ORDER, }
 No. 43. }

The Commanding Officer of the 122d Regiment, P. V., will proceed with his Regiment to "CAMP CURTIN," make requisition on the Quarter-Master for Camp and Garrison Equipage, and make all other necessary arrangements for the comfort of his Regiment, until they are mustered out.

The Commanding Officer of the Regiment will readily see the necessity of keeping his men together, until such time as the Mustering Officer may arrive at Camp to muster them out; and therefore will allow neither officers nor men to leave Camp until further orders.

By order of

R. I. DODGE,
Commandant.

G. M. BRAYTON,

1st Lieutenant, 15th U. S. Infantry, Post-Adjutant.

 ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

 THE THIRD CORPS.

Corps Commander :

Major-General DANIEL E. SICKLES.

FIRST DIVISION.

Commander :

‡ Major-General DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanders :

† Brigadier-General CHARLES K. GRAHAM.

† Colonel THOMAS W. EGAN.

57th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

63d do., do. do.

68th do., do. do.

105th do., do. do.

114th do., do. do.

141st do., do. do.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander.

Brigadier-General J. H. H. WARD.

20th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers.

3d do., Maine do.

4th do., do. do.

38th do., New York do.

40th do., do. do.

99th do., Pennsylvania Vols.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

† Colonel SAMUEL B. HAYMAN.

Camp and Field Life.

17th Regiment, Maine Volunteers.
 3d do., Michigan do.
 5th do., do. do.
 1st do., New York do.
 37th do., do. do.

ARTILLERY.

Commandant:

Captain A. JUDSON CLARK.

New Jersey Light Artillery, Battery B.
 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery E.
 Third U. S. Artillery, Batteries F and K.

SECOND DIVISION.

Commanders:

|| Major-General HIRAM G. BERRY.
 Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanders:

† Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR.
 † Colonel WILLIAM BLAISDELL.
 1st Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers.
 11th do., do. do.
 16th do., do. do.
 11th do., New York do.
 26th do., Pennsylvania do.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commanders:

† Brigadier-General JOSEPH W. REVERE.
 † Colonel J. EGBERT FARNUM.
 70th Regiment, New York Volunteers.
 71st do., do. do.
 72d do., do. do.
 73d do., do. do.
 74th do., do. do.
 120th do., do. do.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commanders :

‡ Brigadier-General GERSHOM MOTT.

† Colonel WILLIAM J. SEWELL.

5th Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

6th do., do. do.

7th do., do. do.

8th do., do. do.

2d do., New York do.

115th do., Pennsylvania do.

ARTILLERY.

Commandant :

Captain THOMAS W. OSBORN.

1st New York Light Artillery, Battery D.

New York Light Artillery, 4th Battery,

First U. S. Artillery, Battery H.

Fourth U. S. Artillery, Battery K.

THIRD DIVISION.

Commanders :

|| Major-General AMIEL W. WHIPPLE.

Brigadier-General CHARLES K. GRAHAM.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanders :

* Brigadier-General A. SAUNDERS PIATT.

† Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN.

122d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

86th do., New York do.

124th do., do. do.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander :

Colonel SAMUEL M. BOWMAN.

12th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.

84th do., Pennsylvania do.

110th do., do. do.

Camp and Field Life.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

Colonel HIRAM BERDAN.

First United States Sharpshooters.

Second do. do.

ARTILLERY.

Commandants :

Captain ALBERT A. VON PUTTKAMMER.

do. JAMES F. HUNTINGTON.

1st Ohio Light Artillery, Battery H.

New York Light Artillery, 10th Battery.

New York Light Artillery, 11th Battery.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

THE SECOND CORPS.

[Attack and Engagements of Saturday Night, May 2d.]

Corps Commanders :

|| Lieutenant-General THOMAS J. JACKSON.

† Major-General AMBROSE P. HILL.

Major-General J. E. B. STUART.

Brigadier-General R. E. RHODES.

FIRST DIVISION.

Commanders :

† Major-General AMBROSE P. HILL.

† Brigadier-General HENRY HETH.

Brigadier-General J. J. ARCHER.

Brigadier-General W. D. PENDER.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanders :

† Brigadier-General HENRY HETH.

Colonel J. M. BROCKENBROUGH.

40th Virginia, † Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough.
 47th do., do. Robert M. Mayo.
 55th do., do. Francis Mallory.
 22d do. Battalion, Colonel E. P. Tayloe.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General S. McGOWAN.

1st South Carolina, Colonel D. H. Hamilton.
 12th do., } Colonel O. E. Edwards.
 13th do., }
 14th do., do. A. Perrin.
 1st do. Rifles, Colonel James M. Perrin.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General E. L. THOMAS.

14th Georgia, Colonel R. W. Folsom.
 35th do., † Captain John Duke.
 45th do., † Lieutenant Colonel W. L. Grice.
 49th do., † Major S. T. Player.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General J. H. LANE.

7th North Carolina, Colonel E. G. Haywood.
 18th do., do. Thos. J. Purdie.
 28th do., do. S. D. Lowe.
 33d do., do. Clark M. Avery.
 37th do., do. W. M. Barbour.

FIFTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

† Brigadier-General J. J. ARCHER.

13th Alabama, Colonel B. D. Fry.
 5th do. Battery, Captain S. D. Stewart.
 1st Tennessee (Prov. Army), † Lieutenant-Colonel N. J. George.
 7th do., † Lieutenant Colonel John A. Fite.
 14th do., Colonel William McComb.

Camp and Field Life.

SIXTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

† Brigadier-General W. D. PENDER.

13th North Carolina, Colonel A. M. Scales.

16th do., do. John S. McIlroy.

22d do., Lieutenant-Colonel Christian C. Coles.

34th do., } do. John Ashford.

38th do., }

SECOND (D. H. HILL'S) DIVISION.

Commanders :

† Brigadier-General R. E. RHODES.

do. do. S. E. RAMSEUR.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanders :

Colonels E. A. O'NEAL and J. M. HALL.

3d Alabama, † Captain M. F. Bonham.

5th do., † Colonel J. M. Hall.

6th do., do. James N. Lightfoot.

12th do., do. Samuel B. Pickens.

26th do., do. † E. A. O'Neal.

The Fifth Alabama Regiment was the immediate skirmish line in our front at mid-day of May 2d, in the vicinity of Hazel Grove, and occupied close quarters with the 122d Regiment as hereinbefore related.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General GEORGE DOLES.

4th Georgia, Colonel Philip Cook.

12th do., do. Edward Willis.

21st do., do. J. T. Mercer.

44th do., do. J. B. Estes.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General A. H. COCHRAN.

6th Georgia, Colonel John T. Ligon.

19th do., do. A. J. Hutchins.

23d Georgia, Colonel Emory F. Best.

27th do., do. C. T. Zachry.

28th do., do. Tully Graybill.

The 23d Georgia Regiment was captured entire by First Division (Major-General D. B. BIRNEY, Commanding), Third Corps, Army of the Potomac.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General ALFRED IVERSON.

5th North Carolina, Colonel Thomas H. Garrett,

12th do., Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Johnson.

20th do., Colonel T. F. Toon.

23d do., do. D. H. Christie.

FIFTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

† Brigadier-General S. D. RAMSEUR.

2d North Carolina, Colonel W. R. Cox.

4th do., do. Bryan Grimes.

14th do., do. R. T. Bennett.

30th do., do. F. M. Parker.

[Change of Front and Engagements on May 3d, 1885.]

FIRST CORPS.

Commander :

Major-General LA FAYETTE McLAWS.

FIRST DIVISION.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General W. T. WOFFORD.

*16th Georgia Regiment.

18th do. do.

24th do. do.

Cobb's Georgia Legion.

Phillips' do. do.

*Pattie-Flag of 16th Georgia Regiment removed from earthworks just as it was planted, by Company K, 122d P. V.

Camp and Field Life.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General JAMES D. KERSHAW.

2d South Carolina, Colonel John D. Kennedy.
 *3d do., †Major R. C. Maffett.
 7th do., Colonel Elbert Bland.
 8th do., do. John W. Henegan.
 15th do., †Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph H. Gist.
 3d do. Battalion, †Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Rice.

*Surrender of Major R. C. Maffet, Third South Carolina Regiment, with sword to Company K, 122d Regiment P. V.; and over 150 men from said Regiment and 16th Georgia, captured as prisoners of war by the 122d P. V., during action.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General PAUL J. SEMMES.

10th Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Holt.
 50th do., }
 51st do., } Colonel James P. Semmes.
 53d do., }

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General WM. BANKSDALE.

13th Mississippi, }
 17th do., }
 18th do., } Colonel J. W. Carter.
 21st do., }

Artillery—4 Batteries—H. C. Cabell, Commandant.

SECOND DIVISION.

Commander :

Major-General RICHARD H. ANDERSON.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General C. M. WILCOX.

8th Alabama, Colonel Y. L. Roystone.
 9th do., † Major J. H. J. Williams.
 10th do., Colonel J. H. Forney.
 11th do., do. J. C. C. Sanders.
 14th do., do. L. Pinckard.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General WILLIAM MAHONE.

6th Virginia, Colonel George T. Rogers.
 12th do., † Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Field.
 16th do., † do. do. R. O. Whitehead.
 41st do., Colonel William Allen Parham.
 61st do., do. V. D. Groner.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General A. R. WRIGHT.

3d Georgia, † Major J. H. Jones.
 22d do., † Lieutenant-Colonel J. Warden.
 48th do., † do. R. W. Carswell.
 2d do., Battalion, † Major George W. Ross.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General CARNOT POSEY.

12th Mississippi, † Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. Harris.
 16th do., Colonel Samuel E. Baker.
 19th do., do. N. H. Harris.
 48th do., do. Joseph M. Jayne.

FIFTH BRIGADE.

Commander :

Brigadier-General W. A. PERRY.

2d Florida Regiment.
 5th do. do.
 8th do. do.

Artillery—4 Batteries—† Lieutenant Colonel J. J. Garnett, Commandant.

PRELIMINARY RE-UNION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, P. V.

It had, for a long time, been the intention and desire of the author of these historical sketches to make an endeavor toward the getting up of a Re-Union of the surviving members of the Regiment, which, after a lapse of twenty years, was finally accomplished and proved to be an affair of greater magnitude than was expected by the most hopeful and considerate, and one that was not by any means a light, but rather a difficult and laborious task. Although the duties imposed upon the part of the writer were somewhat arduous and onerous, he took great pride in the success thereof, and therefore deems the report of the proceedings incidental thereto, worthy of publication as an extra appendix to this volume.

[Extracts from the Minutes.]

LAW-OFFICE OF COLONEL EMLEN FRANKLIN,)
Wednesday, January 24, 1883—2. P. M.)

Pursuant to call, through a direct, neatly-printed circular-invitation, issued to the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as the privates of the respective companies which constituted the 122d Regiment, P. V., so far as the addresses were and could be ascertained, for the purpose of a preliminary meeting towards the object of a general RE-UNION of the surviving comrades. there assembled, in response to the spirit of the call and invitation, the following gentlemen and members of the Regiment, viz:

Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN.

Captain GEORGE MUSSER, Company A.

Lieutenant JOHN P. WEISE, Company A.

Lieutenant S. G. BEJMER, Company C.

Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG, Company D.

Captain JOHN P. KILBURN, Company G.

Lieutenant THOS. M. SUMPTION, Company H.
Lieutenant WILLIAM C. REED, Company I.
Captain WILLIAM F. DUNCAN, Company K.
Sergeant-Major W. H. H. BUCKIUS, Company A.
Color-Sergeant J. S. SMITH, Company G.
Sergeant S. K. WELCHANS, Company H.
Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Company K.
Corporal GEORGE W. CORMENY, Company B.
do. JACOB FOOSE, Company B.
Private RANDOLPH SUPPLEE, Company A.
do. DAVID CLAY, Company A.
do. GEORGE W. EABY, Company B.
do. SAMUEL GOOD, Company B.
do. A. W. FROELICH, Company B.
do. JOHN MCGINNIS, Company E.
do. JACOB HALBACH, Company H.
do. H. T. YACKLEY, Company I.
do. WILLIAM A. CHRIST, Company I.
do. ISAAC LEIBOLD, Company I.
do. WILLIAM H. HARRY, Company K.
do. FRANK GALBRAITH, Company K.
do. JOHN F. WILEY, Company K.
do. D. HALL NAUMAN, Company K.
do. M. ATLEE MERCER, Company K.

The meeting was called to order by Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN, who announced the object by requesting the reading of the following circular :

LANCASTER, PA., January 1, 1883.

Friends and Comrades of the 122d Regiment, P. V. :

After repeated suggestions, as well as earnest and urgent desire freely expressed by the Colonel and other Regimental Officers, for a Re-Union of the survivors thereof, both officers and men, it has devolved upon me to call an informal meeting of all interested and concerned, to secure the said

object, which, in the end, will prove one of no small importance, and for success will entirely and greatly depend upon the hearty co-operation of every one—insomuch that your attention is hereby respectfully and earnestly solicited.

Therefore I accept the duty imposed, as one no less incumbent and important than that which we all recognized, when, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, Va., our services were demanded and rendered, (which, too, we all cherish with memorable and just pride), at the command of our gallant Colonel.

The office of Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN, No. 12 South Duke street, is therefore selected as the most convenient point to assemble, and Wednesday Afernoon, January 24th, 1883, at 2 o'clock, as the most convenient date and hour for the purpose.

Hoping that this call will be appreciated in the same spirit with which it is issued, and meet with as ready and prompt responses as those of twenty years ago, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, very respectfully,

GEORGE F. SPRENGER,

Sergeant Company K, 122d Regiment, P. V.

A general interchange of views then followed, pertinent to the occasion and object.

On motion of Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG, Company D, Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN was chosen Permanent President, and Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Permanent Secretary, for the preliminary meetings.

Letters received from Captain S. W. ROWE, Company B; Lieutenant (now Judge) D. N. FELL, Company E (Philadelphia, Pa.); Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, Company K (Bedford, Pa.), and others, were read, regretting their inability to attend the preliminary meetings; but at the same time, expressing their hearty approval of the object contemplated, as also their readiness to co-operate and endorse whatever action might be taken towards the accomplishment of the same.

After remarks by Colonel FRANKLIN, Lieutenant LONG, and Sergeant SPRENGER, as to the proper course to be pursued, the following resolution, offered by Lieutenant LONG, was unanimously adopted :

“Resolved, That a committee of twelve, consisting of one representative from each Company, together with the President and the Secretary of this meeting, be appointed by the President, to constitute an Executive Committee with authority to select, in addition, such sub-committees from the Regiment as may be deemed necessary, to make all arrangements for a Re-Union of the Regiment, to be held May 17th, 1883, the 20th Anniversary of the “RETURN HOME.”

A recess was then ordered for general remarks of a congratulatory character, the relation of incidents, etc.; after which Colonel FRANKLIN announced the following gentlemen to constitute the Executive Committee, viz:

Company A—Lieutenant JOHN P. WEISE.

do. *B*—Private GEORGE W. EABY.

do. *C*—Lieutenant SAMUEL G. BEHMER.

do. *D*—Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG.

do. *E*—Private T. CLARK WHITSON.

do. *F*—Corporal JOHN H. BARNES.

do. *G*—Lieutenant H. N. BRENNEMAN.

do. *H*—Private JACOB HALBACH.

do. *I*—Lieutenant WILLIAM C. REED.

do. *K*—Captain WILLIAM F. DUNCAN.

Chairman—Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN.

Secretary—Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER.

On the 29th day of January, 1883, the Executive Committee, as above appointed, met at the Law-Office of Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN, for the purpose of further consultation and interchange of views, with several other members of the Regiment who had been invited to be present, who were Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN, Captain GEORGE M. FRANKLIN, Company A, and Sergeant JOHN BLACK, JR.,

Company C. The other invited guests were unavoidably absent.

After various suggestions and remarks, which were freely exchanged, and generally accepted, the Executive Committee, at once proceeded to the election of a Treasurer, which resulted in the choice of Sergeant JOHN BLACK, JR., of Company C, by acclamation.

The next business, in order; was the appointment of the several sub-committees, as follows :

Ceremonies and Reception : HON. JNO. T. MACGONIGLE, *Chairman*; Lieutenant, ISAAC S. MULLIKEN, Sergeant-Major WILLIAM H. H. BUCKIUS, Sergeant WILLIAM GAST, Doctor JOHN S. SMITH, THEODORE WHITSON, GEORGE M. BORGER.

Rendezvous and Collation : Sergeant GEO. F. SPRENGER, *Chairman*; Sergeant ANDREW J. LEIBLEY, Sergeant MORRIS ZOOK, Corporal GEO. W. CORMENY, CALVIN CARTER, FRANKLIN BOOK, EDWARD BOOKMYER.

Finance and Contribution : Captain GEORGE M. FRANKLIN, *Chairman*; Lieutenant HIRAM STAMM, Sergeant DAVID C. HAVERSTICK, HENRY C. MARTIN, ABIJAH D. GYGER, RANDOLPH SUPPLEE, FRANKLIN GALBRAITH.

Notification of Members : Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARD MCGOVERN, *Chairman*; Captain GEORGE MUSSER, Company A; Sergeant B. O. CONN, Company B; Lieutenant S. G. BEHMER, Company C; Lieutenant JOHN C. LONG, Company D; Captain A. R. BYERLY, Company E; Captain JAMES F. RICKSECKER, Company F; Captain JOHN P. KILBURN, Company G; Sergeant SAMUEL K. WELCHANS, Company H; Lieutenant W. C. REED, Company I; Corporal JOHN L. KILLINGER, Company K.

Attest :

GEO. F. SPRENGER,

Secretary.

MÆNNERCHOR HALL, 6:30, A. M.)
Lancaster, Pa., May 17, 1883. }

This hour found all preparations made, both at Mænnorchor Hall (the place for Rendezvous), and also at Fulton Opera House (the site for the Re-Union ceremonies), as well as for the general reception and entertainment of those who were in attendance at this preliminary Re-Union of the 122d Regiment, P. V.

THE GRAND REUNION AT FULTON HALL—PATRIOTIC SPEECHES AND
REGIMENTAL HISTORY—FIGHTING AGAIN THE BATTLES
FOR THE UNION—THE BANQUET.

From THE WEEKLY NEW ERA, May 19, 1883.]

Nearly twenty-one years ago a gallant band of men left Lancaster to battle for their country, led by Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN. Many of them were little more than boys, and it seems a very brief time as we look back and recall the departure of that Regiment—the tear-stained faces of mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, and the look—half of determination, half of sorrow—that the men wore who were then leaving home and friends, perhaps never to return. Some of them did not return; others returned maimed and disfigured for life; while still others returned, seemingly in good health, only to succumb later on to disease which had been contracted in the service and, lurking in their systems, finally destroyed them. The survivors of this Regiment held their first Re-Union on Thursday, and in honor of the event the bunting floated in the breeze, and homes and hearts were everywhere open to them.

SKETCH OF THE REGIMENT.

On such an occasion as this it is not inopportune to refer—briefly, at least—to the history of the Regiment. In July, 1862, EMLEN FRANKLIN, Esq., who had served as Captain in

the First Regiment, received authority from Governor CURTIN to recruit a Regiment for the nine-months service. A camp was established one and a half miles east of Lancaster and, with remarkable activity, fourteen companies were organized and assembled at the rendezvous. On August 12th, ten of these companies were organized into a Regiment known as the One Hundred and Twenty-Second, with the following field officers: EMLEN FRANKLIN, Colonel; EDWARD MCGOVERN, Lieutenant-Colonel; THADDEUS STEVENS, Major. They were soon ordered to Washington, arriving there August 16th, and reporting to Major-General CASEY. In a few days it moved to Fairfax Court-House, where it was assigned to General PIATT's Brigade, which afterward was part of the Third Division of the Third Corps. We cannot follow their fortunes through the war, preferring to leave that to the historian of the Regiment, Captain GEORGE F. SPRENGER, who has prepared an interesting volume to that end. Suffice it to say that, although they might have shirked it—their term of enlistment having about expired—they participated in one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, just on the eve of their departure for home. We refer to Chancellorsville, where Major-General WHIPPLE fell, and whose remains the 122d escorted to Washington, and were then mustered out at Harrisburg, on May 15th and 16th.

The other Regimental officers were: Adjutant, Daniel H. Heitsch; Quartermaster, Jno. T. MacGonigle, now Mayor of Lancaster; Surgeon, William C. Lane; Assistant Surgeons, Washington Burg and I. C. Hogendobler; Chaplain, Elim Kirke; Sergeant-Major, William H. H. Buckius; Quarter-Master-Sergeant, Jacob Martin; Commissary-Sergeant, Daniel S. Bursk; Hospital Steward, Andrew N. Thomas. The commissioned officers of companies were: Co. A—Captain George Musser and afterward Captain George M. Franklin; First Lieutenant J. P. Weise and Second Lieutenant Thomas Dinan; Co. B—Captain Thaddeus Stevens, jr., and afterward Samuel W. Rowe; First Lieutenant Edward F. Hager,

and Second Lieutenant Jacob C. Brubaker; Company C—Captain Smith P. Galt, First Lieutenant Robert J. Nevin, and Second Lieutenant S. G. Behmer; Company D—Captain J. Miller Raub, First Lieutenant Daniel H. Heitshu, and afterward John C. Long, and Second Lieutenant Hiram Stamm; Company E—Captain Andrew R. Byerly, First Lieutenant Daniel H. Herr, and Second Lieutenant David N. Fell; Company F—Captain B. F. Baer, and afterward James F. Ricksecker; First Lieutenant John Leaman, and Second Lieutenant George E. Zellers; Company G—Captain Jefferson N. Neff, and afterward J. P. Kilburn; First Lieutenant H. N. Breneman, and Second Lieutenant Isaac S. Mulliken; Company H—Captain Louis H. Audenried, First Lieutenant Emanuel Gundaker, and Second Lieutenant Thomas M. Sumption; Company I—Captain John M. Amweg, and afterward H. W. Gara; First Lieutenant William C. Reed, and Second Lieutenant Henry A. Troast; Company K—Captain W. F. Duncan, First Lieutenant D. K. Springer, and Second Lieutenant Emanuel C. Dorwart.

Of these many have answered the last roll-call, and among them we recall the genial faces of the lamented THAD. STEVENS, JR., the generous ED. HAGER, ANDY THOMAS, typo, the talented BENNIE BAER, JAKE MARTIN, JEFF NEFF, the jovial LOU. AUDENRIED (well remembered in Franklin and Marshall College circles), and gallant DAVE SPRINGER. There may be others—doubtless are; but these we best remember, because we knew them well; and, although not a member of the Regiment, we missed them, as did hosts of others.

THE RE-UNION.

At an early hour in the morning it became apparent that something unusual was transpiring in our midst. Flags floated in every direction and faces not generally seen upon our streets were present. They were the faces of members of the Regiment, mostly rural members from the county: those

from more distant places did not, for the most part, arrive until this afternoon. All wore badges of white gros-grain silk, printed in blue, and bearing the emblem of the corps to which the One Hundred and Twenty-Second belonged. There were many of these badges, E. J. ERISMAN having made 350 of them—more than were called into use, for there were not that many members of the Regiment present. Mænnerchor Hall was headquarters or rendezvous for the boys, and there they gathered and wrote their names. There were hearty greetings, almost forgotten stories and incidents, and occasionally a “good-health” in a bumper of beer or wine. It was a jolly, whole-souled occasion.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN SURVIVORS IN LINE.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the members assembled at Mænnerchor Hall, and, after forming in line by companies, marched down East King street, led by the City Band, and escorted by a delegation of George H. Thomas Post, 84, G. A. R. They marched to Centre Square and around the Soldiers Monument, presenting a very fine appearance. After indulging in a short street-parade the members held their Re-Union.

The following members of the Regiment from a distance were also present: Lieutenant Thomas M. Sumption, Havre de Grace, Md.; Charles A. Gallagher, Boiling Springs, Cumberland county; Samuel Sides, Chaplain Elim Kirke, J. J. Strine, Jacob Benedict, Francis P. McCullon, Captain Wm. F. Duncan, J. Davis Duffield, Esq., Captain S. W. Rowe, Joseph McGowan, Philadelphia; John Doak, Harry Nixdorf, Altoona; A. B. McFadden, Lieutenant Thomas Dinan, Harrisburg; J. C. Brubaker, Uniontown; K. Allen Lovell, Esq., Huntingdon, Pa.; and Allen T. Hampton, Denver, Colorado.

The Re-Union was held at Fulton Hall, and the stage contained little of decoration; a flag was suspended above it, muskets were stacked on either side, and the modest little

table that had been provided for the speakers was covered with a flag, while two large bouquets formed the centre ornaments of the table. This was all. The stage was occupied by Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN, Lieutenant-Colonel EDW. MCGOVERN, Adjutant D. H. HEITSHU, Chaplain ELIM KIRKE, Quarter-Master J. T. MACGONIGLE, Captain GEO. MUSSER, Sergeant GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Secretary of the Executive Committee, the Speakers and Committee of Arrangements. The band played "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." Mayor MACGONIGLE, as Chairman of the Committee on Ceremonies, called the meeting to order, and nominated Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN for President. The nomination was met with vociferous applause, and when the Colonel stepped forward three hearty cheers were given him. He addressed the comrades briefly, beginning with the remark that there was no need to tell how proud and happy he felt on having been called to preside. There was no need to speak in a formal manner to them, for they knew as well as he the objects and intents of the Re-Union. It was a sort of family gathering, where old memories would be recalled. For years this Re-Union had been talked of, among the comrades abroad as well as here in Lancaster, and the large, enthusiastic meeting was the result of that agitation. Words failed him on this occasion. The feelings that filled his breast throbbed also in theirs. Twenty years had passed since the Regiment returned from the war, and what recollections came with the occasion. The memory of the dead was tinged with sadness, but the braves who went before now sleep the sleep of the blest. The first thing he and his comrades should do, and the best thing they could do, was to return thanks to God for sparing their lives and permitting them to be here at this time; he therefore asked all present to join in prayer, then led by Rev. ELIM KIRKE, the Chaplain of the Regiment, after which the band played "Hail, Columbia," and then came

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ESQ.,

whom Colonel Franklin introduced as a former member of the Regiment, and at present a leading member of the Huntingdon Bar. The speaker said that, standing here to-day, in this busy and peaceful city, and in this beautiful, spacious hall, surrounded by so enthusiastic and intelligent an audience, the flood-gates of time were rolled back and he saw all the occurrences of twenty years ago. It seemed a dream to him. How the voices and faces of twenty years ago come back to us, and how many of them will come only in memory, for they have passed beyond the river; but when awakened from our reveries by the busy life which surrounds us, we thank God that we had but a dream—that the things we seemed to see were only the memories of other days, and that we are surrounded by a bright, living reality. Let us go back to the dark days of the Rebellion, when the lives of the States that constitute our Union hung by a narrow thread, and it became necessary to wake the giant of the North. Schools and colleges, all over the land, which were training young men for the intellectual warfare of life, were turned into military camps.

The speaker then referred to the formation of the Regiment in Lancaster, their trip to Washington, a good deal more concerning their early history, and closed with a touching reference to those who fell on the beautiful May morning, at Chancellorsville, eulogizing the noble self-sacrifices of the Christian women of the North, their consecrated services to the Union cause, and expressing the hope that there might never more be sectional feeling, nor sovereignty of States, but that, purified by the carnage of war, we might work—North and South, shoulder to shoulder—until we presented not only an unbroken, but an indestructible country.

J. DAVIS DUFFIELD, ESQ.,

a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar, was the next speaker. He began by saying that if this were the anniversary of the departure of the Regiment for the seat of war, he could not see the appropriateness of selecting him for a speaker; but, if it were the anniversary of the *return* of the Regiment, his selection was appropriate, for no one ever saw a sicker boy than he was when the Regiment went to war, nor a gladder one when the Regiment returned. He could never forget the reception given by the citizens of Lancaster when the Regiment returned, and the banquet that had been provided by the ladies at the Court-House. What a contrast that banquet was to the hard tack which Uncle Sam had been providing for them; how he then wished that he had been born in Lancaster, or that he could transport some of his Bucks county friends for that occasion. Some of the old comrades have gone to "the bivouac of the dead," and therefore the smiles of rejoicing should be mingled with tears of regret. Among the dead comrades who were present in his mind were THAD. STEVENS and JACOB MARTIN. He hoped there were re-unions in the spirit land, where old comrades might again meet.

Nothing so stirs the feelings of our people as recollections of those who fought that the Union might live, and memory of KEARNEY, SEDGWICK, MEADE, MCCLELLAN, WHIPPLE, GRANT, HANCOCK and hundreds of others are enshrined in the hearts of all, for they saved this "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Recalling the recollections of the war, those who participated in it cannot forget the foraging operations. Colonel FRANKLIN was awfully opposed to foraging, but, with all his endeavors, he could not repress an attack on the hennery of an old lady who appealed to him for protection, for he recalled that he (the speaker) helped eat the broth of some of those chickens at the next morning's breakfast. [Laughter and applause.] He

also remembered how the boys went for the pigs, capturing and killing enough of them to have done credit to a first-class *abattoir*; and he remembered, too, that Colonel FRANKLIN, though opposing the foraging on the pigs and the white oxen, could not prevent his own cook from being in possession of some of the meat. [Laughter and applause.]

He hoped there would never again be a war of sections—brother arrayed against brother. He regarded the battle of Fredericksburg as the work of incompetency, imbecility or intoxication. It was madness to pit human beings against the odds which nature there provided, and the fact, that after the battle you could walk for three-fourths of a mile on the bodies of the Union dead, without touching the earth, amply attested the folly of the Union forces engaging in battle there. It had been no fault of the 122d that they were not in the battle of Bull Run; it had been no fault of theirs if they were thought necessary to the defense of Washington: Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville would set at rest all cavil, if there was any. Referring to his diary he found that, at one time, they were called out daily for brigade-review—which was all right for the brigadiers, but hard on the rank and file; wherefore he was led to remark that he regretted that he had not enlisted for a Brigadier-General! [Applause.]

He recalled some pleasant episodes of the war, among others that of getting two canteens of whisky across the Rapahannock and through the mud, in face of almost insurmountable obstacles. That feat was performed by the men under command of Lieutenant FELL (now Judge FELL), who was expected to be present to-day. [Laughter and applause.] The lessons of the war are many. To err is human, to forgive is divine. Let all, then, North and South, put their shoulders to the wheel and work for the common good, thus maintaining the dignity of American citizenship. [Prolonged applause.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the new grass quiver,
Asleep in the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and fields of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth,
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue:
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with up-braiding.
The generous deed was done—
In the storm of the bears that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle blood-gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever;
Or the winding river be red—
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue:
Tears and love for the Gray.

Come with a wreath of flowers;
Come with a garland gay;
Come with an olive branch—
To valor, a tribute pay!
Join in the floral train;
Visit each earthy bed;

Breathe not an unkind word
 Over the fallen dead!
 Violet, lily, and rose,
 Mingle with cypress and bay—
 Scatter them over the Blue;
 Scatter them over the Gray.

Mouldering, side by side,
 Peacefully, the heroes rest;
 Each bravely fought and died
 For the cause he believed the best.
 Cast no reflections now—
 Silent lie friend and foe;
Honor the graves of all—
 Ask not who lieth below!
 Violet, lily, and rose
 Mingle with cypress and bay—
 Scatter them over the Blue;
 Scatter them over the Gray.

Over the graveyard mound—
 Move with lithesome tread;
 Crush not the grass that grows,
 E'en o'er an enemy's head.
 Let no distinction be made—
 Either of great or small;
 With one accord proclaim
 Peace and good-will to all!
 Violet, lily, and rose,
 Mingle with cypress and bay—
 Scatter them over the Blue;
 Scatter them over the Gray.

Colonel MCGOVERN then announced that the banquet would be held at 7:30 in the evening, at Mænnerchor Hall, the band played, and the exercises of the afternoon were ended.

THE BANQUET.

Long before 8 o'clock the boys of the 122d, with their guests, Post 84, G. A. R., gathered at their rendezvous, that being the hour designated for the banquet, the closing exercises of the Re-Union. It was nearly nine o'clock when they were admitted to the banqueting room. Four tables, extending the entire length of the building, were laden with refreshments of all kinds, prepared under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH LEBAR, Colonel EMLEN FRANKLIN presided, and,

without any ceremony, ordered the boys to pitch in, and they did so. After the collation was eaten, the President offered the following sentiment: "The Judiciary, our protection in time of peace as our soldiers were in war." Judge ASHMUN, of Philadelphia, responded in a brief address.

J. DAVIS DUFFIELD, Esq., was loudly called for, and entertained the boys with a ten-minutes speech.

Sergeant G. F. SPRENGER was called upon to read a number of letters and telegrams received. The first paper read was the following greeting, adopted by the 99th Regiment Survivors at their Re-Union on Saturday: "That your Re-Union may be a grand success, and your enjoyment and pleasure in meeting old comrades after so many years may be greater than it was 20 years ago on your return home. is the wish of your fellow-soldiers and comrades of the Red Diamond."

A letter was read from M. SLAYMAKER, representing the "PATRIOT DAUGHTERS," thanking the committee for the invitation to be present at the Re-Union. Incidentally she mentioned that of the officers of the noble organization to which she belonged, Mrs. D. W. PATTERSON and herself were the only survivors.

Letters of regret at not being able to be present were read from the following members of the Regiment living at a distance; J. G. MCCREARY, Utica, New York; JACOB MILLER, Philadelphia; DAVID ERISMAN, Dixon, Ills.; HARRY D. SIDES, Dayton, Ohio; the Colonel's cook, WILLIAM BUTLER, JACOB KING, Philadelphia; Sergeant DEXTER WHITE, Bedford, Pa., and Sergeant SMITH P. GALT, St. Louis, Mo.

Sergeant G. S. BOONE offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to make all the preliminary arrangements for a permanent organization. Captain GEORGE M. FRANKLIN moved an amendment that the Executive Committee, as now appointed, be authorized to report a permanent organization. The amendment, which was accepted by Sergeant GEORGE S. BOONE, was unanimously adopted and a motion

to adjourn, to meet at the call of the Executive Committee, having been adopted, the boys slowly passed out of Mænnerchor Hall, wended their way homeward, and their first Re-Union was over.



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